Early English Plays

900-1600

Early English plays.
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EARLY ENGLISH PLAYS

EDITED BY
H. C. SCHWEIKERT
HARRIS TEACHERS COLLEGE
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

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PREFACE

THIS volume of *Early English Plays* differs from all previous similar collections in the wider range and scope of its selections. The term "early" is interpreted liberally enough to include specimens of the drama from the year 900 to the year 1600, that is, from the appearance of the first religious plays to the period when Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans were bringing the English drama to its highest peak. To make this collection fairly representative of the period covered it contains eight religious plays, two folk-plays, the first English comedy, the first English tragedy, seven plays by the so-called predecessors of Shakespeare, and two plays indicating the trend of the changes in the Elizabethan drama at the threshold of the seventeenth century. There are in all twenty-one dramatic items, material sufficient for intensive study of the earlier half of the Elizabethan period, exclusive of Shakespeare. The specific texts were chosen on the basis of intrinsic interest of their own as well as their historical importance in the history of the development of the drama.

No one could hate garbled texts worse than the present editor. Consequently teachers and students may feel confident that in this volume there are none but the standard texts, carefully collated with those of the leading authorities in this field. How difficult it is to make even an approximately correct text is illustrated by the errors, misprints and such, that may be found in what are generally considered the best texts. A not uncommon custom is for an editor to take an acknowledged standard text and reprint it without careful examination. In that way errors are repeated. In this edition a definite attempt was made to avoid all that, and it is hoped that few or no such errors have crept in.

No apology is made for modernizing every text in this volume. Both spelling and punctuation are strictly twentieth century American. Needless to say, there are no changes in word, phrase, clause, or even grammar. The experience of the editor both as student and teacher has convinced him that

nothing is gained by printing the old religious plays in their late middle English form. Much of the weird spelling is nothing but poor spelling, and the flavor which this is supposed to impart is usually only a negative reaction in the mind of the student. The copious notes necessary to an original text merely divert students from the purpose of their reading, for in these plays the material is the important thing, not the language. Therefore, in this volume, modern English is used except in a few instances where accurate modernizing would have meant paraphrasing.

Particular attention is called to the fact that in the religious plays here presented there is no paraphrasing in order to preserve either rhyme or rhythm, both of which are often crude enough. Of course, when possible they are preserved, and the actual instances of disturbance are remarkably few, so few that most readers will not notice them. In other words, the plays are given line for line and phrase for phrase the way they appear in the original. The editor knows of no other edition in which this is done. All the religious plays are complete with the exception of *Banns,* which is long, repetitious, and tedious, and the extract is given merely to show what that particular type of play was like. In one of the folk-plays several lines are omitted, indicated in a note. There are no other changes in any of the plays in this volume.

The Introduction is comprehensive and endeavors to give information necessary to a course on the early drama. With this material made available in the volume which contains the basic texts for a course, the student will be much more apt to read it than if he has to search for it in a number of books in a library. In libraries the number of such books is often limited, and even the willing student will be discouraged by continually finding that his reference book is "out." It is the hope of the editor that students and teachers alike will find *Early English Plays* a usable book in their work on the Elizabethan drama.

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EARLY ENGLISH PLAYS

The Tragicall Hiſtory of the Life and Death of *Doctor Fauſtus.*

Written by *Ch. Mar*

LONDON,
Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop
Without Newgate, at the ſi[illegible]he
Bl[illegible] 1636.

EDWARD ALLEYN AS DOCTOR FAUSTUS

EARLY ENGLISH PLAYS

INTRODUCTION

I. THE DRAMA IN ANCIENT GREECE

TWICE in the history of the drama it has risen to an outstanding high level, once during the Age of Pericles in ancient Greece and again during the Elizabethan period in England. The rise, growth, and decay of these two epochs are so strikingly similar that each is accentuated by viewing them in parallel. In the first place, each prospered for approximately the same length of time. The most significant part of the Greek drama, as represented by surviving plays, falls well within a hundred and fifteen years, that is, between 500 B.C. and 385 B.C., while the Elizabethan may be dated roughly from 1542 to 1642. Second, each had its origin not as drama but as part of religious ceremony. The Greek drama had its beginnings much earlier than 500 B.C., its germs lying in the religious functions that went with the worship of the god Dionysus; the English dates back to the dramatizations of the church liturgy, perhaps as early as the ninth century of our era. Third, in both Greece and England the greatest height was reached while the nation was struggling with momentous problems, domestic and foreign. Fourth, the drama of both degenerated when national ideals were shattered: in the case of Greece, crushed by conquest; in England, smothered by civil dissension and internal strife. And fifth, promptly upon the downfall of the classical drama in Greece and wherever Greek culture had penetrated, it was supplanted by crude and often coarse farces, rough buffoonery, jugglers' tricks, and the like. By the third century B.C. the regular Greek drama as such seems to have come to an end. Comedy held the boards, no longer the satirical comedies of Aristophanes, but the lighter domestic plays of Menander. In England the Elizabethan drama was arbitrarily brought to an end by the law that closed the theaters in 1642, but it is safe to say that during the eighteen years that the edict was in effect it was never completely enforced. Play acting in some form or other was never entirely snuffed out either in Greece or England.

Naturally, of the five points of parallel just enumerated wherein the history of the drama in ancient Greece and that of the drama in England are similar, the one most important for the present volume is that dealing with its origins.

The Greeks did not believe in the possibility of a heavenly spiritual life after death; to them physical well-being here on earth was the *summum bonum* of life. Prosperity meant physical well-being, and a successful grape season spelled prosperity, a fact that they attributed directly to the god of the grape. So Dionysus, the god of the grape, came to symbolize practically all the good things of life. Small wonder, then, that they should worship Dionysus sincerely and joyously. The serious part of the ceremony was the actual sacrifice of a goat, an animal they prized highly because it gave milk and was cheap to keep. A priest of Dionysus officiated. The sacrifice was accompanied or followed by a choral hymn chanted in honor of the god, and when this sacred part of the rites was over the chorus and the surrounding villagers burst out in gleeful song.

These ceremonials were not plays, just as the dramatic emphasis upon certain parts of church ritual in England were not plays, but out of each grew the drama.

Of the details of these Dionysus worshippings, unfortunately, not a word remains today, and what we know about them has been pieced together, largely, from pictures and drawings on vases of that period dug up by archeologists. On the other hand, of the early so-called religious plays in England we have records of hundreds, and one is printed in this volume, the *Quem Quaeritis,* called a trope.

In these dramatic tropes, which were parts of the Christian church ritual, emphasis naturally fell upon the more significant aspects of the doctrine of that church, particularly Easter, since the most important article of faith in Christian doctrine is that which pertains to the resurrection. In both the ancient Greek and the early Christian worship there was a distinct note of joyousness because in each the celebrants felt that they were acknowledging a debt to a divine being that guaranteed them that which meant most, the one a good living on earth, the other, spiritual happiness in the hereafter. In the worship of Dionysus, when the entrails had been inspected, the priests poured libations of wine, they roasted the flesh, and the celebrants ate it and drank themselves into a state of hilarity. Among the Christians, on Easter morning, when the three Maries visited the empty tomb in the *Quem Quaeritis,* and

the Angel declared that Christ had risen, there was a jubilant cry of " Alleluia, alleluia! "

But before the *Quem Quaeritis* stage in England was reached, the drama had passed through many vicissitudes after its decay in Greece. The most important of these from the point of view of later development was the attack of the church fathers upon the drama of ancient Rome, a snarl that was not disentangled until the brighter days of the Renaissance. To understand the rise of the religious drama of the Middle Ages, both on the continent and in England, it is necessary to trace briefly the course of the drama throughout the days of the Roman Empire.

II. THE DRAMA IN ROME

When the Romans conquered the Greeks in the second century B.C. they were in turn conquered, at least temporarily, by Greek culture. Greek literature and language became the vogue among the intellectuals. Sons of wealthy Romans were sent to Athenian schools, and through conquest many Greek scholars had become slaves to rich Romans. Examples of Greek art were transported to Rome by the shipload; in fact, there was no literary or artistic culture among the Romans before their contact with the Greeks, a contact that of course began long before the fall of Corinth (146 B.C.). In this connection it is of interest to note that the earliest recorded literary work of ancient Rome is the translation of a Greek play into Latin (240 B.C.) by one Livius Andronicus, a Greek living in Italy, who is credited with introducing both comedy and tragedy into his adopted country. Apparently Andronicus made no effort to be original, as might be expected, but it is strange that so gifted a people as the Romans never evolved a native drama, for the only Roman drama that can lay claim to be literary is contained in the twenty plays of Plautus (254-184 B.C.) and the six of Terence (185–159 B.C.), both of whom merely imitated, cleverly enough, the decadent comedy of Menander and his period, spoken of above. It is true that the philosopher Seneca (4 B.C.–65 A.D.) wrote tragedies, nine of which are extant, but it is more than probable that they were not acted until the time of the Renaissance.

This poverty of the Roman literary drama must not be understood to mean that the Romans were either so austere as not to crave amusement, or that they were denied all drama except that of Plautus and Terence. Quite the contrary, in

fact. Successful in their conquests in nearly every direction, from the early days of the Republic onwards, public celebrations of all kinds became extremely popular. Victorious generals upon their return to Rome celebrated their triumphal entry into the city by a parade, and on those occasions general festivity became the order of the day, part of which consisted of all sorts of cheap shows that catered to the tastes of the commons. Huge arenas, and eventually enormous theaters, were erected for public demonstrations of all kinds, and in these the acting of plays was a regular feature, that is, plays were introduced as part of the celebration, not, as in Athens, the only event of a particular day.

It is to be noted that the classical drama as it existed in the Age of Pericles was steeped with religious and patriotic significance. That was not true in Rome. While the records are rather vague on the subject, it seems that in Rome the literary drama had considerable vogue, especially in the earlier period and as far down as the first century A.D., or even later, but it was always a part of a larger demonstration. Religion and drama became once more associated with the rise of the Miracle plays in England and elsewhere, but it was not until the golden age of the Elizabethan era that plays were again definitely tinged with nationalism.

What the Romans liked best of all was some vast and exciting spectacle, such as chariot races, or rough so-called sports like gladiatorial contests, and struggles of criminals with wild beasts. Later on the burning of Christians at the stake, or tossing them into the arena to be torn to pieces by wild animals, were considered entertaining spectacles. But even in Rome it was not possible to have chariot races and gladiatorial contests every day. Certain days were set aside as public holidays, over a hundred in the time of the Empire, and on these the bigger affairs were given, always interspersed with lesser forms of amusement, such as plays, farces, dances, music, juggling, acrobatics — anything at all that served to amuse the multitude, for these affairs were given largely as sops to the crowd by some politician or victorious general who aimed at influence or office. In this way public spectacles became more or less seasonal, not unlike our football and baseball seasons. But it was always possible to give special shows for special occasions, again not unlike our prize-fights, given whenever two husky brutes can be offered enough money to appear in the arena to maul each other under the guise of " promoting the manly art of self-defence."

From the strictly dramatic point of view certain other forms of drama have more historical value because they were of the types that seem always to have been forms of amusement, and keep on being so as the human race grows better or worse. These were practically all of the farcical variety although disguised under various names. The oldest were the *Atellanae,* already in existence in the second century B.C. These were crude comedies in which the country bumpkin was depicted in humorous light. Then came the *mimes,* which differed from the *Atellanae* in being of greater variety, and this eventually became the common name of all farce comedy. Both the *Atellanae* and the *mimes* were directly aimed to amuse the lower and middle classes, but no doubt the aristocrats did not disdain to witness them. Certain intellectuals, like Petronius Arbiter, did make fun of them. His famous *nouveau-riche* character Trimalchio buys a whole troupe to help entertain his guests at dinner.

A third kind, the pantomime, was developed as entertainment of a more intellectual order, although it became universally popular in the long run. In its early form it was used in the regular classic drama as an adjunct to the chorus or to replace it. While the chorus spoke its lines a *pantomimus* (actor of pantomime) occupied the center of the stage and interpreted the lines by dance and gesture as they were recited by the chorus. Later the chorus was dropped and the choral lines were recited by an actor to the accompaniment of music, usually that of a flute. As the art of pantomime developed, this part of the play became so popular that even the parts of the regular actors were replaced by the *pantomimi.* The play was no longer the thing, but the dance, the most primitive of all forms of amusement.

This reversion to the primitive was not new to the Romans, nor were they the last to undergo such a transformation of taste. It is a universal characteristic of the race. Witness an era no older than the first quarter of the twentieth century!

In addition to all sorts of public entertainments there were demands for amusement in connection with private functions, banquets, and celebrations of all kinds. For these, singers and dancers were most in demand, always with accompanying musicians. It is fair to imagine that only the better performers were called to this type of service. The inferior artists had to be content with a street corner or whatever place they could secure to do their stunts. Besides singers and dancers there were the acrobats, the " strong men," the jugglers, the

men with trained animals, especially the bear, all kinds of "funny men," and, most important of all from the historical point of view, certain small troupes which adhered to the legitimate kind of acting, even though confined to farces or mimes. These were for the most part to be found in the provinces, especially in the time of the Empire, where they were less apt to be interfered with by the law.

It may be interesting to note that with one important exception the drama and the law have never been able to get along together amicably. In a way, posterity has benefited by this conflict, for much of what is the history of the drama is known from the laws made pertaining to it, not only the drama in the narrower sense but more especially the acting and those who did the acting. In spite of the intense popularity of all forms of the mimetic art in Rome, actors were almost universally regarded as outcasts in the eyes of the law. In many instances performers were either slaves or freedmen, none of whom could ever hope to win any of the rights of Roman citizenship except in isolated cases where some actor had the friendship of a powerful patron. This was not the case during the classical period of the Greek drama, the exception just noted. In Athens the actors were state employés, and there is reason to think that both Aeschylus and Sophocles in their younger years had been actors.

III. THE EARLY CHRISTIANS AND THE THEATER IN ANCIENT ROME

With the introduction of Christianity and its rigorous Hebraic code of conduct, the art of the actor received its worst enemy. In the earlier days, before Christianity became a political power, the Christians were the butt of numerous and ribald jibes, especially their high decorum, which lent itself readily to satire and coarse mimicry, but it is a mistake to think that the Roman drama owed its extinction to the Christians. There was a considerable element among the better class of Romans themselves that opposed the coarseness and depravity of both plays and players. The laws made against both prove this, but the continuance of the vogue of cheap plays proves, also, that in Rome as elsewhere the making of a law did not imply its enforcement except in certain individual cases. Many of the nobility favored the amusements and the amusement makers, and some, like Nero, even condescended to act or sing or play in public. On the other hand, pagans like Marcus Aurelius

and Julian the Apostate were hostile to the actors and their "so-called art."

The Christians were opposed to all kinds of *spectacula* (spectacles), in which they included the drama and every form of amusement. Among the early church fathers none has contributed more to the history of the drama by his denunciations of it than Tertullian. In a work dated about the year 200, entitled *De Spectaculum,* he eloquently states the position of the Christian in his relation to spectacles. As he puts it, a Christian at baptism forswears all the works of the devil, and what are spectacles, which cater to all the lowest tastes in man, but a work of the devil? For emotional stimulation he recommends the practices of the church service, including the music and the chanting. But almost gleefully he points out that, after all, the Christians will be spectators at the greatest of all shows, that on the Judgment Day: "Then will be the time to listen to the tragedians, whose lamentations will be more poignant because of their own pain. Then will the comedians turn and twist, rendered nimbler than ever by the sting of the fire that is never quenched!"

It is not essential to the present purpose to go into more detail about the decay of the drama in the Roman Empire. With the never-ending hostility of the church as well as of the state, the end was bound to come, although in reality there was no end except what once more turned into a beginning. In all fairness to the church fathers, it may be said that some of the greatest, like St. Augustine, took a wider and more generous view of the stage and the drama, for he carefully lays down a distinction between good and bad plays, for instance. But from the time of Constantine there was regulation, or abolition, and yet there was ever need for more laws. Even though acting was curbed or extinguished in the larger cities, the outlying districts always seem to have offered new fields. Drama persisted, although all or nearly all pagan literature became taboo, and many priceless manuscripts were destroyed. Terence alone maintained an almost solitary eminence, not for his drama, but as a text for the study of Latin (the language of the church) and for the moral maxims contained in his works.

The coming of the barbarian invaders helped to finish the work so ardently and so long carried on by the church. The conquerors of Rome were drastically opposed to all kinds of *spectacula.* They thought such stuff childish and not the sort of thing to appeal to warriors like themselves. Nevertheless, even they had to cater once in a while to the tastes of the

crowd by giving shows, but it was done as a matter of policy, and eventually faded out. By about the seventh century it may be said that drama was dead throughout the Roman world; that is, so far as such a lively art can ever be dead. Among the fringes of society, in its hinterlands, and in private there always remained amusements of the mimetic order, waiting for a better day to come once more into the open.

IV. EARLY PERIOD OF THE RE-AWAKENING

As already indicated, there really was little drama in the better sense of that term through the later days of the Roman Republic and the Empire. Struck at by the law, assailed by the Christians, and finally by the Germanic conquerors, the almost total annihilation is not to be wondered at. But the more primitive forms of amusement survived all attacks, and even the barbarian invaders were not proof against the wiles of the singers and dancers at their private banquets. More interesting than that, from the point of view of later development, is what was happening within that church which so heartily condemned all forms of the mimetic art, including the song and the dance. All religious worship to a large extent depends upon some kind of ceremonial to secure its desired effects, and ceremonial is always dramatic. In it human beings go through certain representations to bring out or emphasize ideas. This is true of the most primitive savage sacrifices as well as of the tamest of Quaker meetings.

No institution recognized this fact more readily than the Christian church itself, and it properly took its cues from the Scriptures. What could be more intensely dramatic than the Last Supper, in which Christ himself took the leading part? At any rate, ceremonial became an important feature of the church, and it is an interesting speculation how that was affected by other current forms of ceremonials, such as the functions of pagan religion itself, for instance. However that may be, it is a fact that as early as the fifth century there already was dramatic emphasis upon certain parts of the church worship, more especially in the eastern part of the Empire. The church properly enough took the attitude that the truths of Christianity, if they were to mean anything, must be brought home to the people in a way that they could understand. With the great mass of the people unable to read the Bible, it is easily understood why the zealous church fathers should take the readiest way to secure what they considered the benefits

of the church, that of emphasizing the ritual, and from this, as will be seen presently, a newer and better form of drama was due to spring.

In the meanwhile, not only in England but throughout the continent, there grew up another form of entertainment, or rather an old one was rejuvenated and extended. This was the development of the sister arts of song and instrumental music. At banquets and private functions, as we have seen, song and dance always remained popular. Now, in the early Middle Ages, this took a new turn, and immeasurably for the better. Among the higher classes the wandering troupes of mimes were supplanted by the minstrel, using that term in its widest sense to include the Anglo-Saxon scôp and gleeman as well as the French troubadours and others, whatever their names may be. These were the men who entertained at functions by singing, not the ribald songs of an earlier time, but the great deeds of heroes, national or local, of the past and the present, especially the present, because it became customary for them to chant the deeds, real or imaginary, of the particular host who was employing or entertaining them.

The pursuit of this fascinating subject would lead us too far afield from our more immediate subject, but it is mentioned in passing because it was one of the forces that helped to keep alive one of the pleasantest of the arts of entertainment. While the baronial halls echoed with the song of the gleeman or the minstrel, it must not be supposed that the common people sat at home and sucked their thumbs, or, like Grendel in *Beowulf*, got so angry at the pleasure of others that they began to throw stones. Far otherwise. The strays from the old mimes, the jugglers, acrobats, clowns, and animal trainers had never gone entirely out of business. They now thrived more lustily than formerly. They thrive today more than ever. If you want to see how your medieval ancestors enjoyed themselves, all you have to do is to go to an ordinary vaudeville show. We have the advantage of our forbears of seeing all the oldtimers, as listed above, in a single bill, and the only new feature we have is the motion picture that now bids fair to crowd off some of the older variety material. One wonders what the people of the Middle Ages would have done to the movies!

What has been said so far applies to England as well as to the continent, but from this point on it will be necessary to confine the discussion mainly to England. In the pagan days of the old Britons there were the Druids and the Bards, and, although little enough is known about them and the religion

they represented, it is a safe guess that they were not unlike other primitive races. With the coming of the Romans and the later arrival of the Anglo-Saxons, new elements entered into the life of the people, new customs were adopted or amalgamated with the old. The minstrel, the scôp, and the gleeman found themselves as much at home here as elsewhere. In England there were no great cities which became the centers of culture and learning like Rome and Paris on the continent. Britain was essentially rural, but dotted with numerous small villages which served well enough for the crude country festivals, of which there were many. Most of them were seasonal and more or less connected with the agricultural life of the people. They were chiefly outdoor celebrations.

Among the oldest was the sword-dance, not indeed native to England but best known there. The Roman historian Tacitus in his essay on Germany mentions the sword-dance, and the fact that it is mentioned in *Beowulf* proves that it must have been known to the Anglo-Saxons. But in England it was a regular feature of open-air celebrations, and is performed to this day. The May-pole is another institution that flourished briskly from an early day, although it too is not native to England. Many of these spring festivals had something of a religious significance, not unlike the worship of Dionysus in ancient Greece. There was song and dance, and how old the crude folk-plays are is a matter of conjecture. The point to be made is that in England as elsewhere there was song and dance and farce and minstrelsy. With the introduction of Christianity in the sixth century efforts were made by the early missionaries to check barbarian customs, particularly dancing, as part of religious worship. That this was not an easy task is proved by papal edicts which allowed the church in England to adapt some of the old customs into the new. For instance, certain dances were allowed; that is, they were transformed so that instead of being part of the old pagan worship they now were incorporated into the Christian.

The dance as part of worship has never entirely died out in the Christian church. In the cathedral of the city of Seville, during Holy Week, six boys do a dance before the Holy Sacrament. As recently as 1923 the present writer happened to be in a remote village in Spain at the time when they were having a local *fiesta* in honor of some saint. The whole village and the people from the surrounding country were massed in the square before the church. A shot was fired, and the procession moved out of the church, the stretcher on which the

saint was seated being preceded by a group of young girls about twelve or fourteen years old. As the procession moved out of the square into the street these girls, in pairs, perhaps twenty in number, turned so as to face each other, and began to dance, moving slowly along sideways but always dancing, a regular frisky, high-kicking dance at that. The reader may recall, too, that even more recently a New York pastor introduced artistic dancing as a feature of some of his services.

In old England, however, these dances eventually became nothing more than dignified processions, and the livelier songs gave way to the solemn chants. But the people retained many of their local festivals, such as the May-pole, the sword-dance, and later the morris-dance. The common people always had their farces, their jugglers, and indeed everything that people had elsewhere. All these things had in them the elements of play, not mere rollicking sport, although they had that too, but play which was done with some ulterior meaning, either vaguely religious or otherwise. In the course of time there came such folk-plays as those of the Robin Hood type, in which the chief purpose was entertainment, but these had less connection with the growth of real drama in England than one might suppose, except in so far as many of their ideas were later incorporated into the Miracle plays.

V. THE LITURGICAL DRAMA

By liturgical drama is meant that expansion of parts of the ritual of the medieval Catholic church by means of which it emphasized the more important of the teachings of Christianity, especially the divine birth and the resurrection. A characteristic feature of the Catholic service is the chant, always effective even in its simpler forms. This the early churchmen realized readily enough, and no doubt they eagerly welcomed the possibilities of making it still more attractive. It must be borne in mind that they had to do with people to a large extent ignorant, and it was no small matter to be able to impress upon them the sacred mystery of the relationship of God to man. The words of the chant were unimportant, and chants are extant in which words were entirely neglected, the chants being merely a succession of vowel sounds.

Early in the development of the ritual the practice of antiphonal chanting was introduced. In the antiphon one part of the choir chants a passage and another part answers it, or a single voice sings a passage or a verse, and the rest of the choir

responds. Other variations are possible, but for the immediate purpose it is enough to state that this antiphonal chanting was nothing else but dialogue, and from it sprang the actual *spoken* dialogue of what is called liturgical drama.

The origin of the liturgical drama bears striking analogy to the beginnings of Greek drama in the recitative dithyrambs of the worship of Dionysus. Neither was drama, but both contained the latent germs destined to develop into the greatest of the literary arts. The popularity of the antiphon was such that in the sixth century Pope Gregory the Great issued a compilation of antiphons to fit every need of the church. Along about the ninth century came the era of larger church buildings; with it arose the need for more elaborate ceremonial, and this demanded an expansion of Gregory's *Antiphonarium*. Interpolations and additions were made. To a number of the early antiphons, which had been mere melody, words were added, and to these the name *trope* was given. For two centuries the writing of tropes became almost a profession in all Christian countries, and many collections, called *tropers*, are extant. They were all written in Latin, of course.

The earliest tropes were used as parts of the Christmas and Easter services, being chanted as antiphons to introduce the Introit to the Third Mass, that is, that part of the celebration of the mass which is chanted as the officiating priest approaches the altar. For the history of the drama the Christmas trope is relatively unimportant, but the Easter *Quem Quaeritis*, as it came to be called, constitutes the real beginning of the liturgical drama. The *Quem Quaeritis* is really a sort of sequel to a ceremony dating back to the early history of the church, that of the Adoration of the Cross on Good Friday. How this was celebrated in England in the tenth century is described by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester:

"Since on this day we celebrate the laying down of the body of our Savior, if it seem good and pleasing to any to follow on similar lines the custom of certain of the religious, which is worthy of imitation for the strengthening of faith in the unlearnéd vulgar and in neophytes, we have ordered it on this wise: Let a likeness of the sepulcher be made in a vacant part of the altar, and a veil stretched on a ring, which may hang there until the adoration of the cross is over. Let the deacons, who previously carried the cross, come and wrap it in a cloth in the place where it was adored. Then let them carry it back, singing anthems, until they come to the place of the monument,

and there, having laid down the cross as if it were the buried body of our Lord Jesus Christ, let them say an anthem. And here let the holy cross be guarded with all reverence until the night of the Lord's resurrection. By night let two brothers or three, or more, if the throng be sufficient, be appointed who may keep faithful wake, chanting psalms."

The interest taken in this ceremony by the "unlearnéd vulgar" is indicated by St. Ethelwold's careful direction about the number of the guards. It is on record that great crowds filled the churches, and crowds are not always reverent, but the important point is that people in large numbers took a real interest in the story that is of vital significance in Christian doctrine, the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. The Adoration of the Cross, and the *Quem Quaeritis* on Easter morning, gave this story a vividness that mere words or chants could never have done.

In England, and probably elsewhere, the *Quem Quaeritis* separated itself from the mass proper and became a distinct individual unit of the Easter morning service. Just when this happened, or how, is not known, but from the point of view of development in England, the following trope, translated on page 67, used at Winchester in the tenth century, is typical:

ANGELICA DE CHRISTI RESURRECTIONE

Quem quaeritis in sepulchro, Christicolae?
Sanctarum mulierum responsio:
Ihesum Nazarenum crucifixum, O caelicola!
Angelicae vocis consolatio:
non est hic, surrexit sicut praedixerat,
ite, nuntiate quia surrexit, dicentes:
Sanctarum mulierum ad omnem clerum modulatio:
alleluia! resurrexit Dominus hodie,
leo fortis, Christus filius Dei! Deo gratias dicite, eia!
Dicat angelus:
venite et videte locum ubi positus erat Dominus,
alleluia! alleluia!
Iterum dicat angelus:
cito euntes dicite discipulis quia surrexit Dominus,
alleluia! alleluia!
Mulieres una voce canant iubilantes:
surrexit Dominus de sepulchro,
qui pro nobis pependit in ligno, alleluia!

With the manuscript of this trope there are specific directions for the action that is to accompany the words, stage directions, so to speak. They clearly show how antiphonal chanting was accompanied by mimetic action, that is, parts were played by actors with a view to unfolding a story. That is drama. How the trope was to be performed is best told in the words of St. Ethelwold himself:

"While the third lesson is being chanted, let four brethren vest themselves. Let one of these, vested in an alb, enter as though to take part in the service, and let him approach the sepulcher without attracting attention, and sit there quietly with a palm in his hand. While the third response is chanted, let the remaining three follow, and let them all, vested in copes, bearing in their hands censers with incense, and stepping delicately as those who seek something, approach the sepulcher. These things are done in imitation of the angel sitting in the monument, and the women with spices coming to anoint the body of Jesus. When therefore he who sits there beholds the three approach him like folk lost and seeking something, let him begin in a dulcet voice of medium pitch to sing *Quem quaeritis.* And when he has sung it to the end, let the three reply in unison *Ihesum Nazarenum.* So he, *Non est hic, surrexit sicut praedixerat. Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit a mortuis.* At the word of this bidding let those three turn to the choir and say *Alleluia! resurrexit Dominus!* This said, let the one, still sitting there and as if recalling them, say the anthem, *Venite et videte locum.* And saying this, let him rise, and lift the veil, and show them the place bare of the cross, but only the cloths laid there in which the cross was wrapped. And when they have seen this, let them set down the censers which they bare in that same sepulcher, and take the cloth, and hold it up in front of the choir, and as if to demonstrate that the Lord has risen and is no longer wrapped therein, let them sing the anthem *Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro,* and lay the cloth upon the altar. When the anthem is done, let the prior, sharing in their gladness at the triumph of our King, in that, having vanquished death, He rose again, begin the hymn *Te Deum laudamus.* And this begun, all the bells chime out together."

The tremendous popularity of these Easter tropes naturally led to further development and elaboration. They were lengthened; new characters were introduced, such as Peter and John; songs of lamentation were interpolated; and human touches were added, such as the Maries stopping on their way to the

tomb to buy spices from a merchant with which to anoint the body they expected to find. The performers in these tropes were usually priests and choir boys, but sometimes nuns took the parts of the women. The entire performance was in Latin. The words were chanted, never spoken. The setting in the church has already been indicated in the quotations from St. Ethelwold, and he also gives somewhat meager hints as to costuming. From colored illustrations in illuminated manuscripts of the period we learn that the women had their heads veiled and wore surplices or some such drapery, usually white but often colored. They sometimes carried censers. The angels also were in white, either with wings or without, and wore golden crowns. They sat in or by the sepulcher.

But the *Quem Quaeritis* was not the only type of Easter play. There was the *Perigrinus,* a processional, given usually on Easter Monday. This represents a group of travelers to whom the story of the resurrection is told, the material of the play being based on the gospel of St. Luke, XXIV, 13–35. No complete text of those performed in England has been found, although by the twelfth century they were common on the continent and presumably in England. For all Easter plays that did not begin with *Quem Quaeritis* the name *Sepulchrum,* or Sepulcher play, is sometimes given. A number are extant.

Of equal importance in the development of the liturgical play, but not in the history of drama proper, were the Christmas or Nativity plays. These seem to have been of later origin than the Easter plays, for the earliest ones are obviously based on the model supplied by the *Quem Quaeritis* tropes. In a number of manuscripts there are versions which begin *Quem quaeritis in praesepe, pastores, dicite?* "Tell, O Shepherds, whom are you seeking in the crib?" Because the shepherds are the central point of interest in this type of play the name *Pastores,* or *Shepherds,* is given them. Other features of the Christmas story were used in plays, the name depending upon what particular point was to be emphasized or brought out. If it was the Star of Bethlehem the play was called *Stella;* the coming of the Wise Men, *Magi;* the ancient prophets of the Old Testament, called upon to verify the coming of Christ, the *Prophetae;* and the story of Herod, *Herodes.*

In the twelfth century, too, there appeared a number of independent plays that could be interpolated into almost any part of a seasonal service. Among them are three short plays by one Hilarius, a pupil of Abelard. Not much is known about him except that he may have been a wandering priest. His

plays deal respectively with the story of Daniel, the raising of Lazarus, and the legend of St. Nicholas. In this same twelfth century an elaborate spectacle, *Antichrist,* was performed on the continent. Its special significance lies in the fact that in it contemporary individual politicians were introduced as well as allegorical figures, much in the manner of the later Moralities. Plays with the lives of the saints had also become common.

By the middle of the thirteenth century the liturgical plays had increased enormously in number, but dramatically there was now no longer much opportunity for expansion unless a new note was struck. The plays available clearly show that the more popular Nativity and Easter motives had become greatly amplified, much of the added material having little enough connection with the central idea of those festivals. The Christmas plays seem to have lost vogue to some extent, while those of Easter made a corresponding gain, for the obvious reason that the dogma of the resurrection is of more serious import as far as the destiny of humanity is concerned. Furthermore, it was possible, in order to emphasize the Easter idea, to use much of the Christmas material, the *Prophetae,* for instance. This combining process was furthered by the tendency, already noted, of providing more or less independent plays which could be used at almost any time. There now were plays that told the story of Creation, Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, the Fall of Lucifer, the Harrowing of Hell, and the Passion. No actual performance of a Passion play is recorded prior to 1200 (at Siena), and, so far as the records show, it was still some time before the Passion plays were linked up with those of Easter, although the close relation of the themes made the transition easy.

By the end of the thirteenth century, if not before, there was a change in the attitude of the people towards these expansions of the liturgy. It is to be remembered that the plays were originally introduced to impress upon the people the great truths of Christianity more vividly than was possible through the medium of a church ritual in a language no longer generally understood. Also it is true that from the time when the plays were first begun in the tenth century, churches which had showed a tendency towards emptiness began to fill up. Small wonder that the authorities had been willing to go far with so popular a vogue. But in the course of centuries the people to a considerable degree lost their earlier feeling of devoutness and began frankly to look upon these additions to

the regular service for entertainment, quite in the manner of a theater-goer of today. And they had the added satisfaction that while being entertained they were nevertheless doing their duty by the church.

By the fourteenth century, when this stage had been fully reached, the idea of cycle performances was already in operation, that is, plays were now extended from Creation to Judgment Day, and the moment was definitely at hand for a significant change. From being a more or less arbitrary part of the regular church ritual the advanced type of liturgical plays was cut loose from the service proper and given an independent existence of its own. One reason for this change no doubt was the cumbersomeness of the cycle method of performance when the plays were still part of the actual form of worship. Now they were only incidental thereto, and forthwith ceased to be liturgical plays. They now were Miracle plays.

VI. MIRACLE PLAYS

The word " Miracle " comes from the Latin *miraculum*, used in the Middle Ages as a general term for anything of a religious nature, and as early as the twelfth century was applied by some writers to the liturgical and other religious plays. It must definitely be dissociated from the use in the New Testament as something " miraculous." For the sake of convenience the word in capitalized form is used in this Introduction to describe the religious plays that were no longer part of the church service, as well as those that had always been independent. In France the term *mystère* is still used for those plays that distinctly treat of Bible stories, while *miracle* refers to those that are based on the lives and legends of the saints. This distinction has long since been abandoned in English.

From the twelfth century on, the evolution of the Miracle play proper from the liturgy was gradual but distinctive, although this does not mean that liturgical plays were no longer given. Quite the contrary, for the old tropes as well as the Christmas and Easter productions were given much as usual, in some places as late as the sixteenth century. Latin was still the common language for Miracle plays, although here and there, both in France and England, traces of the vernacular began to show. Other important changes that accompanied the advance of the Miracle play were the manner of presentation and the places where they were given. As already mentioned, one of the reasons for the breaking away from the liturgy was the in-

creasing elaboration of the plays, making the church service too cumbersome, but they continued to be performed around the altar and in the choir. When these became too small the nave, and perhaps the aisles, began to be used. There also are records of outdoor performances as early as the thirteenth century, one such being a Resurrection play, given appropriately in a graveyard. But the early cycle productions were made in the church itself. Places were marked off in the nave and in the aisles, when necessary, and in these the various episodes of a cycle were played. To hold back the crowds these places were roped off. Sometimes raised platforms were used, in the manner of a modern stage, and eventually this became the custom, especially when further changes made it advisable that the plays be moved out of the church.

Besides those of mere presentation, other problems arose. It became difficult to give all the plays of a cycle in a single day, so two days were allotted, or in some instances half a cycle was given one year and the other half the next. As the plays increased in number it became more and more difficult to procure actors from the clergy in sufficient numbers, and to solve this, lay members of the church were recruited. When the plays were separated from the liturgy there had been a transition from the chanted tropes to spoken dialogue. At first the spoken parts were subordinate, but eventually the chants became more or less incidental and were finally dropped. With the employment of laymen, most of whom were not proficient in Latin, the vernacular came into use. For a time the situation must have been similar to what one sometimes hears in grand opera, where some actors use one language and others a different one. Fragments of such plays have survived. Up to the fourteenth century the plays were much the same in all countries, but after the introduction of the vernacular each country followed an independent line of development. One of these was the greater exploitation of certain characters who had proved popular with audiences. In the earlier plays no effort was made to portray characters other than they were represented in the Bible. In the course of time the traits of some of them were accentuated, such as Herod, who became a ranter, and the people seem to have found him entertaining for that reason. His closest rival was the devil, who became one of the first, if not the first, humorous character on the modern stage. Noah's wife is the only challenger for the honor of being first. It is easy enough to account for the continued favor which these characters found with audiences. Herod's ranting was no

doubt accompanied with much gesticulation as he "spouted" his lines; Noah's wife was the first scold on the modern stage, with the added attraction of being a husband-beater; and for some reason the devil is always considered funny by the unregenerate. Of course, back of it all was the simple fact that *action* was now becoming an important part on the entertainment side of the drama.

An old play, of either the twelfth or thirteenth century, on the subject of the Fall, illustrates the points just made. It is called *Adam.* From the explicit stage directions we learn: "A Paradise is to be made in a raised spot, with curtains and cloths of silk hung around it at such a height that persons in the Paradise may be visible from the shoulders upwards. Fragrant flowers and leaves are to be set round about, and divers trees put therein with hanging fruit." Adam appears in a "red tunic," while Eve is garbed in "a woman's robe of white, with a white silk cloak." Adam is directed to have a "composed countenance," and Eve "somewhat more modest." The instructions on how to act might have been by Shakespeare himself. "Adam must be well trained when to reply and to be neither too quick nor too slow in his replies. And not only he, but all the personages must be trained to speak composedly, and to fit convenient gesture to the matter of their speech. Nor must they foist in a syllable or clip one of the verses, but must enounce firmly and repeat what is set down for them in due order."

After the laws of Paradise have been laid down "the Figure must depart to the church and Adam and Eve walk about Paradise in honest delight. Meanwhile the demons are to run about the stage, with suitable gestures, approaching Paradise from time to time, and pointing out the forbidden fruit to Eve, as though persuading her to eat it. Then the Devil is to come and address Adam." But Adam can not be tempted. The Devil is disappointed. "With downcast countenance he shall leave Adam, and go to the doors of hell, and hold council with the other demons. Thereafter he shall make a sally amongst the people, and then approach Paradise on Eve's side, addressing her with joyful countenance and blandishing manner." Not until a *serpens artificiose compositus* takes on the job is she persuaded.

In all this there was much opportunity for lively acting, but the best is yet to be, when our first parents pay the penalty for their sins: "Then shall come the devil and three or four devils with him, carrying in their hands chains and iron fetters,

which they shall put on the necks of Adam and Eve. And some shall push and others pull them to hell; and hard by hell shall be other devils ready to meet them, who shall hold high revel at their fall. And certain other devils shall point them out as they come, and shall snatch them up and carry them to hell; and there shall they make a great smoke arise, and call aloud to each other with glee in their hell, and clash their pots and kettles, that they may be heard without. And after a little delay the devils shall come out and run about the stage; but some shall remain in hell." It is easy to see that such a plenitude of devils could have been nothing other than amusing.

With the advance of the Miracle play problems multiplied. While still given in the churches, or under the arches of the portals, or in the surrounding churchyard, the expense of the productions had increased so much that many churches found it difficult to go on with them. Rather than drop them, or fall back to the strictly liturgical forms only, the laity was called upon for financial assistance as well as for actors. The town guilds were ready enough because they felt that festivals which brought so many visitors to their town could not be anything but a commercial asset. As the plays were more and more secularized certain worldly elements crept in that were condemned by part of the clergy, and before long the extremists saw in the Miracle plays all the evils so eloquently condemned by old Tertullian in the ancient Roman spectacles. Church sanction was eventually withdrawn from the modernist Miracle plays, but the old tropes were continued, and all through the period of these plays there were always individual members of the clergy who retained active service in their production. Likewise, the open air performances found continuing favor, although in England, and even in France, the climatic conditions were hardly suitable for outdoor productions either at Christmas or Easter. A warmer season was therefore chosen, Whitsun at first, and later Corpus Christi day, but Christmas and Easter plays continued to be given in the church at those seasons.

Before going on to describe in detail the guild productions certain general considerations may be noted. By the time that the guilds assumed full responsibility for the Miracle plays English was the accepted language and Corpus Christi day the accepted date. This festival was originally decreed by Pope Urban IV in 1264, but owing to his death soon after, the decree was not put into effect until Pope Clement V re-enacted it in 1311. The festival was in honor of the Holy Sacrament, cele-

brated by a procession through the streets. The day set was Thursday after Trinity Sunday, that is, the Thursday following the eighth Sunday after Easter, a time of the year eminently suited for open-air demonstration. Corpus Christi became the accepted date for the performance of Miracle plays after the guilds had taken them over, and they were often called Corpus Christi plays.

It is important not to confuse the trade guilds with the modern labor union. These guilds consisted of all persons engaged in a certain trade, not the laborers and master mechanics only, but those who controlled them as well. The nearest parallel today would be a business enterprise entirely in the hands of all the workers, or at least one in which all of the workers shared proportionately in the profits. There are such, of course, but few of them are known to spend their profits for the advancement of the arts, with the possible exception of the Theater Guild in New York. In England, from the fourteenth century, and even earlier, the guilds vied with one another in the production of the Miracle plays.

For a concrete history of the growth and development of the Miracle plays under the guilds there is but little contemporary material. The records of actual production are meager. Evidence points to the fact that the Chester plays were founded in 1328, although it is not until 1462 that a performance is described in Chester itself. The Coventry plays are first mentioned in 1392, those of York in 1378. For London there is no mention of such plays between the twelfth century and 1378, a period of nearly two hundred years. In the twelfth century William Fitzstephen (died 1191), in his description of London, says, "London, instead of theatrical shows and scenic entertainments, has dramatic performances of a more sacred kind, either representations of the miracles which holy confessors have wrought, or of the passions and sufferings in which the constancy of the martyrs was signally displayed." He classes these productions under the general heading of "sports."

In spite of the dearth of records, there can be no doubt about the widespread popularity of the Miracle plays. For the purposes of this study it will be convenient to discuss them as they appear in the great cycles at the time of their highest development, but it must be remembered that few towns of any size did not have either plays of their own or the means to borrow them. With the change from Catholicism to Protestantism difficulties were encountered, but surprisingly few, considering the

fanaticism that often accompanies such radical transitions. The plays themselves were easily made to conform to the newer ideas and continued popular, although there are records of performances being broken up by roughnecks and properties destroyed. Corpus Christi was technically abolished in England, but the plays were still called Corpus Christi plays in many instances, and the season for performing them remained practically the same, that is, the week between the seventh and eighth Sundays after Easter.

VII. THE GREAT CYCLES AND THEIR PRODUCTION

The word *cycle* is used to describe a series of Miracle plays representing Bible events from the Creation of the world to the Judgment Day, with occasional divergences. There are four great cycles in English, named after the cities in which they were given or where the surviving manuscripts were found. These are Chester, York, Coventry, and Wakefield. There is also a Cornish cycle, in dialect, but now translated into modern English, making really five important cycles. The extant Coventry cycle is also called *Ludus Coventriae,* and the Wakefield cycle is sometimes called " Towneley," after the family which possessed the manuscript. Of all this more will be said in the discussion of the individual cycles.

English cities were rigorously ruled by a corporation, and all events of a municipal character were strictly administered by it. Consequently the general responsibility for the production of Miracle plays rested with the corporation, while the actual work was delegated to the various crafts or guilds. The giving of these cycles was a much more complicated affair than it might seem upon first thought, but anyone who has ever had anything to do with an amateur performance of a play will understand the hundred and one petty details that have to be seen to by somebody. The finished performance gives but a slight idea of the work required. In the production of the Miracle play cycles this detail work was spread out among a number of groups and individuals. The corporation itself decided every year whether plays should be given at all, for those were times when wars were constantly imminent and pestilence of frequent recurrence, either one making public gatherings inadvisable. The official version of the text of every play was in the hands of the corporation, and the assignment of a particular play to a particular guild was made by it. For instance, in 1415, at York, the play of *Creation,* which was the first of

the forty-eight plays of that cycle, was assigned to the guild of Tanners.

Other functions of the corporation were the advertising of performances by means of "banns," such as the one printed in part on page 68; the policing of the town on the day of the performance; and the supervising of the guilds to see that each one did properly what it had assumed to do, both in the matter of equipment and the fitness of the actors. For all derelictions fines were imposed. In reading Miracle plays one often wonders how a craftsman acquired the ability to go through certain parts, especially such as involved long speeches. The records show that this was a real problem for the corporation. For instance, the mere necessity of prompters tells one story — that of inadequately learned parts, with the possibility of a hitch in the performance. In 1452 one Henry Cowper, a weaver of Beverley, was fined six shillings and eightpence *quod nesciebat ludum suum,* because he did not know his part.

The corporation also had to oversee the finances, a problem that in time became serious in some cities. In special instances the corporation directly helped a poor guild by a cash contribution, or even assumed the entire financial burden of production. Incidental music was another item of expense that fell to it. In York the corporation was in good funds because it controlled the stations, or most of them, at which the plays were given. If a citizen wanted the honor of having the plays of the cycle produced in the street in front of his house he had to pay a substantial sum to the corporation. Each of these stopping-places was called a "station." These stations were marked by banners displayed from the windows, and on them the coat of arms of the city was embroidered. Sometimes temporary stands were erected at certain stations, and the revenue from these also went to the corporation.

But the main cost of production ultimately fell upon the guilds themselves. Each guild, to produce its play of the cycle, had to provide a wagon. This wagon, when fully equipped to give the play, was called a "pageant." Upon it was built a miniature theater in double-deck form. The lower deck was surrounded by a curtain, serving as a dressing-room for the actors and as a store-room for the properties, as well as for the particular exigencies that a play might require, such as hell, for instance. The upper deck was used as a stage, open on three sides and often on four. Among the expense items were those for building the pageant in the first place, and decorating it; then, for keeping it in repair, for a house in

which to store it, and for cleaning it and strewing it with rushes. In addition there was the costuming of the actors, again something that was more elaborate than one might think. This matter of preparation is illustrated by an itemized account in the records of the Grocers' guild of Norwich for their pageant in 1565 when they played the "Creation of Eve, with the Expelling of Adam and Eve out of Paradise." Here are some of the items in modernized spelling:

1. A Pageant, that is to say, a House of Wainscott painted and builded on a Cart with four wheels.
2. A square top to set over the said House.
3. A Gryffon, gilt, with a fane (weathercock) on the said top.
4. A bigger iron fane to set on the end of the Pageant.
5. 83 small fanes belonging to the same Pageant.
6. A Rib colored Red.
7. 2 coats and a pair of hose for Eve, stained.
8. A coat and hose for Adam, Stained.
9. A coat with hose and tail for the serpent, stained, with a white wig.
10. A coat of yellow buckram with the Grocers' arms for the Pennant bearer.
11. A mask and wig for the Father.

All these things cost a good deal. Provision had also to be made for "drawing" or "horsing" a pageant, but this was often done by the apprentices of the guild. A considerable item was that of refreshments. These seem to have been consumed copiously both before and after a play, as well as during the rehearsal period. There is a record of the total cost of the Smiths' pageant in Coventry, in 1490, about fifteen dollars. This does not seem large to us today, but figuring the change in money values it was at least forty-five dollars. And this, multiplied by the number of pageants in a cycle, which usually ran between twenty-five and fifty, amounts to a considerable sum even in our day. Each guild raised its money in various ways. The general treasury might be called on, but the chief source of revenue was that of individual assessment, ranging from a shilling and fourpence down to fourpence. It was not unusual to secure financial assistance from neighboring towns which had no plays of their own, or at least from a guild in such a town. For instance if the Tanners' guild in York

was to produce the play of *Creation* and found itself short of funds, a Tanners' guild from a nearby town might come to its help. Likewise there must have been many men who belonged to no guilds, and it is reasonable to suppose that they did their bit for the glory of their city.

There are records of plays that were not connected with any guild, nor were they parts of any cycles. Many towns had a play or two that were supported by a parish, or a church, or the corporation, or some social or religious organization. These might be played at any time, not necessarily on Corpus Christi or Whitsun, and it seems that they were not given as part of a procession. London, Salisbury, Oxford, Reading, and other towns have records of performances of such plays in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Today there are extant the texts of five complete cycles and a considerable fragment of another. These surviving manuscripts represent the final revisions of those responsible for the plays in the various towns. There is every indication that most of them, if not all, originally were the work of priests and later adjusted to fit in with Protestant ideas by English churchmen. While there is a great similarity in the plays of the different cycles, showing either a common origin or deliberate borrowing and imitation, there is nevertheless a marked variation in the literary style as well as in the recognition of dramatic values. The best of them is the Wakefield cycle, but there are certain individual plays from other cycles, or entirely independent plays, that compare favorably with the Wakefield plays, such as the Brome *Abraham and Isaac*. In the explanatory notes to the plays printed in this volume this matter is more directly discussed.

The most comprehensive of the cycle manuscripts is that of York. It dates back to 1430–1440, and it is estimated that the composition of the plays goes back about a century before that. There are forty-eight plays, and the subjects range from the Creation of the universe to the Day of Judgment. Fortunately there exists an authoritative list which gives the order of the plays and a detailed description of each one. A glance at this list, printed in the Appendix, will afford the reader a most illuminating idea of the scope of the series as well as the details of individual plays.

The Chester cycle is dated 1475–1500, and its composition about fifty years earlier. There are twenty-five plays, the first *The Fall of Lucifer* and the last *Doomsday*. These plays are

sometimes supposed to have a close connection with earlier Anglo-Norman originals, but there is abundant evidence of imitation from both the York and the Wakefield cycles. In the composition of many of them there are signs of conscious effort towards a conventional uniformity of style, especially in the meter and rhyme. The Chester cycle also contains several subjects not treated in any other, such as the story of Balaam and that of Lot. The play best known today is *Noah and His Ship*, more commonly called *The Deluge*.

The Wakefield cycle is often called the Towneley because the manuscript of the plays was for a long time in the hands of a family by that name, but for the sake of uniformity it seems better to use the name of a place, as in the other series, even though there is no actual record that these plays were ever performed at Wakefield. The problem is a complicated one, and it is enough to say here that internal evidence points to the fact that the Wakefield crafts gave the plays even though they did not own them, the conjecture being that they belonged to the Abbey of Woodkirk not far from the town. The date is not known but it probably is about the middle of the fifteenth century or a little earlier. More interesting than these conjectural facts is the nature of the plays themselves. There are three well-defined groups, the first being the conventional religious type, the second a series of plays obviously adapted from a group of old York plays, not now extant, and third, the group written by one person, a man of considerable literary talent, and, more important in the history of the English drama, a genuine sense of dramatic values as well as one of humor. It is this third group that places the Wakefield plays above all others, as mentioned earlier. It may be asserted categorically that the finest example of all Miracle plays is the Wakefield *The Second Shepherds' Play*, printed in this volume. There are thirty-two extant plays in this cycle, some not complete. Twenty-four leaves are missing from the manuscript. As usual the first play deals with the Creation, but the last one is that of the Hanging of Judas.

For the fourth cycle the name " Coventry " is here definitely adopted. The exhaustive labors of the best qualified investigators have done little in the way of dislodging the name casually given to the manuscript in 1630, *Ludus Coventriae*, the play of Coventry. The problem is complicated by the fact that there was once a real Coventry cycle, of which only two plays survive. What today is called the Coventry cycle is the *Ludus Coventriae*, the manuscript of which contains forty-

two plays, dating from the year 1468. One theory is that these plays belonged to the house of the Grey Friars, a monastic house of Coventry, and that they were played by members of this order and not by the crafts. Furthermore, there is reason to believe that whoever played them took them on tour to neighboring towns, and that they were given on stationary platforms and not on pageants. This theory can be traced to Robert Hegge, who once owned the manuscript and after whom they are sometimes called the "Hegge" plays. The only definite reference to an actual performance is contained in *Banns,* one of the plays (see page 68), and that reference solves nothing. A recent designation of this cycle as that of "N. towne" does not simplify the situation. So the name "Coventry" remains. More important than any controversy are the special features of these plays. Two characteristics stand out, one that they are severely doctrinal, lending color to the theory that they were the expression of some religious order that used them as a sort of propaganda, and the other that whatever influences may have crept in from other cycles, that of humor was severely excluded. They are on the whole the least interesting of all the cycles to the reader of today.

The Cornish cycle, the text of which is in the fourteenth or fifteenth century dialect of Cornwall, but now translated, presents numerous differences from the other cycles. Instead of the usual division into a number of distinct pageants, the text is divided into three parts, each one of which has a unity of its own. They are: the Origin of the World, the Passion of Christ, and the Resurrection of Christ. Each part is made up of a number of episodes, but so arranged that their performance is continuous. The whole manuscript contains some fifty of these episodes. The three-part arrangement served as a convenient division for the three days that were given to the production. The directions that go with the manuscript give excellent first-hand information about the method of stationary production of the Miracle plays, for the processional performance seems not to have been followed at all in Cornwall.

As already stated, there are a number of extant plays that are not identified with any cycle, as well as certain others that survive from lost cycles. On the whole, it may be said that enough of these Miracle plays survive to give a definite idea of their scope, their nature, their popularity; likewise, they furnish a fascinating background to the social and religious ideals of medieval England just prior to the advance of humanism and the spirit of the Renaissance.

In the five cycles eighty-nine different episodes are represented, mostly from the Bible story, but kindred subjects from church history, legendary or hagiological, were not uncommon. The story of the Fall of Lucifer and the Creation is found in all five cycles, as are those of Noah and Abraham and Isaac. This parallelism is set forth interestingly in Chambers' *Medieval Stage,* Vol. II, Appendix T, 321.

There were two methods of performance, the stationary and the processional. The stationary method was the direct survival of the way the earliest Miracle plays were given in the churches after their separation from the liturgy. Platforms were erected in some open space, like the market-place, either in a circle, as in Cornwall, or oval and perhaps rectangular, depending somewhat upon the spot available. The number of such platforms varied, probably ten or twelve being an average. Each structure could be used for more than one play, and the same actors for more than one production, although in some towns an actor was limited to two appearances in one day. This stationary performance was conducted not unlike the arrangement of the exhibits in the sideshow of a modern circus, where the audience gathers around one little stage and then moves on to the next. In the medieval town square the same sort of thing happened. A play was given on one platform or stage, and the crowd then proceeded to the next. By the time they once more came around to the first, that stage was adapted for a new play in the series, and so on until all the plays were given. Besides the Cornish plays, it is thought that this method was employed by the players of the *Ludus Coventriae.* This type of performance was particularly adapted for those towns that could not or would not have a cycle of their own. All that such a town would have to prepare would be the platforms, the incidental expenses of which were much cheaper than the elaborate preparations already described in connection with the York plays.

But the supreme glory of Miracle play production was that of the processional pageants, a style of performance distinctly English. Usually given on a church holiday, the crowds were enormous. Corpus Christi was in itself celebrated by a procession, so the method of giving Miracle plays was in strict accord with church custom, and at the same time it solved the difficulty of playing before a massed crowd, which, by the device of the processional, was distributed along the stations previously designated. The number of these stations differed in the various towns, depending somewhat upon local condi-

tions, the time allotted to a performance, and the size of the crowd expected. For specific illustration the performance at York may be cited. Here the whole group of forty-eight plays was given in a single day. So far as can be determined, twelve or sixteen stations were required. At 4.30 in the morning the guild of the Tanners drew its pageant to the first station and presented the story of Creation and the Fall of Lucifer. This finished, the Tanners proceeded to the second station, while the Plasterers came along with their pageant, continuing the story of Creation, and so on until the Masons arrived at the first station with the sixteenth pageant. Theoretically, there would then have been a simultaneous performance of sixteen out of the forty-eight plays. But there must have been considerable confusion and delays of all sorts before the Mercers came along with the forty-eighth pageant to present the Judgment Day late in the afternoon.

The Chester plays, with only twenty-five pageants, were spread out over three days. A description of one of the last performances of this cycle, by Archdeacon Rogers, in 1594, is in part: "They first began at the Abbey Gates; and when the first pageant was played at the Abbey Gates, then it was wheeled from thence to the penthouse at the high cross before the Mayor; and before that was done, the second came, and the first went into the Watergate street, and from thence unto the Bridge-street, and so all, one after another, till all the pageants were played."

In the Miracle plays there was no strictly professional acting, and, although the players, drawn from the various guilds, were paid for their services, the performances remained amateurish. It is no more than natural, considering the large number of actors required, that certain ones should become more or less identified with certain parts, as in the Oberammergau Passion play, and play the same part or parts year after year. Concrete proof of this is found in Heywood's *Foure PP's,* where the Pardoner, seeking admission to hell, is recognized by the porter at the gate.

> "He knew me well. And I at last
> Remembered him since long time past,
> For, as good hap would have it chance,
> This devil and I were of old acquaintance,
> For oft in the play of Corpus Christi
> He had played the devil at Coventry."

The actors' pay seems small enough, even considering the change in money values, but undoubtedly these amateurs en-

joyed their work aside from mere money reward. During the rehearsal, as well as on the day of the performance, they got free drink and meals, and in generous quantities. An itemized account of the expense of the Smiths at Coventry in 1490 for giving their pageant of the Trial, Condemnation, and Passion of Christ shows some interesting figures. Fourpence was paid "for hanging Judas," and as this particular actor was good at crowing, he received an additional fourpence for that specialty. The account fairly bristles with items of ale, wine, bread, and ribs of beef, especially during the rehearsal period. Two shillings went to the actor who played God; Pilate's wife received the same amount; the Beadle fourpence; and Herod three shillings and fourpence, the highest on this list. Other Coventry items were: fourpence paid to a man "for keeping of fire at hell mouth"; a soul, saved or damned, a shilling and eightpence; "paid for the Demon's garment and making the garment, 5 s. 3½ d."; and most interesting of all, the cost of producing the "yerthequake" that featured the final scene of Doomsday, three shillings and fourpence. One man received fourpence "for attending the earthquake." At Coventry they also had a device for destroying the world by fire. One entry states that two shillings was "paid to Crowe for making of three worlds," showing that a stage "world" was actually destroyed at each performance. A man was paid fivepence "for setting the world on fire," and another received two shillings and sixpence "for taking pains about the pageant." All these Coventry items belong to the lost cycle, not to the *Ludus Coventriae* previously discussed. An idea of comparative money values may be obtained from the prices of such essential commodities as beef and ale. A rib of beef cost threepence and a gallon of ale twopence. An ordinary workman's wages was sixpence a day.

The discussion of the Miracle plays may be closed with a few sidelights on the stage properties, costuming, and acting. Undoubtedly the most picturesque bit of stage property was Hell-mouth. This was represented by a pair of huge gaping dragon-jaws, painted red on the inside to resemble flames, and containing within it some device for making smoke. There was also an inner provision for rattling pots and pans. One of the most popular dramatic moments to an audience was when the devil leaped out of Hell-mouth with a loud resounding "Ho! Ho!" He was dressed in a costume of black leather, with horns, hoofs, and a tail. He carried a wooden fork with which to pitch lost souls into hell, but often he called his assistants

to help him drag reluctant sinners to their torment. What the plays lacked in dramatic interest was often more than compensated by noise. In plays that required a devil, if the interest slackened, that individual would do some stentorian roaring, or jump off the pageant into the street and roll about among the spectators, to their great delight.

This passion for noise became definitely related to certain parts, Herod, for instance, to which allusion has already been made. He was dressed like a medieval knight, and he ranted up and down the pageant so noisily that " out-heroding Herod " became a proverbial phrase. To present God on a stage was not considered sacrilegious, and he appeared in a gorgeous outfit of white leather, his face gilded, with long hair and whiskers of the same color. There seems to have been no effort at appropriate costuming, with the possible exceptions of God and the devil, the appropriateness existing only in the imagination of these medieval producers.

VIII. THE MORALITY PLAY

The original purpose of the Miracle play was to bolster up the orthodox faith of the church by emphasis upon the significant stories and characters of the Bible, and this purpose remained even after the entertainment feature challenged it for popular favor. With rare exceptions, the Miracle plays were never consciously didactic; that is, whatever lesson was to be drawn from them was by implication from the story itself. If the Bible be understood, in a large sense, as the result of an effort towards establishing reasonable working relations between God and man, then the Miracle plays may be regarded as an aid to a more definite understanding of the outer manifestations of that relationship as told in Bible story. What happens to mankind when the world has turned wicked is told by the story of the Deluge. No interpretation is needed. But as man's limited understanding develops, as so-called Christian civilization becomes more far-flung, new problems arise with all their manifold complications, and interpretation becomes necessary to establish principles and methods to keep sinful mankind within the bounds of a saving faith. The Morality play was one of those methods.

It is not possible to determine the exact origin of the Morality play in English. While it had many similarities to the Miracle play outwardly, it certainly was not an offshoot from them. Certain old folk customs had more or less perpetuated

themselves in the Feast of Fools, a New Year's revel, and the Boy Bishop, a festival indulged in chiefly by chapel boys and students. In both the spirit of fun prevailed. In the Feast of Fools anyone connected with a church might take part, the fun consisting in mocking or burlesquing the church service. In the Boy Bishop the same sort of thing was done by boys who gave performances of plays, or delivered mock sermons, or formed processions dressed in church vestments, all as a parody on the church service. It is easy to see how such license led to extremes and caused them to be forbidden by both church and state. The characteristics to be noted are those of humor, burlesque though it was, and the mockery of things more or less sacred or so considered by the serious.

Before attempting to define a Morality another form of medieval literary expression must be considered, the allegory. This was one of the pet nurselings of the Middle Ages, especially in France, where the thirteenth century *Roman de la Rose* occupied a position almost similar to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* among the ancient Greeks. In an allegory the characters of the story are personified abstractions, and usually a moral or some kind of lesson is stressed. How strongly this type of story became rooted in England may be judged from its best examples, such as *Piers the Plowman*, and *Pearl*, and a number of poems by Chaucer, who indeed translated part of the *Roman de la Rose* itself.

By combing through these various strands of popular amusement or entertainment, and bearing in mind the more secular aspects of the developed Miracle play, it becomes possible to account not for the origin of the Morality but for the probable reasons of its salient tendencies. These were humor, often of a sardonic type, or at least ironic, personified abstractions as characters, and the pointing of a moral. A Morality, therefore, may be defined as a play in which the characters are ideas personified, the story is non-biblical, but the moral is based on Christian ethics, and through certain types of humor it was given a human touch. The Miracle play represented a world that was real, the Morality one that was symbolic; the Miracle play gave lessons in the subject matter upon which the doctrines of the Christian religion are based; the Morality interpreted those doctrines in so far as they applied to man's conduct in life.

In the Moralities life is represented as a constant struggle between Vice and Virtue, that is, between good and evil, a theme that is universal enough. This theme at once suggests

drama, for there can be no struggle without some kind of action, and action implies a complication that must somehow be straightened out in the play. However, this theory is only crudely realized in the majority of the extant Moralities, but it is a fact that in the history of the development of the English drama they have a more direct bearing than the Miracle plays, in spite of the fact that in their method of presentation they were precisely similar.

So far as can be determined, the earliest English Moralities were the Paternoster plays, so called because of a medieval idea that each clause of the Lord's Prayer could offset the baleful influence of one of the Seven Deadly Sins. The constant theme of the Moralities was the struggle between Vice and Virtue, clearly stated in a fourteenth century reference to the York *Paternoster:* "All manner of vices and sins were held up to scorn and the virtues were held up in praise." None of these *Paternosters* are extant. Besides the York plays there was also a small cycle at Beverley, consisting of eight pageants. One of these was given over to "Vicious," representing a mankind prone to vice, and the remaining seven showed how the Deadly Sins, Pride, Envy, Anger, Sloth, Gluttony, Avarice, and Luxury (Lust) attacked mankind and apparently were overcome by the dramatic use of the Lord's Prayer.

A story or a play in which the struggle is one between mere abstractions tends to become boresome, a fact discovered early by the writers and producers of Morality plays. As in the Miracle plays, audiences were perfectly willing to be instructed in morals, but they preferred to have their lessons with a dash of humor. Carrying over the devil from the Miracle plays was easy enough, but the advance in comedy was the introduction of the Vice, whose function was to serve as a sort of foil for the devil, egging him on or teasing and tormenting him. Not infrequently at the end of a play he was carried off on the Devil's back, a climax that audiences no doubt found screamingly funny. That this was a popular trick is shown by the fact that Greene resorted to it in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.* The Devil and the Vice may be considered as super-abstractions to lend color, action, and humor to an otherwise dull play. The Vice was the special contribution of the Morality play, for he was capable of innumerable variations, while the Devil after all remained the devil. The Vice is not at all unlike the old court Fool, so common in story and play. When a play showed signs of sagging the Vice could be depended upon for relief, as shown in the Clown's song in *Twelfth Night:*

" I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger and lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah! ah! to the devil.

Some of the many aliases of the Vice are Shift, Sin, Fraud, Ambidexter, and Iniquity. While these are all personified abstractions they nevertheless were more easily connected with actual persons by the spectators than many of the other characters in the Morality. In later plays, including the Interludes, the Vice appeared as a definitely named person, like Cuthbert Cutpurse instead of Theft, or Tom Tosspot instead of Drunkenness.

The earliest full-scope Morality is the *Castle of Perseverance* (1471). Its theme is the struggle between Good and Evil forces for the soul of man. Mankind is here named *Humanum Genus*. He is attacked by the Seven Deadly Sins and defended by the Seven Cardinal Virtues, the former succeeding to the extent that Humanum Genus is driven to refuge in the Castle of Perseverance. In old age he yields to Avarice and tries to buy off Death, but fails, and is eventually haled to the bar of Judgment where he is saved by Christ's mercy. This play, as many others, covers the life of man and ends with the last judgment. Similar in theme but more lively in treatment is *Mind, Will and Understanding*. The Devil has his innings and the play resounds with his frequent "Ho, Ho, Ho's," but in the end he is as usual worsted. Other fifteenth century Moralities are *Mundus et Infans* (*The World and the Child*), and *Hyckescorner*. The last named has for its theme " The fool has said in his heart, there is no God." The struggle is really between Pity on the one hand, and Free Will and Imagination on the other, Hycke being a secondary character who supports Imagination. Hycke tells racy episodes from his travel experiences. One of the interesting places to which he has been is the " land of Rumbelow, three miles out of Hell." At the last there is a general conversion, with the exception of Hycke, through the agencies of Perseverance and Contemplation.

The greatest of all the Moralities is *Everyman*, printed about 1529, but probably written much earlier. A discussion of this play will be found in connection with the reprint in this volume.

IX. INTERLUDES

The Interlude represents a variety of drama later in origin than the Miracles and Moralities, similar in its ideas and ideals, but different in manner and method of presentation. In a sense it may be said that the Interlude is a denatured Morality which has stepped from the street into the banquet-hall. It shed its more distinctly religious character and became frankly entertaining, without, however, giving up all of its allegory and moral teaching; and it was performed indoors, eventually by professional actors. Humor was one of its main ingredients. Historically it is one of the direct mediums of the transition of the drama from the Miracles and Moralities on the one hand, and the so-called regular drama on the other. There has been much learned discussion over the meaning of the word *interlude,* but this need not be repeated here because nothing has come of it. As a type of play it was known as early as the fifteenth century, and seems to have had some relation to minstrelsy in so far as it was either a substitute for or an addition to the entertainments given by minstrels in the halls of the great. The Interlude, while difficult to isolate as a form, was a distinct adjunct to the gayety of the theatrical productions of the age. At schools and colleges all kinds of performances were decidedly the vogue, including the Interlude. Because of its closer bearing on real life and because of its broad humor it must have particularly appealed to students, and the idea may not be too far-fetched that it played an important part in that revival of interest in the drama that followed close on the heels of the Renaissance and its foster-child, humanism.

From the viewpoint of the reader of today, the most interesting Interlude is *The Four PP's,* by John Heywood, a prolific writer of plays about the middle of the sixteenth century. This Interlude has nearly all of the earmarks of the species. The humor is farcical and abundant, there is much foolery, and nowhere in the old plays is there such a glorious portrayal of the Devil in his hell. The play gets its name from the four characters, all of whose names begin with a P: a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Pedler. The central feature of the story is where these four rollicking fellows happen to meet on their travels and indulge in the time-honored custom of telling stories. They decide to make it a contest in telling lies, the Pedler to judge whose was the greatest. The Poticary tells of a wondrous cure; the Pardoner tells how he went to hell to rescue a lady friend who had died without the absolution of the

church. The Devil is only too willing to give her up because two women give the devils more trouble than all the rest of the damned. The Pardoner promises henceforth to send him mostly men, and returns to earth with his friend. It is now the Palmer's turn. He takes his cue from the Pardoner by saying that he marvels

> "That women in hell such shrews can be
> And here so gentle, as far as I can see."

He then tells how he has been nearly everywhere in the world.

> "And this I would ye should understand:
> I have seen women five hundred thousand,
> Wives and widows, maids and married,
> And oft with them have long time tarried,
> Yet in all places where I have been,
> Of all the women that I have seen,
> I never saw, nor knew, on my conscience,
> Any woman out of patience."

"By the Mass, there is a great lie," breaks in the Poticary. "I never heard a greater, by Our Lady," echoes the Pardoner, and the Pedler's decision is easily made. Other Interludes by Heywood are the *Play of the Weather* and *A Merry Play Between Johan Johan the Husband, Tyb His Wife, and Sir Johan the Priest.*

It is not possible here to go into greater elaboration over the history of the Miracles, Moralities, and Interludes, however fascinating such a study may be. For the present purpose it seems sufficient to have indicated the high spots in origins and developments, enough, it is believed, to give students a reasonably fair idea of the subject. For further study the ardent student is referred to the bibliography at the end of this volume. It is strongly urged that actual plays be read instead of mere second-hand discussions, for, after the essentials of historical sequence, more can be learned from the intelligent reading of a typical play than from a bookful of mere discussion.

Besides the types of plays already discussed there were other entertainments that may fairly be classed among the dramatic, especially in so far as they helped to stimulate or keep alive an interest in popular amusement. There were the puppet shows, an importation from Italy, which were among the features of the fairs, then exceedingly popular. Today puppet shows are called marionettes, still shown in all countries, in-

cluding the United States. By the seventeenth century the Punch and Judy show also was one of the amusements of the day, especially at fairs, but, like the puppets, they could be given on any street corner. Then there was pageantry of all sorts, such as dumb-shows on wagons; *tableaux vivants,* often connected with certain civic functions, like the installation of a mayor, a royal entry, or the entertainment of some notable. This type survives today in such festivals as the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, the Veiled Prophet in St. Louis, and carnivals like those of the Riviera in France, and the various festivals on the canals of Venice.

X. THE SCHOOLS AND THE DRAMA

In the first section of this Introduction were given the causes for the decay and practical extinction of the ancient classical drama. The literatures of Greece and Rome were suppressed by the stern righteousness of a growing church which, in the course of time, became the chief temporal as well as the spiritual power in the civilized world. In that long stretch of centuries from the fifth to the fifteenth the most marked change in the Latin countries was the passing of the old Roman language through dialectic transmutations which ultimately became the Romance languages of today. At last, a newer day, a newer life. The Renaissance was at hand, and with it, humanism. It was the first faint stirring of humanism that served to recharge the decadent life and literature of the Dark Ages with something like a living breath. In a sense, humanism was the new interest of humanity in itself, regarding itself as human beings, living in an actual world, here and now, a world not solely destined to be a spiritual preparation for a better world to come, but one that teemed with fascinating possibilities for man's self-development and the honest enjoyment of what this present life had to offer. It was distinctly an intellectual point of view, and one of its immediate results was a more widely reawakened interest in the culture of the ancients. Manuscripts of the classics were collected under the stimulus and patronage of the Humanists in Italy, the study of Latin and Greek ceased to be the privilege of the clergy, and a new era was at hand.

As this is neither a history of the Renaissance nor a study of humanism, the only point of interest here is the revival of the drama. Among the old dramatists, the only one that had not been utterly damned by the church was Terence.

This distinction he owed not to his excellence as a writer of plays but to a Latin style that was deemed worthy of imitation in the schools. Paradoxically enough, he was also credited with being a purveyor of moral maxims, but it is impossible to believe that throughout all those long centuries there should not have been some intellectuals who saw him for what he really was. However, the only proof for such optimism consists in the plays of Hrotswitha, a tenth century German nun of Gandersheim in Saxony. She wrote six plays in Latin based upon the favored Terence, but it is unlikely that they were either acted or intended to be acted, their purpose being as didactic as the later Morality plays. They are nevertheless interesting as a solitary pre-Renaissance dramatic phenomenon, and it seems strange that they were not put into English until the present century. One of them was actually produced in London in 1914.

The story of the revival of interest in the classic plays of Greece and Rome can here be indicated only in so far as it particularly concerns the development of drama in England. As already stated, Terence had always been used as a school book in Italy and elsewhere. The Renaissance added Plautus, who achieved tremendous vogue when twelve lost plays were found. The savor of the Greek drama was added through the Latin tragedies of the philosopher Seneca who closely followed the dramatic traditions of Euripides. It seems that part of the study of the old plays was reading the texts aloud, and this may well have developed into what is today known as "dramatic reading." There was as yet no acting. As part of school exercises, imitations in Latin were written, followed by translation into Italian. The next step was to write original Italian plays based upon Latin models. Greek plays were also translated. Interest in the new study spread into Germany and elsewhere, and the same process, in a general way, was gone through.

After the archeologists of Italy began to dig among the ruins of ancient architecture and discovered the remains of many theaters it suddenly began to dawn upon scholars that plays must have been made for acting on a stage and not for merely reciting the lines. Just when the first performance took place is not known, but there is a record of 1485 which shows that one of Plautus's plays and one of Seneca's were given at that time in Italy.

Italy, the fountain-head of the Renaissance, became the haunt of scholars from all countries. The eager study of the

old things so stimulated mental activity that new ideas and broadened literary ideals were bound to result. When the scholars returned to their homes they carried with them not only the direct results of their studies but also a missionary spirit to impart the new learning. Naturally the actual work fell to the schools. What happened is rather different from that which might have been expected. Instead of beginning at the point already reached in Italy the schools went back to the original sources themselves, with the important result that in every country the study of the old drama was tinged with the native spirit to such an extent that in a remarkably short time, everything considered, a distinctively individual national drama was evolved.

Frequent references have already been made to show that in English schools all kinds of plays were popular, and it is easy to understand that the new ideas from Italy should find ready acceptance. During the reign of Henry VIII, which began in 1509, Roman plays were already common, proved by casual allusions in the works of such contemporary writers as Erasmus and Sir Thomas More. While these plays were no doubt given in Latin, there had nevertheless been attempts at translation as early as 1498 when Terence's *Andria* had been put into English for school use. By the end of the first quarter of the sixteenth century Plautus was being played by the boys of St. Paul's and other schools. Original plays were written in Latin, chiefly by the schoolmasters, and produced in the schools. Then, as in Italy, translations were made, followed almost immediately by imitations.

What, in the meanwhile, was happening to the Miracle plays and the Moralities? These were still being played, for they constituted the drama of the common people, but changes had taken place, especially in the Moralities in so far as they had become more human. Even the Interludes were often called *moral,* and there lies the reason for the non-development of the native English drama. It never passed beyond the point of its didacticism, caring nothing for form and plot so long as a lesson was taught, or, as in the later Moralities, a controversial point established. The Roman drama furnished the added corrective. While there were of course numerous points of contact between the native drama and the new development, it is a fact that these contacts had but little connection with the rapid flowering of the new genus. If proof were needed, the career of John Heywood might be cited. His Interludes, already discussed, were written between 1520 and

1540, but they show practically no trace of the new influences because he was definitely committed to the ideals of the old. The same might be said of Bishop Bale whose *King Johan* (1548) is hardly more than an advanced Morality, but he was a hard-boiled controversialist who cared little or nothing for drama as an art.

The so-called regular English drama began with the introduction of Roman methods as they were studied and practiced in the schools. It is to be remembered that Plautus (254–185 B.C.), Terence (190?–159 B.C.), and Seneca (4 B.C.–65 A.D.) were all three close followers of the Greek drama, the first two chiefly of Menander and the New Comedy, and Seneca of Euripides. In all of them plot was of primary importance, and that in itself necessitated close attention to form. In the comedies the characters were mostly types, and not a wide range at that. Plautus and Terence swallowed Menander whole in that respect. Their plots, too, are fairly stereotyped. The following paraphrase of a few lines in praise of Menander from a Roman minor poet gives an excellent summary of the conventional plot:

> "Young men in love the livelong day;
> Young girls with whom they run away;
> With guardians or with parents old,
> Of tricks the victims manifold;
> And slaves forever on the wing,
> Who deftly manage everything." (Ward)

It was this type of play that was imitated in the first regular English comedy.

XI. THE REGULAR DRAMA

The term "regular drama" is used to designate the form of the new plays as they evolved under the stimulus of the revival of interest in the ancients, briefly discussed in the preceding section. Plays began to be divided into acts, usually five, following Seneca, and the terms "comedy" and "tragedy" came into use for the first time in the English drama. The distinction of being the first regular English comedy falls to *Ralph Roister Doister,* by Nicholas Udall, a schoolmaster. Udall (1505–1556) attended the Winchester School after the age of twelve, and passed from there to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. How or when he began to be interested in plays is not known, but it is likely that as a student he

at least attended the productions of both Latin and English plays, a regular feature of university life in the early sixteenth century. After receiving his Master's degree in 1524 Udall turned to teaching as a profession, first in London and later at Eton as head master between 1534 and 1541. At Eton, as elsewhere, it was the regular practice to give plays, especially at Christmas. These plays were still for the most part in Latin, and it is possible that Udall may have been the first head master to allow plays to be given in English at that school. It is commonly supposed that *Ralph Roister Doister* was written especially for the Eton boys in 1541, but that it was not given at that time because Udall was dismissed from his position under the charge of theft and imprisoned for a short time. It was afterward found that he was not himself a thief but had incurred suspicion because one of his servants had connived with two school boys to remove some plate from the college chapel.

Before this he had already become active as a writer. As early as 1534 he had published a school text based upon the Latin of Terence. His first choice of a profession was that of preacher, and now that he was out of a job he once more turned his attention to religious matters. In 1542 he translated and published two books of the *Apophthegms* of Erasmus, and for some years thereafter he was one of several men who worked on a *Paraphrase of the New Testament*. This work had been planned by King Henry VIII and after his death was continued at the instance of Queen Katherine Parr. It is interesting to note that the Catholic Princess Mary was also interested in this undertaking, and the friendship she formed with Udall probably served to prevent his Protestant tendencies from getting him into trouble when Mary became queen. During the reign of Edward VI he was regularly engaged in theological work of some kind or other, preaching and writing religious tracts.

With the accession of Mary he was put in charge of court entertainments, his duties bringing him into direct contact with preparing and producing plays, perhaps even writing some of them. It is reasonable to suppose that Udall must have had some special qualifications for the position, otherwise it would hardly have been probable that so Catholic a queen as Mary would have appointed a Protestant preacher to what amounted almost to a place at the domestic hearth, but all that is definitely certain is that he was known as a " writer of plays " by 1554. About this time he was made head master of the

Westminster School and served in that capacity until a reorganization in 1556 abolished his position. He died several months later.

Ralph Roister Doister, Udall's single surviving original contribution to the drama of his day, while distinctly a school play, written in conscious imitation of Plautus's *Miles Gloriosus* (*The Boastful Soldier*), is nevertheless definitely English in both setting and spirit. The date of the play remains problematical, but a reasonable position to take is that it was written in 1541 to be given by the Eton boys; that circumstances already mentioned blocked that; that it was actually produced at the Westminster School in 1553. There has been much controversial discussion about the latter date also, but the details need not be gone into here. It is enough to know that whichever date is given, *Ralph Roister Doister* remains the first regular English comedy.

The dramatic history of the second English comedy, *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* is even more confused. The title-page of the first edition, printed in 1575, reads: "A Right Pithy, Pleasant, and Merry Comedy, entitled Gammer Gurton's Needle, Played on the Stage, not long ago in Christ's College, in Cambridge, Made by Mr. S. Mr. of Art." For a long time the Mr. S. was identified with the name of Bishop John Still, but later researches seem to prove that the author was William Stevenson, a fellow of Christ's. The "not long ago" helps but little in dating the play, but again conjecture, based on such facts as the records of the college can produce, gives some plausibility to either 1553 or 1561, with the former the more likely. In other words, it is almost contemporary with *Ralph Roister Doister.* More important is the nature of the play itself. Here there is no Plautine model, nor any other so far as can be determined. It is pure native comedy, lacking form somewhat, but the material is drawn from contemporary English country life at first hand. The characters speak the dialect of rural England. Like *Ralph Roister Doister,* it is farcical, much cruder and much coarser, however. There is no plot, hardly more than a series of incidents strung together at haphazard. On the other hand, there is much better and more original character drawing than in *Ralph Roister Doister,* which adhered strictly to the types beloved of Plautus. What must be considered as the plot concerns the search for Gammer (Dame) Gurton's lost needle, a search uproariously kept up until almost the last page. The unexpected "surprise" ending is worthy of O. Henry.

The influence of Italy was felt in other ways than mere adap-

tation of the classics, such as in the comedy *Misogonus* (1560), the scene of which was laid in Italy. Italian works began to be translated for the benefit of those who were unable to read the original, especially the novels and tales, destined to become the source for many English plays throughout the Elizabethan era. In the early sixteenth century the most popular Italian dramatist was Ariosto, one of whose plays was translated into English by George Gascoigne (1525–1577) under the title of *Supposes,* after the Italian *I Suppositi.* Gascoigne was a typical Elizabethan courtier — scholar, adventurer, and writer. He translated the play while a student of the Inner Temple, and it was produced there in 1566. *Supposes* has the distinction of being probably the oldest play from which Shakespeare drew material, in this instance part of the plot of *The Taming of the Shrew.*

But the main influence on the English drama of this early part of the reign of Elizabeth continued to be classical, either direct or through the Italian. This was even truer of tragedy than of comedy. The cult of Seneca in Italy had readily taken hold of Englishmen, and by 1561 five of his tragedies had appeared in English. The transition from the old Moralities, many of the best of which were tragic, was less sudden than that of comedy from the Miracle plays and Interludes. Bale's King Johan (1548), a mixture of Morality and chronicle history, and *Gorboduc,* the first regular English tragedy, show the difference between the effects of the old Morality play traditions on the one hand and the Renaissance influence of Seneca on the other.

As practically all of the early English tragedies were modeled on Seneca, it will not be out of place to note some of the more formal devices carried over directly into the English drama. The division into five acts almost at once became a fixed custom, with some few exceptions, and has remained in vogue more or less to the present day. Each of the first four acts concluded with a Chorus whose only function in the play was either to give information or make interpretive comments. An epilogue followed the fifth act. There was little action on the stage, and the horrors of the tragedy were communicated to the audience in long, stilted, or bombastic speeches, often by a Messenger. Confidential friends and faithful servants, common in Greek plays, were partially debased by Seneca into mere parasites not unlike those of Roman comedy. Ghosts were not uncommon, and supernatural machinery of all kinds abounded.

The first regular English tragedy, *Gorboduc,* first produced in 1561, was written by Thomas Sackville (1536–1608) and Thomas Norton (1532–1584) when they were students of the Inner Temple. The play was given by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple before Queen Elizabeth. It has most of the Senecan specialties with the exception of the supernatural, but has an added feature in the dumb show which precedes each act. The English authors followed the Italians in using unrhymed verse of the type employed by the Earl of Surrey a few years before in his translation of the *Aeneid,* in other words, blank verse. By drawing its subject matter from the legendary history of Geoffrey of Monmouth it also was the first English chronicle play.

Thomas Sackville was one of the earlier typical Elizabethan courtiers, that is, men who were accomplished scholars, shining social figures, capable statesmen, facile and graceful writers, adventurers, soldiers — but gallant courtiers always. Not any one was all of these and Sackville, who might have become a poet of note, preferred the more easy and pleasanter life of Elizabeth's court, " by her particular choice and liking." As a young man of little more than twenty-one, before the accession of Elizabeth, he planned a work eventually called *A Mirror for Magistrates.* He wrote the Induction, now his chief claim as a poet, and then turned the completion of the project over to others. The idea of this book was ultimately drawn from Dante and Boccaccio. The Poet descends into hell and there interviews famous but unfortunate Englishmen who tell the story of their lives for the guidance of living statesmen. The Induction describes the descent of the Poet, and is the best portion of the book.

As a courtier Sackville was almost uniformly a success, mainly because he was pliable and could readily adjust himself to the whims and fancies of the temperamental Elizabeth. One day he might be called upon as Master of Ceremonies at an important court function; or again, he might be sent on so disagreeable a task as to inform the imprisoned Mary Queen of Scots that she was to be executed. It was all in the day's work of a successful courtier. He was for a time Chancellor of Oxford University, and at the death of Lord Burghley he was made Lord High Treasurer of the kingdom. Today his fame rests almost entirely on his connection with *Gorboduc,* of which he wrote the last two acts.

Thomas Norton, who planned the tragedy of *Gorboduc* and wrote the first three acts, was the son of a wealthy Londoner.

He received his education at Oxford and the Inner Temple. Like Sackville, he showed early indication of being a poet, but his real interests appear in the fact that while writing his part of *Gorboduc* he was also translating the *Institutes* of John Calvin. He became seriously involved in the religious controversies of his time, and engaged actively in the persecution of the Catholics. On two occasions he allowed his zeal to go to such lengths that he was imprisoned, but the calmer tendencies of his day saved him from the fate of his martyred father-in-law, Archbishop Cranmer.

Norton was active in politics, serving both in parliament and in various city offices. Had he been less of a bigoted partisan in religion and politics he might have achieved higher distinction in letters, but it is to be remembered that when he and Sackville wrote *Gorboduc* the drama was still regarded as something of an amateur academic exercise, offering no career of consequence, while the problems that interested Norton were the great issues of the day. He at least had no ambition to idle luxuriously at court. By the time that the drama had begun to receive some sort of professional standing Norton had long since ceased to be interested. After all, Sackville and Norton, with only five acts of a play between them, occupy a unique niche in the history of the English drama.

Almost contemporary with *Gorboduc* were two tragedies that, while showing classical influences, nevertheless harked back to the Moralities in the naming of some of the characters. The first was *Appius and Virginia* (1563), by R. B., who has never been identified. It is called a tragical comedy because it contains a number of songs and comedy elements which really have no connection with the main plot of the story, which is tragic. It is written in rhymed verse. The other is *Cambises* (1569), written by Thomas Preston. The title-page gives a fair idea of the nature of this play: "A Lamentable Tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth containing the Life of Cambises King of Persia from the beginning of the kingdom unto his Death, his one good deed of execution, after that, many wicked deeds and tyrannous murders committed by and through him, and last of all, his odious death by God's Justice appointed." In these plays there is much ranting dialogue, so much so that Shakespeare makes Falstaff say, "I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambises' vein." Both of these plays were written to be produced by children's companies.

In 1556 George Gascoigne's *Jocasta* was played at the Inner Temple. The play is noteworthy because it is the second in

blank verse. As in *Supposes,* the author again seeks material among his beloved Italians, this time Ludovico Dolce, who had paraphrased a play of Euripides, *The Phoenicians,* making *Jocasta* a paraphrase of a paraphrase. The introduction of comic elements into some of these tragedies must have had the same effect on audiences that the similar device had in the Miracles and Moralities. Certain plays were called tragi-comedies, and among them may be noted *Damon and Pithias* (1564?), by Richard Edwards, and *Tancred and Gismunda* (1598), originally written in rhymed couplets by five members of the Inner Temple with a later revised version in blank verse made by the author of the fifth act. It is the first play in English that drew its plot from an Italian novel and the first to have as its main motive a story of romantic love. The elements of this tragedy are: a father kills the lover of his daughter, places the heart into a cup to give to his daughter, who fills it with poison, drinks it, and dies. The father kills himself. Both of these deaths take place on the stage, a notable variance from classical tradition.

Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra,* printed in 1578, is another story from an Italian novel. The play has two claims to distinction, one that Shakespeare used it for *Measure for Measure,* and the other its unique dedication in which the author gives a critical condemnation of the debased dramatic tastes of the day, both in England and on the continent. He says that the Englishman is the worst in this respect because "he first grounds his work on impossibilities; then in three hours runs he through the world, marries, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdoms, murder monsters and brings Gods from Heaven, and fetches devils from Hell." This criticism applies to some extent to *The Misfortunes of Arthur,* acted before Elizabeth by the members of the Inner Temple in 1588. It was a co-operative work, the main body being by Thomas Hughes, while the choruses and dumb-shows were by others, one of whom was Francis Bacon. The story, taken from Malory's *Morte d'Arthur,* could be nothing other than romantic, but the noteworthy feature is that in this instance it is not Italian romance but English. Like *Gorboduc,* the *Misfortunes of Arthur* is not strictly a chronicle history play because it is based on a legendary story, but it is in the manner of that type which gave so many great plays to the literary world of the Elizabethan period. Like *Gorboduc* again, it is thoroughly Senecan. Any story that deals with King Arthur at once brings Tennyson to mind, and students may find it

interesting to compare the closing lines of the *Misfortunes* with those of the *Passing of Arthur*. The King's last speech closes:

> "No grave I need (O Fates) nor burial rites,
> Nor stately hearse, nor tomb with haughty top;
> But let my carcass lurk; yea, let my death
> Be aye unknown, so that in every coast
> I still be feared, and looked for every hour!"

The chronicle history plays proper date from 1588, or earlier, when *The Famous Victories of Henry V* was played. It was in part the original of Shakespeare's *Henry IV* and *Henry V*, no slight distinction in itself, but otherwise, in its extant form, it is crude enough. It is not divided into acts or scenes, written in both verse and prose, poorly constructed, but because of the merry Prince Hal and his disreputable companions, and because of the rapidity of its action, the play is sprightly in tone and easy to read. In *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, printed in 1591, the events of that unhappy monarch's reign are presented with faithfulness according to the chronicle. There are two parts, partly in prose and partly in verse, and no division into acts. Aside from being a good example of its type, it affords instructive comparison between Bale's *King Johan* and Shakespeare's *King John*. Another play later connected with Shakespeare was *The Chronicle History of King Leir, etc.*, acted in 1593, and probably earlier. There were of course others besides those mentioned, many of them known only by title.

The dates in the preceding paragraphs serve as reminders that this sketch of the beginnings of the regular English drama has in point of time already advanced into the third decade of the reign of Elizabeth (1558–1603). While these early examples show the struggle for form and clearly indicate the main trends that drama was to take, the term "Elizabethan" is usually reserved for the plays beginning with the so-called predecessors of Shakespeare, the first of whom was John Lyly. His first plays may have been produced as early as 1580 or thereabouts. Before going on to discuss the later phase of the drama it is necessary to take a hurried panoramic view of some of the more important problems that faced England since the accession of Elizabeth, and how conditions in general affected the advance of the drama.

Hints have been given to show how the question of religion, that is, the change from the Protestantism of Henry VIII and Edward VI to the Catholicism of Mary and back to Protestant-

ism under Elizabeth affected early plays, more especially the later Moralities which indulged in controversial themes. The final adjustment of this question by Elizabeth and her statesmen, culminating in the defeat of the Armada in 1588, allowed the boundless energy of this remarkable era to flow into other channels. One of these was intellectual, the direct result of the Renaissance. Never before had there been such eagerness for learning, the immediate center of which naturally was to be found in the schools and colleges of the country, supplemented by foreign travel and study on the part of those who could afford it. Writing of every kind was stimulated — translation, imitation, verse, prose, the drama, the tract — and it was not difficult to get into print. Gallant adventurers, themselves a product of the age, sailed the seas to far lands and their adventures were written either by themselves or others. Many of them were courtiers and scholars, a typical example being Sir Walter Raleigh. Still others found adventure in the numerous wars that always could be found on the continent. Elizabeth demanded of her courtiers one of two things, that they either *be* something interesting or *do* something distinctive; still better, both. One might be a handsome accomplished wealthy knight like the Earl of Leicester, who, if a bachelor, might be sure of a royal favor. Or he might be a Sir Philip Sidney: courtier, scholar, author, and soldier. She accepted gracefully the homage of Edmund Spenser, the friend of Raleigh and Sidney, when he made her the heroine of the *Faerie Queene,* the first three books of which were published in 1590. What matter that she paid him with worthless checks? Or what matter that she continually snubbed Francis Bacon, one of the two greatest luminaries of her reign? She was first, last, and all the time for herself. Why be unpleasantly conscious of Mary Stuart and the Earl of Essex? It was a great era, and Elizabeth was not only a conspicuously successful monarch, she was also a patron of letters, however niggardly in her rewards, and a considerable scholar in her own right, thanks to Roger Ascham, the great schoolmaster.

The drama no doubt would have developed rapidly, no matter who sat upon the throne. In order to gather up the threads loosely strung out in the preceding pages, we may say that there were four lines which this development followed. The first was the continuation of the production of the Miracles and Moralities as plays for the common people. Another form of popular play was that which eventually was given by the early professional players, at first chiefly in the provinces in innyards

or such crude halls as they might be able to get. But the greatest forward impetus to the drama was given at this time by the amateur companies fostered by the schools and universities, by the Inns of Court, and by the court itself. There were as yet, that is, before 1576, no theaters. The Miracles and Moralities were given as of old, the professional strolling companies were glad of an innyard, but at schools the halls could be used, the law students also had their own hall, royalty and its courtiers were likewise provided. The popularity of schoolboy production led to the formation of Children's Companies, recruited from schools and church choirs. There seems to have been no thought of employing girls. In the long run, as the demand for play production increased, the professional companies began to be called upon by courtiers and royalty itself, and acting was in a fair way of being made a respectable calling. In 1576 the first theater was erected in Shoreditch, and the real Elizabethan drama turned into its stride.

XII. THE PREDECESSORS OF SHAKESPEARE

After the middle of the sixteenth century the constantly increasing demand for more and better plays served to help bring to an end what was hardly more than an amateur type of the drama. Acting began to be something of a profession and the writing of plays was rapidly developing into a popular form of art. In the final quarter of the century the erection of theaters in London provided a new medium for satisfying a craze for amusement that seemed limitless. Almost over night there grew up a small but distinctive group of playwrights who are designated as the predecessors of Shakespeare, not so much because they preceded Shakespeare in point of time, but because the nature of their work, still largely experimental, laid the foundations for the new art destined to be carried to its highest development by the master from Stratford.

Attention has already been called to a few men, trained at the universities, who, when they came to London to seek their fortunes, dabbled with the drama. With the acceleration of interest in plays, more college-trained men with a taste for the literary life saw an opportunity hitherto unexampled for making a living by their brains, and these almost immediately began to be called the "university wits." In Elizabethan England literature generally offered the poorest kind of financial reward because of the difficulty of profitably marketing its products. There were no magazines, the nearest equivalent

being the cheap pamphlet, a form of publication from which the chief benefit went to the publisher. But there were publishers and printers, and after all they had to have something to print and publish. Ordinarily they either hired writers to do a specific piece of work, or paid a small sum outright if they accepted a manuscript offered them. The sudden demand for plays proved to be a boon to both writers and publishers, the first deriving their financial reward entirely from the producers of plays, the latter by publishing, frequently unauthorized, those plays which had taken some hold on the public. The idea of copyright was not even dreamt of; consequently the writers received nothing from the publishers.

The oldest of this group of "wits" was John Lyly (1554–1606). He attended Magdalen College, Oxford, where "he did in a manner neglect academical studies," but he nevertheless received his bachelor's degree in 1573 and the master's in 1575. When he came to London he did what many others had done or tried to do, secure lucrative employment through court favor, but he was unsuccessful. It seems that Lyly was not in financial straits, like so many of his contemporaries who afterwards achieved fame in the drama. At any rate, he was determined to write, and the first fruits were *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit,* published in 1579. This strange work, almost unreadable to us of today, won immediate favor. It purports to be a novel, a type of fiction then becoming popular through translations from the Italian. As a story it means little. There is practically no action; there are long moralizing digressions as well as dull discussions of life and love; and the whole is marred by a curiously perverted scheme of natural history. *Euphues* is important historically because of its monstrous style, characterized by a maddeningly regular symmetry, phrase balancing phrase, one clause set over against another, and sentence balancing sentence. The curse of it all lay in the fact that this style became a fad, adding the word *euphuism* to the language.

To the end of his life Lyly retained the hope of becoming Master of the Revels, but for some reason not now known he never received the appointment. The highest position he reached was that of Vice-master (1584) of the Savoy and St. Paul's companies of child actors, and for production by these he wrote the eight comedies which give him a place among the leading dramatists of the day. The best that can be said of this position is that it gave him much experience as a producer of plays, both his own and those of others. It also freed him from financial worries, for he received a salary; his plays were given

as court entertainment, and hence he never had to depend upon a fickle public for support. In a way this was a handicap as far as his own plays were concerned because he had to exercise care in his choice of a subject and he had to make sure that each one could be so twisted as to include some flattering reference to the queen, either as a person or as a sovereign.

His plays in order of publication are: *Campaspe* 1584, *Sapho and Phao* 1584, *Endymion* 1591, *Gallathea* 1592, *Midas* 1592, *Mother Bombie* 1594, *The Woman in the Moon* 1597, and *Love's Metamorphosis* 1601. They are all written mainly in prose except *The Woman in the Moon,* which is in blank verse of no distinguished order.

While Lyly's style was highly artificial, as we might expect from the author of the ridiculously extravagant novel *Euphues,* he nevertheless made important contributions to the drama. His themes, usually borrowed from classical sources, were always romantic, but for his strongest effects he depended on clever dialogue, full of puns and what at the time passed as clever repartee. The sub-plots of his plays rarely have anything to do with the main plots, but he succeeded in keeping their characters, usually smart pages and low comedy types, from becoming tedious. Lyly was the first to introduce incidental lyrics into plays. Mythology, allegory, and pageantry were freely used. All of these romantic devices were adopted by other playwrights, including Shakespeare.

George Peele (1558–1597) received his early education at Christ's Hospital in London, his father being clerk at that famous institution, and from there he went to what is now Pembroke College, Oxford, changing later to Christ Church. While still a student he became known as something of a poet, and before leaving the university his version of one of the plays of Euripides was given in the hall of Christ Church. With an excellent classical education but without money he came to London to make a living by his wits. This was by no means easy, especially if one was without influential connections. He wrote poetry of considerable merit, but then, as now, poetry brought more honor than money. A more profitable venture financially was his marriage to a woman who had some property. Of the rest of his life little is known except that he was one of the most profligate spendthrifts of that reckless age.

Peele's first play, *The Arraignment of Paris,* was written for presentation at court and was given before the queen by the Children of her Chapel in 1581. It is in part the old story of

Paris and the Golden Apple, but Peele gave it a twist of novelty when, after awarding the apple to Venus, Paris's judgment is questioned and he is summoned to the high tribunal of Mt. Olympus. The gods place the matter into the hands of Diana, who, instead of awarding the golden prize in this ancient beauty contest to either of the other two contestants, gives it to the wondrous nymph "whose name Eliza is." In an age noted for extremes of flattery, this was certainly the most daring. But the play has other distinctions, both for the excellence of the blank verse in the Prologue, and the great variety of meters used throughout, especially effective in the lyrics.

Peele's next play, *Edward I*, printed in 1593, but acted earlier, was a chronicle history play, based largely on Holinshed, but with much perversion of historical facts. Its chief claim to attention lies in the fact that it was an early example of a type of play destined to become immensely popular. *The Battle of Alcazar*, printed in 1594, offers little of interest to the reader of today in spite of its supposed allusions to the Armada and some similarities to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, acted in 1587. *David and Bethsabe*, printed in 1599, but acted much earlier, has some positive merits as a play, portraying a Bible story somewhat in the manner of a chronicle history play, but the present writer doubts whether it deserves to be called its author's best work in the drama, as some editors claim. Readers of today are much more apt to award the rather dubious title of "best" to *The Old Wives Tale*, printed in 1595, but again acted earlier. There is a certain pompousness about the theme and treatment of *David and Bethsabe* that is wholly lacking in *The Old Wives Tale*, a play that fairly sparkles with an exuberance of high spirits and good humor, the sort of thing that is met with but rarely in the drama before Shakespeare. And then it is to be remembered that Milton undoubtedly drew his idea of *Comus* from this play.

Peele had an excellent sense of humor and a highly poetic imagination, but riotous living kept him from completely realizing his talents and shortened his life. It is doubtful, though, whether he deserved the extravagant praise of his friend Nashe, who called him "the Atlas of Poetry and *primus verborum artifex*."

Robert Greene (1558–1592), born in Norwich, went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he received his bachelor degree in 1578. Five years later he became M.A. from Clare Hall of the same university. In 1588 he received an honorary M.A. from Oxford. He was proud of his degrees from the two

universities, and often on title-pages of his books he pompously styled himself *"utriusque Academiae in Artibus Magister."* While still a student he began to write prose pamphlets. In the period between his two higher degrees he managed to marry a woman with some property, he traveled extensively on the continent, he deserted his wife and child, and settled down in London to make a living by his pen. In the meantime, too, he had drifted into dissipated and shiftless habits from which he was never able to disentangle himself. This was all the more pitiable in Greene because in spite of an excellent education, a genuine love for learning, and a literary talent quite above the ordinary, he nevertheless had a will power so weak that he could never keep his many resolutions to break away from the sordidness of the life into which he had fallen. It is only fair to add that much of our knowledge of the evil side of his life we owe to himself. In moments of repentance, of which there were many, he wrote about himself in the bitterest manner, and it is more than likely that he often exaggerated his own vices.

Historically, Greene's reputation as a writer rests equally upon his dramatic works and his prose tracts, of which there were some thirty. Of his prose works, many are practically novels or at least long short stories, all of them romantic, and written in a style that was distinctly in the manner of *Euphues*. He also indulged heartily in a number of the literary controversies that raged throughout this period, his pet enemy being the choleric Gabriel Harvey. His prose romances have the additional distinction of having furnished stimulus and material for dramatic writings to others, among them Shakespeare. On the other hand, he did not hesitate to borrow freely from his contemporaries, especially Marlowe. In his attacks on Shakespeare and Harvey he was most viciously personal, the latter taking his revenge rather meanly after Greene's miserable death brought on by over-indulgence in all the vices of the day.

As in the case of Peele, we wonder at the surprising quality of Greene's romantic comedies, not only at their essential cleverness when at their best, but at the high literary merit maintained under conditions so debasing as those of his outer life. His earliest play was *The Comical History of Alphonsus King of Arragon,* acted in 1589 but not published until ten years later. It is an obvious imitation of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine,* first played in 1587, and still popular with the public of the day. The story is medieval, but the author flagrantly

disregards all historical background. Venus acts as a chorus; characters from Homer and the Greek dramatists jostle Mahomet, while prisoners are ordered " to the Marshalsea." There are weird stage directions, such as " Exit Venus; or if you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the stage, and draw her up."

Orlando Furioso, loosely based on Ariosto's poem, is mentioned by Henslowe in 1592 and printed two years later. It is a curious hodge-podge, so much so that it seems almost like a burlesque treatment of a romantic theme. One modern critic says that " Greene tried to compound a drama which should exhibit an unusual variety of characters in the dresses of Europeans, Asiatics, and Africans, and to mix them up with as much rivalship, love, jealousy and fighting as could be brought within compass of five acts." While this is an overstatement, it does suggest Greene's method in this play, and whether the burlesque is intended or not, the play does for the earlier romantic comedy what Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* does for the later.

A Looking Glass for London and England was printed in 1594, mentioned by Henslowe in 1591, and probably acted the year before. It is generally admitted that this play was written in collaboration with Thomas Lodge. The scene is laid in ancient Nineveh, but this is merely Greene's device for satirizing the state of society in London. The riotous life of an oriental court is strikingly depicted, and Oseas the prophet " Is brought in by an angel and let down over the stage in a throne." He acts as a chorus, warning the people of Nineveh of the dire fate awaiting them and then turns the moral upon London.

" London, look on, this matter nips thee near."

Perhaps its most interesting scene is the introduction of Jonah, who appears realistically out of his whale, and he too warns London, closing with a fulsome compliment to the queen,

> " O turn, O turn with weeping to the Lord,
> And think the prayers and virtues of thy Queen,
> Defers the plague which otherwise would fall."

These three plays give a fair idea of what the popular drama was like in the last decade of the century. Greene's two remaining plays are much superior to those just discussed. In spite of the inevitable comparison with Marlowe, who was the reigning vogue of this immediate period, Greene's two later plays have such decided merits of their own that they easily rank among the best before Shakespeare. *The Honorable His-*

tory of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay dates back to 1589 but did not appear in print before 1594. Although it takes its cue from *Doctor Faustus* and seems to depend upon the practice of necromancy for its chief interest, the real fact is far otherwise. This play is fully discussed in the Note on it.

The Scottish History of James IV, slain at Flodden, intermixed with a pleasant Comedy presented by Oberon, King of Fairies, is definitely known to have been on the stage by 1591, and may have been produced the year before. The first edition bears the date of 1594. The "slain at Flodden" part of the title suggests that the play is a tragedy, but Greene does not carry James's career to its end. Nor is the play an example of the chronicle history type, for the author took a story from Cinthio's *Hecatommithi* and deliberately foisted it upon the Scottish king with his usual disregard for the actual facts of history. The play ranks high in the history of the development of romantic comedy because of its well-constructed plot, and the excellent characterization in both its main and subordinate characters. Greene had a knack for selecting such elements as were really dramatic, nowhere better shown than in this play. A number of these became part of the stock of later dramatists. The play begins with an Induction; there are two love stories; the complication is created by a deep-dyed villain; the heroine flees in the disguise of a man; her rescuer, a woman, falls in love with her; there is an amusing clown; and lightly intermingled with it all is the fairy element managed by Oberon. Readers of Shakespeare will recognize all of these stage and comedy devices. One of the most interesting points about Greene's dramatic career is whether *James IV* was written before or after *Midsummer-Night's Dream,* but that can in no wise affect the portrayal of Dorothea, the heroine, who remains the finest single figure among the women of the Pre-Shakespearean drama. She loses nothing when placed by the side of Rosalind, Portia, and the rest. No wonder that Thomas Nashe in his enthusiasm called Greene the "Homer of women."

Thomas Kyd (1558–1594) was the son of a London scrivener. So far as can be determined he had no university connections, his only recorded schooling having been obtained at the Merchant Taylors' school, where he had Edmund Spenser as a fellow student for a time. Aside from conjectures based upon references in Nashe's *Preface* to Greene's *Menaphon* and other controversial documents of the period, nothing more is known about Kyd's life. His earliest literary work was translation from the Italian and French. Through the latter he came into

touch with the Senecan traditions of the drama and no doubt found their themes of horror well suited to his own gloomy disposition. Kyd's importance in the history of the drama rests entirely on one play, *The Spanish Tragedy,* written about 1586 but not printed until 1594. His problematic connections with *The First Part of Jeronimo* and *Solyman and Perseda* will not be discussed here, nor is it necessary to go into the much more interesting question of the lost *Hamlet* upon which Shakespeare undoubtedly based his own play.

The Spanish Tragedy ranked second to none in popularity on the earlier Elizabethan stage, and continued in vogue until late in the reign of James. No less than twelve editions were printed by 1633, with revisions and alterations, some of them by Ben Jonson. It was also translated into several continental languages, including Dutch and German. One of the significant facts about the play and its tremendous success is the indication of signs of change in the matter of theatrical taste. For twenty-five years and more comedy had ruled the boards. Since the first crude beginnings of *Gorboduc* there had been nothing of literary or dramatic consequence in tragedy except Marlowe's *Tamburlaine,* and it is not certain whether that preceded *The Spanish Tragedy* or not. Although there are many crudities of construction and stock ideas taken from the Senecan tradition, the play held its audiences because of its strong theme dramatically worked out through gory details that served as spellbinders in tragedy from this point on. The main motive is the revenge of a father for the death of his son, but it has other dramatic devices liked by audiences, such as jealousy, madness, hangings, treachery, murders, suicides, trickery, a play within a play, and the revenge superintended by a ghost. *The Spanish Tragedy* was the first of a long line of revenge plays, all of which borrowed freely from their prototype. For more detailed discussion see the Note on the play.

The greatest of the forerunners of Shakespeare was Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593), the son of a Canterbury shoemaker. He received his early schooling in the King's School of his native city, a rather unusual privilege for a tradesman's son. Either because he was considered a particularly promising boy, or because of some influence of his mother, who was a minister's daughter, he secured sufficient patronage to enable him to go to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, destined no doubt for the church. By 1587 he had taken the usual two university degrees, and, like a number of other "university wits," he proceeded to London for a career. Before this a num-

ber of things had happened to Marlowe. He had become intimate with Sir Walter Raleigh, a connection valuable socially; he had made some translations from the Latin, showing that his interests were literary; he had passed through youth's intellectual revolt against tradition and soon became known as an atheist; he must have written part of his first play; and no more was heard of his entering the church.

On arriving in London he at once attached himself to the Lord Admiral's Men, that is, the company of players managed by Philip Henslowe. Whether he ever acted is not known, but in the year of his arrival, 1587, the first part of *Tamburlaine* was produced, either just before or just after *The Spanish Tragedy*. In both plays the leading parts were taken by the stalwart actor Edward Alleyn, and both were extraordinary successes. The part of Hieronimo in *The Spanish Tragedy* and that of Tamburlaine remained the famous actor's favorite rôles. The immediate popularity of *Tamburlaine* at once placed the young Marlowe among the foremost of his contemporaries in the drama, and he shared both in their glory and their ignominy. He gaily plunged into the wicked life of the city, according to tradition. His dramatic success secured him friends like Peele, and enemies like Greene and the spiteful Gabriel Harvey. His pronounced atheistic tendencies brought him into contact with the authorities, and dragged in a number of his friends, especially Thomas Kyd.

The first part of *Tamburlaine* was followed by the second in 1588, and both were printed in 1590. In rapid succession came *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* in 1588, the earliest extant edition being dated 1604, *The Jew of Malta* in 1589, of which there is no edition on record before 1633, and *Edward II* in 1590, printed in 1594. Besides these major dramatic works, all produced within the remarkably short space of less than six years, Marlowe had written narrative poems like *Hero and Leander*, and his name is also connected with such minor plays as *The Massacre at Paris*, acted in 1592, and *The Tragedy of Queen Dido* (with Nashe).

Such literary activity would seem to indicate a rather busy life, but in any discussion of Marlowe it has long been the custom to devote much space to his real or imaginary iniquities. Instead of going into the various literary and other controversies that circled about him, let us say that, like many a young man to whom great success has come early in life, he freely took part in what was considered the gay life of the city, and that in consequence of a saloon fight he was killed at Deptford in 1593.

The work of Marlowe, extraordinary as it was in itself, was at least equally so in its influence upon contemporary and later drama. When he wrote his great tragedies he had no examples before him other than the early crude plays discussed in a preceding section of this Introduction, and possibly *The Spanish Tragedy*. He was a pioneer in the true sense, both in dramatic construction and verse form. That he took his art seriously is shown by a determination to improve upon the manner and style of his fellow-dramatists, a brave mood indeed for a youngster of twenty-three. In the short prologue to *Tamburlaine, Part I,* in almost contemptuous terms he tells explicitly what he intends to do:

> " From jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits,
> And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
> We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
> Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine,
> Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
> And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword."

This prologue is a fair example of " Marlowe's mighty line," and the theme he announces is of heroic proportions. While blank verse had been used by others, as we have seen, it had always remained highly stilted in the plays produced directly under the classical influence. Marlowe broke away from tradition by varying his meters and having the sense flow on from one line to another instead of making each practically a complete unit. The reader will find it instructive to compare a page from *Gorboduc* with almost any page from *Tamburlaine*. In spite of condemnation by many critics of the day, in spite of the ranting and bombast in many of the speeches of this first play, the " high astounding terms " found immediate favor with patrons of the theater.

It is hard to exaggerate the historical importance of the two parts of *Tamburlaine,* each a full five acts. We have already noted some of the imitations, and the mere fact that certain critics and contemporary dramatists vilified the author for his innovations in both substance and style proves that his thrusts had hit home. Nor did he recede from his position. His next play, *Doctor Faustus,* almost immediately followed the second part of *Tamburlaine,* and with equal acclaim. All three of Marlowe's first group of plays are treated in detail in connection with the texts.

With *The Jew of Malta* Marlowe inaugurated a type of blood and thunder tragedy that henceforth reigned supreme in the

Elizabethan drama. He may have taken a cue from *The Spanish Tragedy,* with ten dramatic deaths on the stage, and in a way he simply carried to greater length the Senecan tradition, but Marlowe's plays, as well as the many blood tragedies that followed in their wake, show a difference in spirit from those of an earlier day. In *Gorboduc* and *The Spanish Tragedy* there seems to be some tangible reason for the killings; in Marlowe there is a certain wantonness in the villains that keeps them from ever winning the sympathy of the reader. This applies especially to *The Jew of Malta.* To understand this play it is necessary to remember that Jews were at this time in disrepute in England, and it was considered fair sport to make fun of their foibles, such as their reputed love for money obtained by gross usury. The play opens with a striking soliloquy by Barabas the Jew on his financial resources, not quite so mean as that of Ben Jonson's Volpone, nor does Barabas ever attain the dignity of Shakespeare's Shylock, although *The Merchant of Venice* shows clearly how freely its author drew upon *The Jew of Malta.* Marlowe never quite succeeds in proving that his character becomes what he is through circumstances, nor does he really try to prove it. What he does succeed in doing is to create a precious pair of villains in Barabas and his slave Ithamore. Both of them exult in their villainy, not unlike the Moor Aaron in *Titus Andronicus,* another popular play of the period. The Jew tells his slave Ithamore that

> "As for myself, I walk abroad o' nights
> And kill sick people groaning under walls;
> Sometimes I go about and poison wells."

But Ithamore is not to be outdone by his master.

> "One time I was an ostler in an inn,
> And in the night-time secretly would I steal
> To travelers' chambers, and there cut their throats."

The play is full of trickery, bribery, treachery, and reaches its dramatic climax when Barabas sinks into a burning caldron devised by himself for the death of his enemies. To the last he remains true to his character, his final words being:

> "Die, life! Fly, soul! Tongue, curse thy fill, and die!"

From the point of view of dramatic technique, *Edward II* is by far the best of Marlowe's plays, and it affords interesting but futile speculation as to how far he would have gone in the drama, had he been spared. The play has more coherence and

consequently fewer disconnected scenes than the earlier works. Nor is the emphasis mainly upon one character. Nominally the chief character is the weak King Edward, whose portrait Marlowe presents much as he found it in the chronicles of the time, but the person more nearly like Tamburlaine and the author's other protagonists is Mortimer, a haughty baron, around whom finally the catastrophe revolves. The theme of this tragedy is the friendship of the king for his favorite Gaveston, who achieves his selfish purposes by convincing the king that he loves him solely as a person and not as a king and for what he can get out of him. The deterioration of the character of the king is pitiable, but wins no sympathy from the reader. Gaveston is killed, the king is imprisoned, and finally executed under orders from Mortimer, who, incidentally, has won the love of the queen, and temporarily is head of the kingdom. But only for a time, for the young Prince Edward wins over the barons and Mortimer goes to his fate brazenly, even hopefully:

> " Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mortimer,
> That scorns the world, and, as a traveler,
> Goes to discover countries yet unknown."

Surely that is of the spirit of a Tamburlaine, though somewhat tamed.

With the exception of *Edward II,* Marlowe's plays make no pretension to plot; they are rather a series of episodes, centered about the hero. Many of the scenes are wildly extravagant, and not seldom fantastic. His heroes are really villains, each one possessed with an insatiable lust for power, but in the long run encountering a relentless fate that brings reversal of fortune and death. Tamburlaine, a Scythian shepherd, wants to be emperor of the world. " Is it not passing brave to be a king? " he says. The learned Doctor Faustus craves knowledge of the hidden mysteries of the universe, and through black magic he brings up Mephistophilis, who arranges a deal by which Faustus is given what he wants in return for his soul. His first question is, " Tell me where is the place that men call hell? " Barabas the rich Jew gloats over the money that will buy him power denied him otherwise because of his race. In Edward we have a monarch who wants to discard royal obligations in order to be with his favorite Gaveston, but in Mortimer a baron who, like Tamburlaine, stops at nothing to gain his end.

Marlowe's greatest weakness as a dramatist is his lack of a sense of humor. In his plays there are so-called comic scenes,

but no real humor. His women are all disappointing, none of them are interesting, and Marlowe seems to have been either indifferent to love or powerless to portray it. He created no really good character. But in considering these shortcomings we must always remember that Marlowe was scarcely more than a boy when he created his first characters, and in all the plays except *Edward II* there is a youthful exuberance of spirit that carries the reader along in spite of all the glaring dramatic crudeness. Above all, these plays were made primarily to be heard rather than seen, and the audiences being what they were, they could not help being thrilled by the " high astounding terms " as they were mouthed by the deep-voiced Edward Alleyn.

There were certain minor contemporaries of the great predecessors who deserve brief mention chiefly because of their connection with the others as collaborators, or because they wrote other works in some way linked up with the drama. The most important of these was Thomas Lodge (1558–1625). He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford. One of his early works was a defence of the stage against the attacks of Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse*. He wrote many pamphlets and prose romances, one of which, *Rosalynde,* constitutes his chief claim to remembrance in the drama because it served as the source for Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. While he was known in his day as a writer of plays, only two survive, his part in Greene's *Looking Glass for London and England,* and the *Wounds of Civil War,* in which he deals with the careers of Marius and Sulla. As a play it is of no consequence.

Thomas Nashe (1561–1601) went to St. John's College, Cambridge, but did not take a degree. On coming to London he attached himself to Greene, and he is best known for his *Preface* to Greene's *Manaphon,* several times referred to in this Introduction. He became involved in a long and bitter personal controversy with Gabriel Harvey, and also in the struggle known as the Marprelate controversy. It is thought that he collaborated with Marlowe in *Dido*. Of a lost play entitled *Isle of Dogs* he disclaimed authorship of all except the Induction and the first act, but the content of the play was such that he spent some time in jail. Of his one extant play, *Summer's Last Will and Testament,* nothing need be said except that it is a sort of morality play with dashes of humor, or what passed for such.

Henry Chettle (1564–1607), aside from his activity as a pamphleteer, is known today for only one play, *Hoffman, or a*

Revenge for a Father, acted in 1602. It is a gruesome play, the nature of which is suggested by the title, but the most interesting thing about it is that it was produced the same year that *Hamlet* was entered at the *Stationers' Register.* It is probable that Chettle made his play for Henslowe as a rival attraction to that played by the Burbage company.

The reference to *Hamlet* in the preceding paragraph may serve as a reminder that the period of the so-called predecessors has considerably overlapped the work of Shakespeare himself, for *Hamlet* was his twenty-fourth play. The many works discussed or referred to in the preceding pages are only a small part of those actually written and played by 1602. It is to be remembered that Elizabethan London constantly demanded new plays, and there were literally hundreds of which we now have not even the title. Others are known by title, but that is all. Some idea of what producers did is shown in Henslowe's *Diary.* From June, 1594, to June, 1595, Henslowe put on thirty-eight plays. Of these twenty-one were new, and none of them known today.

The last quarter of the sixteenth century also saw the production of a number of plays still extant for which no author is known. Some of them are so good that the inevitable claim for Shakespeare's authorship is still made. The best of these is *Arden of Faversham,* one of a considerable group of domestic plays that seemed to flourish in spite of the unwritten law that tragedy must confine itself to persons of high degree. *Arden of Faversham* was written about 1590 and printed in 1592. Its story is based upon an actual murder that took place in 1550. The play is well written, the plot is on the whole well worked out, and the character of Alice Arden, a woman as wholeheartedly wicked as Marlowe's villains, is excellently portrayed. A number of modern critics, among them Swinburne, hold to the theory of Shakespearean authorship, but Shakespeare scholars generally discredit it.

A long list of anonymous plays might be made, but here it is pertinent to mention only a few around the year 1600. These are *Locrine* (1595), *Edward III* (1596), *Sir John Oldcastle* (1600), and *Mucedorus* (1598). The dates are those of first editions and all of them were acted earlier. The listing of *Mucedorus* suggests an idea that is rarely mentioned in discussions of the Elizabethan drama, the fact that theatrical taste then was as it is today, that is to say, some of the worst pieces artistically were among the most popular on the stage. *Mucedorus* is one of these, perhaps the most ridiculous of them all,

and it was popular not only on the boards, but readers were so clamorous for it that seventeen early editions were printed. And this is one of the plays sometimes attributed to Shakespeare!

XIII. THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA AT ITS HEIGHT

Up to 1600 the chief note in both comedy and tragedy was essentially romantic, and it remained so to the end of the period, with certain exceptions, more particularly the work of Ben Jonson, who once more harked back to the classical traditions as exemplified in the works of Plautus and Seneca and expounded in the critical works of Horace and Quintilian. The terms "romantic" and "classical" are of course extremely flexible and open to a wide range of definition, but their general sense is obvious enough. Shakespeare rarely deviated from the romantic, Jonson adhered religiously to the classical, and Shakespeare is the sole Elizabethan represented on the stage of today, a fact not entirely due to his superior genius. In spite of all its shortcomings, the romantic has always had a greater appeal in every form of imaginative literature.

The year 1600 may be considered as marking the highest point in the Elizabethan drama. The two leading theatrical companies, the Burbage-Shakespeare and the Henslowe, were producing plays in bewildering number. Shakespeare was just entering upon the period of his greatest plays. Under the stimulus of an insistent demand for new plays, it is small wonder that so many writers turned to their production. With such activity in the drama new ideas or varied twists of old ones were bound to bring innovations, for better or for worse. To go into any sort of detail on this subject would be almost equivalent to writing a complete history of the later Elizabethan drama, a task outside of the scope of this book.

No student of the drama, especially if he reads plays in connection with discussions, will fail to note changes in the plays that came about the turn of the century. For this change there also were predecessors, this time for what turned out to be the eventual decadence of the drama. No attempt will be made to trace causes, for these were inherent in the tendencies of the times, but the transition will be indicated by a brief reference to two plays brought out at nearly the same time, one clearly indicating the difference between the old and the new, the other an attempt (probably unconscious on the part of the author) to retain the spirit of the old combined with the manner of the

new. Both were first plays of the respective authors, who were not only forerunners, but became typical representatives of what is sometimes called the later Elizabethan or Jacobean period of the drama.

Ben Jonson (1573–1637) went to the Westminster School, and whether he had further formal schooling is unknown, but his works testify to what was generally admitted, that he became the foremost scholar and the keenest critic of the day. Both Oxford and Cambridge eventually honored themselves by conferring degrees upon him. While more is known of Jonson's life than of any other dramatist of the period, it need not be discussed here beyond the year 1598. By that time he had perhaps been employed in his stepfather's business of bricklaying. He certainly had served as a soldier of fortune in the Netherlands, and in later life he told how he had "in the face of both the camps, killed one enemy and taken *opima spolia* from him." Upon his return he had married. In the meanwhile he had joined Henslowe's company as an actor and probably as a tinkerer of plays. He wrote his first play, *Every Man in His Humor,* by 1598, when it was acted by the Burbage-Shakespeare company. It is not now known why he temporarily deserted Henslowe. According to tradition, he himself acted in it, and it is definitely on record that Shakespeare was one of the leading comedians.

The outstanding feature of this comedy is that it subordinates the story to character. The interest is shifted from what people do to what they are. In the prologue he clearly states what he intends to do, and, like Marlowe in his prologue to *Tamburlaine,* he boldly criticized his contemporaries:

> "He rather prays you will be pleased to see
> One such today, as other plays should be;
> Where neither chorus wafts you over seas;
> Nor creaking throne comes down, the boys to please;
> Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeared
> The gentlewomen; nor rolled bullet heard
> To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
> Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;
> But deeds, and language, such as men do use;
> And persons, such as comedy would choose,
> When she would show an image of the times,
> And sport with human follies, not with crimes."

That was Ben Jonson's *credo,* from which he rarely deviated. He is going to deal with the "humors" of mankind, that is, their foibles, follies, vices, whims, oddities, and what not.

Furthermore, he is going to chastise man by holding him up to ridicule. By his first play, which is so mature that it is clear that he must have had considerable experience with things dramatic, Jonson created the " Comedy of Humors," the influence of which permeated not only his own plays but those of most of his contemporaries, Shakespeare not excepted.

In his later plays Jonson often became bitter in his satire, many of them are overladen with his scholarship, but *Every Man in His Humor* is sheer comedy, the author almost bubbling over in his enthusiasm to make fun of his characters. While his characters tend to be types, he nevertheless contrives to make them human, and they were the kind of people that the audiences knew. What story there is to the play centers around the younger Knowell, but he remains a shadowy character when compared to the real protagonists. Captain Bobadill is the swashbuckling braggart soldier, a later and vastly more interesting sort of Ralph Roister Doister; Mathew is described as the " Town Gull," a type that the author particularly hates; and Master Stephen, the " Country Gull," of whom it is enough to say that he is own brother to Shakespeare's Sir Andrew Aguecheek. It is easy to laugh at Jonson's creations, but he does not rouse any sympathy for them, and there lies his greatest weakness, much more pronounced in his later plays than here. But *Every Man in His Humor* is a great play; it founded a new motive for the drama; and it remains Jonson's best.

Thomas Dekker (1570–1641) was born in London, and he seems to have spent most of his life there. He liked the life of the city, and there were but few phases, if any, that were not thoroughly familiar to him. With a certain amount of literary talent, he followed the lead of others to make his fortune in the drama, but throughout his whole life he was a hack writer of the most pronounced type, and he wrote on anything and everything, in prose or verse, that promised some kind of income. His income and his expenses had a continuous difficulty in balancing, so that a number of years were spent in debtors' prisons. Among the many items in Henslowe's *Diary* are notes of payments made to get Dekker out of prison. His versatility made him one of the most useful of Henslowe's many tools. Dekker, like so many others already discussed in this Introduction, indulged in the major sport of the writers of the time, that of getting mixed up in controversies. From what can be learned of Dekker's personality, it is hard to believe that he could have had many real enemies, and it is

pleasant to find that he never threw dirt at any of his assailants, no matter how hard they hit him, and one of his attackers was the hardest hitter of the day, rare Ben himself.

His first surviving play, *The Shoemakers' Holiday,* was acted in 1599, the year after *Every Man in His Humor.* The two plays suggest a number of striking analogies. Each, in addition to being its author's first play, is also his best; each represents contemporary life in London; each broke with tradition in comedy by emphasizing character, but while Jonson ignored story and stressed "humors," Dekker retained enough story to make his play a genuine comedy of "manners." Jonson created characters that were amusing, Dekker set forth amusing characters in an environment that gave a pleasant picture of life in London at the threshold of the seventeenth century. In reading Jonson's play the reader forgets about the plot, such as it is; all he wants is to see and hear what fool things the characters do and say. In Dekker's play we follow the action as eagerly as in the most romantic of stories, and perhaps the finest thing about *The Shoemakers' Holiday* is that its author succeeds in showing scenes of everyday London life in an atmosphere that is thoroughly romantic. In spite of the far-fetched main motive, in spite of many crudities of construction, the audience of 1599, as the reader of today, is constantly eager to know what comes next, a sure test of interest at least.

While Jonson and Dekker were busy with the plays just discussed, Shakespeare was producing the first and second parts of *Henry IV, The Merry Wives of Windsor,* and *Henry V.* Each of these shows traces of the same sort of thing that characterized the Jonson and Dekker plays, but, as always, his work is immeasurably superior to that of his contemporaries and friends. Crusty old Ben himself recognized this, however bitter the realization may have been. As in all books on the Elizabethan drama, the plays printed in this volume, as well as the editorial apparatus, achieve their chief value in so far as they help the reader to understand the work of the greatest of them all, Shakespeare.

QUEM QUAERITIS

(*Liturgical Trope*)

The Angel after Christ's Resurrection:

Whom are you seeking in the sepulcher, O Christian ones?

The Response of the Holy Women:

The crucified Jesus of Nazareth, O heavenly one!

The Angel in a consoling voice:

He is not here, he has risen as he foretold;
Go, carry the tidings that he has risen, saying:

The Chant of the Holy Women to the whole choir:

Alleluia! The Lord has risen today.
The strong lion, Christ the Son of God, give thanks unto God, eia!

Let the Angel say:

Come and see the place where the Lord was laid, Alleluia! Alleluia!

Let the Angel say again:

Go quickly and tell the disciples that the Lord has risen, Alleluia! Alleluia!

Let the Women with one accord sing joyously:

The Lord has risen from the sepulcher,
He who hung on the cross for us, Alleluia!

NOTE

The *Quem Quaeritis* trope is the earliest of the dramatizations of the medieval church liturgy extant in England. The trope here given is a translation of the one found in the original Latin on page 13. It represents the simplest form of this particular type of trope.

BANNS

(*Ludus Coventriae*)

An Extract

1st Banner-bearer. Now, gracious God, grounded of all goodness,
As thy great glory never beginning had,
So thou succor and save all those that sit and see,
And listeneth to our talking with silence still and sad;
For we openly propose silence in this crowd,
The people to please with plays full glad.
Now listeneth to us, lovely, both more and less,
Gentlemen and yeomanry, of goodly life led.
This time
We shall show you, as well as we can,
How that this world first began,
And how God made both mold and man,
If that ye will abide.

2nd Banner-bearer. On the first pageant, we think to play
How God did make, through his own might,
Heaven so clear upon the first day,
And therein he set angels full bright.
Then angels with song — this is no nay —
Shall worship God, as it is right;
But Lucifer, that angel so gay,
In such pomp then is he placed,
And set in so great pride,
That God's throne he attempts to take,
His Lord's peer himself to make,
But then he falleth a fiend full black,
From Heaven, in hell to abide.

3rd Banner-bearer. On the second pageant, by God's might,
We think to show and play, indeed,
In the other six days, by open sight,
What thing was wrought there shall be seen;

20. **Lucifer:** This play is to be found on page 71.

How beast was made and fowl for flight,
And last was man made, as I ween;
Of one of man's ribs, as I you pledge,
Was woman wrought man's mate to be,
And put into paradise.
There were flowers both blue and black,
Of all fruits they might there take,
Save fruit of knowledge they should forsake,
And touch it no wise.

The serpent gave Eve an apple to bite,
And Eve gave Adam a morsel of the same;
When they had done thus against the rule of right,
Then was our Lord wroth and grieved with anger.
Our Lord began to question them about their fault,
And seek an excuse from both for sinful blame;
And then almighty God, for their great disdain,
Assigned them grievous pain, as ye shall see in the play,
Indeed.
Seraphim and angels gay,
With burning swords — this is true —
From paradise beat them away,
As we in the Bible read.

. . . . . .

2nd Banner-bearer. On the twenty-eighth pageant shall
Judas,
That was to Christ a false traitor,
With weeping sore ever cry, alas,
That ever he sold our Savior.
He shall be sorry for his trespass,
And bring again all his treasure,
All thirty pence, to Sir Caiaphas,
He shall them bring with great dolor,
That for which Christ was bought.
For great despair, as ye shall see,
He hangeth himself upon a tree;
For he trusteth not in God's pity,
To hell his soul is brought.

. . . . . .

2nd Banner-bearer. The fortieth pageant shall be the last,
And Doomsday that pageant shall be called. [503

503. **fortieth:** really forty-second. The Banner-bearer forgot that for some reason two plays were omitted.

Who sees that pageant may be afraid
To grieve his Lord God either day or night.
The earth shall quake, both break and burst,
Tombs and graves shall open full quickly,
Dead men shall rise and that in haste,
And fast their answers they shall prepare,
Before God's face.
But print well this in your mind:
Whoso to God hath been unkind,
Friendship there shall he none find,
Nor there get he no grace.

3rd Banner-bearer. Now have we told you all, indeed,
The whole matter that we think to play;
When that ye come, there shall ye see
This game well played in good array.
Of Holy Writ this game shall be,
And of no fables by no way.
Now God them save from trouble and pain,
For that we pray upon that day,
And requite them well as their reward.
On Sunday next, if that we may,
At six o'clock we begin our play,
In N. towne; wherefore we pray,
That God now be your speed.
Amen.

NOTE

Banns were employed to advertise the performance of Miracle plays. Several days before a scheduled performance *Vexillatores,* that is, Banner-bearers, appeared in the town where the cycle was to be given, and sometimes also in the villages and hamlets of the immediate vicinity. Each pageant was described in detail, but as the whole list becomes somewhat monotonous in the reading, it was thought better to give here only an extract to show what this particular sort of thing was like. The *Banns* from which the present extract is taken belonged to the *Ludus Coventriae.* (See Introduction, page 26.) The lines are numbered according to the complete play, giving an idea of how much was omitted.

527. **N. towne:** This town has not been identified. Northampton has been suggested, but Norwich would scan better in the line.

THE FALL OF LUCIFER

(*Ludus Coventriae*)

CHARACTERS

God.	Good Angels.
Lucifer.	Bad Angels.

God (*upon his throne*). I am alpha and omega, the first and the last.
My name is known, God and King,
My work for to make now will I go. [*Rises.*
In myself resteth my sovereignty;
It hath no beginning and no end;
And all that ever shall have being,
It is closéd in my mind;
When it is made at my liking,
I may it save, I may it destroy,
After my pleasure.
So great of might is my power,
All things shall be wrought by me.
I am one God, in persons three,
Knit in one substance.

I am the true Trinity,
Here walking in this place;
Three persons myself I see,
Locked in me, God alone.
I am the Father of power,
My Son with me begins to go,
My Ghost is grace in majesty,
Wieldeth wealth up in heaven's throne,
One God the three I call:
I a Father of might,
My Son keepeth right,
My Ghost hath light,
And grace withal.

Myself beginning never did take,
And endless I am through my own might.
Now will I begin my work to make.
First I make heaven with stars of light

In mirth and joy evermore to wake;
In heaven I create angels full bright,
My servants to be, and for my sake,
With mirth and melody to worship my might;
I make them for my bliss.
Angels in heaven evermore shall be,
In light full clear, bright in color,
With mirth and song to worship me,
Of joy they may not miss. [*God withdraws.*

Here let the angels in heaven sing: "To thee all the angels, to thee the powers of heaven and the universe, to thee the cherubim and seraphim with unceasing voice cry out: 'Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Sabaoth!'"

Enter LUCIFER.

Lucifer. To whose worship sing ye this song?
To worship God, or reverence me?
Unless ye worship me ye do me wrong,
For I am the worthiest that ever may be.
Good Angels. We worship God, of might most strong,
Who hath formed both us and thee;
We may never worship him too long,
For he is most worthy of majesty.
On knees to God we fall,
Our Lord God worship we,
And in no wise honor we thee.
A greater lord may never none be,
Than he that made us all!

Lucifer. A worthier lord, forsooth, am I;
And worthier than he, ever will I be!
In evidence that I am more worthy,
I will go and sit on God's seat. [*Sits on God's throne.*
Above sun and moon and stars in the sky
I am now set, as ye may see.
Now worship me for the most mighty,
And for your Lord honor now me,
Sitting in my seat.
Bad Angels. God's might we forsake,
And for more worthy we thee take;
Thee to worship honor we make,
And fall down at thy feet.

[*God comes forward.*

God. Thou, Lucifer, for thy much pride,
I bid thee fall from heaven to hell;
And all those that hold on thy side,
In my bliss nevermore to dwell.
At my commandment down anon thou slide,
With mirth and joy nevermore to mix.
In mischief and peril ever shalt thou abide,
In bitter burning and fire so fell,
In pain ever to be fixed.
Lucifer. At thy bidding thy will I work,
And pass from joy to smarting pain.
Now I am a devil full dark,
That was an angel bright.

Now to hell the way I take,
In endless pain there to be fixed.
For fear of fire a crack I let;
In hell's dungeon my den is prepared.

NOTE

The *Fall of Lucifer* appears first in all or the five cycles, but in the *Ludus Coventriae,* from which the present text is taken, the *Creation* is combined with it. The same theme runs through all of them, the original example of "Pride goeth before a fall." Even in this first play of a cycle that is not noted for its lightness of touch, there is an inevitable bit of the humor characteristic of the early plays in which the devil or devils appeared. With lines 77, 78, and 79 we must imagine as part of the stage "business" that Lucifer takes off his white coat, denoting a good angel, and puts on the black, representing the contrary. Hell-mouth was on one side of the stage, probably emitting smoke and flames, and into this Lucifer no doubt jumped, with appropriate roars, after speaking his last lines. For an account of the *Ludus Coventriae,* see Introduction, page 26.

NOAH

(*Wakefield*)

CHARACTERS

God.	Wife of Noah.
Noah.	Wife of Ham.
Ham.	Wife of Shem.
Shem.	Wife of Japheth.
Japheth.	

God on an upper stage; Noah and his family below.

Noah. Mighty God very, maker of all that is,
Three persons without nay, one God in endless bliss,
Thou made both night and day, beast, fowl, and fish;
All creatures that live may wrought thou at thy wish,
As thou well might.
The sun, the moon, truly,
Thou made; the firmament;
The stars also, full fervent
To shine thou made full bright.

Angels thou made full even, all orders that is,
To have the bliss in heaven. This did thou, more and less.
Marvels too many to name, yet was there unkindness.
Seven-fold more than I can well express;
Because
Of all the angels, in brightness
God gave Lucifer most lightness,
Yet proudly he left his daïs,
And set himself even with God.

He thought himself as worthy as him that him made,
In brightness, in beauty; therefore he him degraded;
Put him in a low degree soon after, in a jiffy,
Him and all his company, where he may be unglad
Forever.
They shall never go away
Hence unto doomsday,
But burn in bale for aye;
They shall never depart.

26. **bale:** torment.

Soon after that gracious Lord to his likeness made man,
That place to be restored even as he began,
Of the Trinity by accord, Adam, and Eve, that woman.
To multiply without discord in paradise put he them;
And later to both
Gave in commandment
On the tree of life to lay no hand.
But yet the false fiend
Made him with man wroth,

Enticed man to gluttony, stirred him to sin in pride.
But in paradise, certainly, might no sin abide;
And therefore man full hastily was put out, in that tide,
In woe and misfortune for to be; pains full cruel
To know,
First on earth, afterwards in hell,
With fiends for to dwell.
But he his mercy promises
To those that will him believe.

Oil of mercy he has offered, as I have heard said,
To every living wight that would love him and dread.
But now before his sight every living man
Must in part day and night sin in word and deed
Full bold, —
Some in pride, ire, and envy,
Some in covetousness and gluttony,
Some in sloth and lechery,
And otherwise manifold.

Therefore I fear lest God on us will take vengeance,
For sin is now allowed without any repentance.
Six hundred years and odd have I, without dispute,
On earth, as any sod, lived with great grievance
Always;
And now I wax old,
Sick, sorry, and cold;
As muck upon mold
I wither away.

But yet will I cry for mercy, and call. [*Kneels.*
Noah, thy servant, am I, Lord over all!

51. **pride, etc.:** These are the seven deadly sins.

Therefore me and my children shall with me fall.
Save us from harm and bring us to thy hall
In heaven;
And keep me from sin
This world within.
Comely King of mankind,
I pray thee, hear my voice!

God speaks from above.

God. Since I have made all things that are living,
Duke, emperor, and king, with mine own hand,
For to have their liking by sea and by sand,
Every man to my bidding should be obedient
Full fervent,
That made man such a creature,
Fairest of favor.
Man must love me devotedly
By reason, and repent.

Methought I showed man love when I made him to be
All angels above, like to the Trinity;
And now in great shame full low lies he,
On earth himself to stuff with sin that displeases me
Most of all.
Vengeance will I take
On earth, for sin's sake.
My anger thus will I wake
Both of great and small.

I repent full sore that ever made I man.
By me he sets no store, and I am his sovereign.
I will destroy therefore both beast, man, and woman;
All shall perish, less and more. That bargain may they curse
That ill have done.
On earth I see right naught
But sin that is not atoned for;
Of those that well have wrought
Find I but a few.

Therefore shall I destroy all this middle earth
With floods that shall flow and run with hideous roar.
I have good cause thereto; for of me no man is afraid.

90. **Both of:** i.e., against. 100. **middle earth:** the world.

As I say shall I do, in vengeance draw my sword,
And make end
Of all that bear life —
Save Noah and his wife,
For they would never strive
With me, nor me offend.

To him with much joy hastily will I go,
To Noah my servant, ere I stop, to warn him of his woe.
On earth I see but sin, running to and fro,
Among both more and less; each the other's foe
With all their intent.
All shall I destroy
With floods that shall flow;
I shall work them woe
That will not repent.

[*God descends and speaks to Noah.*
Noah, my friend, I thee command, from cares thee to cool,
A ship that thou ordain of nail and board full well.
Thou wast always well working, to me true as steel,
To my bidding obedient; friendship shall thou feel
In reward.
In length thy ship be
Three hundred cubits, warn I thee;
Of height even thirty;
And fifty also in breadth.

Anoint thy ship with pitch and tar without and also within,
The water out to keep. This is a noble contrivance.
Look no man thee hinder. Three tiers of chambers begin;
Thou must spend many a beam on this work ere thou win
To end fully.
Make in thy ship also
Parlors one or two,
And houses of service more
For beasts that there must be.

One cubit in height a window shall thou make;
On the side a door with cunning beneath shall thou take.
With thee shall no man fight nor do thee any kind of harm.
When all is done thus right, thy wife that is thy mate,
Take in to thee;

119. **ordain:** make.

Thy sons of good fame,
Shem, Japheth, and Came,
Take in also them,
Their wives also three.

For all shall be destroyed that live on land but ye,
With floods that from above shall fall, and that a plenty.
It shall begin full soon to rain incessantly,
After days seven be done, and endure days forty,
Without fail.
Take to thy ship also
Of each kind of beasts two,
Male and female, but no more,
Ere thou pull up thy sail,

For they may thee avail when all this thing is wrought.
Stuff thy ship with victuals, for hunger that ye perish not;
For beasts, fowl, and cattle, for them have thou in thought;
For them it is my counsel that some succor be sought
In haste;
They must have corn and hay,
And other food alway.
Do now as I thee say,
In the name of the Holy Ghost.

Noah. Ah! Benedicite! What art thou that thus
Tells afore what shall be? Thou art full marvelous!
Tell me, for charity, thy name so gracious.
God. My name is of dignity, and also full glorious
To know:
I am God most mighty,
One God in Trinity,
Made thee and each man to be.
To love me well thou owe.

Noah. I thank thee, Lord so dear, that would vouchsafe
Thus low to appear to a simple knave.
Bless us, Lord, here; for charity I it crave;
The better may we steer the ship that we shall have,
Certain.
God. Noah, to thee and to thy children,

142. **Came:** So in the text. In an early version of Genesis ix, 22, the third son of Noah is called *Canaan*. 163. **Benedicite:** An exclamation meaning *Bless us!* 173. **knave:** fellow.

My blessing grant I.
Ye shall wax and multiply,
And fill the earth again,
When all these floods are past and fully gone away.
[*God ascends.*
Noah. Lord! Homeward will I haste as fast as that I may;
My wife will I ask what she will say.
And I am aghast that we get some fray
Betwixt us both,
For she is full testy,
For little oft angry;
If anything wrong be,
Soon is she wroth. [*Crosses over to his wife.*

God speed, dear wife! How fare ye?
Wife. Now, as ever might I thrive, the worse when I see thee!
Do tell me quickly, where hast thou thus long been?
To death may we drive, or life, for thee,
For want.
When we sweat or toil,
Thou does what thou think;
Yet of meat and of drink
Have we very scant.
Noah. Wife, we are hard put to it with tidings new —

Wife. But thou were worthy to be clad in Stafford blue!
For thou art always adread, be it false or true.
But, God knows, I am led; and that may I rue
Full ill;
For I dare be thy pledge,
From evening till morning
Thou speaks ever of sorrow.
God send thee for once thy fill! [*Turns to audience.*

We women may beware all ill husbands.
I have one, by Mary, that loosed me of my bands!
If he be vexed, I must tarry, howsoever it stands,
With semblance full sorry, wringing both my hands
For dread.
But yet other while,
What with game and with guile,

193. **for thee:** i.e., as far as you care. 200. **Stafford blue:** Certain courts and laws had the name *Stafford*. By a pun on the word *staff* the expression means *beaten black and blue*. 208. **beware:** curse.

I shall smite and smile,
And pay him as he deserves.

Noah. Wey! Hold thy tongue, ramskyt, or I shall thee still!
Wife. By my thrift, if thou smite, I shall return the ill.
Noah. We shall try it at once. Have at thee, Gill!
Upon the bone shall it bite. [*Hits her.*
Wife. Ah, so! Marry! Thou smitest ill!
But I suppose
I shall not in thy debt
Get off this floor!
Take thee there a thong
To tie up thy hose! [*Hits him.*

Noah. Ah! Wilt thou so? Marry, that is mine. [*Hits her.*
Wife. Thou shalt have three for two, I swear by God's pain! [*Hits back.*
Noah. And I shall repay you those, in faith, ere long. [*Strikes her down.*
Wife. Out upon thee, ho!
Noah. Thou can both bite and whine
With a roar. [*Turns to audience.*
For all if she strike,
Yet fast will she screech.
In faith, I hold none of her like
In all middle earth!

But I will keep charity, for I have work to do.
Wife. Here shall no man stop thee; I pray thee, go to!
Full well if we miss thee, as ever have I peace.
To spin will I set me. [*Busies herself at spinning.*
Noah. Wey! Farewell, lo,
But, wife,
Pray for me busily
Until I again come unto thee.
Wife. Even as thou prayest for me,
As ever might I thrive!

Noah. I tarry full long from my work, I trow;
Now my tools will I seize and thitherward draw. [*Goes to the other end of the pageant.*
I may full ill go, the sooth for to know.

217. **ramskyt:** an old term of abuse. 233. **I hold:** i.e., I'm sure there is none.

Unless God helps me along, I may sit down gloom
To know.
Now assay will I
How much of carpentry I know.
In nomine Patris, et Filii,
Et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.

To begin with this tree my bones will I bend;
I trow from the Trinity succor will be sent.
It goes full fair, methinks, this work to my hand;
Now blesséd be he that this can amend.
[*Takes a measuring rod.*
Lo, here the length,
Three hundred cubits evenly;
Of breadth, lo, is it fifty;
The height is even thirty
Cubits full strength. [*Takes off his smock.*

Now my gown will I cast, and work in my coat.
Make will I the mast, ere I stir one foot.
Ah! My back, I trow, will break! This is a sorry note!
It is wonder that I last, such an old dotard,
All doddering,
To begin such a work.
My bones are so stiff,
No wonder if they ache,
For I am full old.

The top and the sail both will I make;
The helm and the castle also will I take;
To drive each nail will I not forsake;
This gear may never fail, that dare I undertake
At once.
This is a noble contrivance.
These nails so they run
Through more and less,
These boards each one. [*Examines the completed ark.*

Window and door, even as he said;
Three tiers of chambers, they are well made;
Pitch and tar full sure thereupon laid;
This will ever endure, thereof am I satisfied;
Because
It is better wrought

272. **castle:** poop.

Than I could have thought.
Him that made all of naught
I thank only.

Now will I hie me, and for nothing loiter,
My wife and household to bring even hither.
[*Goes toward his wife.*
Come hither quickly, wife, and consider;
Hence must we flee all together
In haste.
Wife. Why, sir, what ails you?
Who is it that assails you?
To flee it avails you
If ye be aghast.

Noah. There is other yarn on the reel, my dame.
Wife. Tell me that in each detail, else get ye blame.
Noah. He that cares may cool, — blessed be his name! —
He has spoken for our good, to shield us from shame,
And said,
All this world about
With floods so stout,
That shall run with a roar,
Shall be overlaid.

He said all shall be slain but only we,
Our bairns, that are ready, and their wives three;
A ship he bade me ordain to save us and our goods.
Therefore with all our main thank we that generous one,
Healer of sorrow.
Hie us fast, let us go thither!
Wife. I wot never whither.
I am dazed and I tremble
For fear of that tale.

Noah. Be not afraid. Have done. Pack up our gear,
That we be there ere noon, without more harm.
Shem. It shall be done full soon. Brother, help to bear.
Ham. Full long shall I not delay to do my duty,
Brother Shem.
Japheth. Without any yelp,
At my might shall I help.

321. **yelp:** boasting.

Wife. Yet for fear of a blow
Help well thy dam.
[*They carry their belongings to the ark.*

Noah. Now are we there as we should be.
Do get in our gear, our cattle and goods,
Into this vessel here, my children free.
[*They enter the ark.*
Wife. I was never shut up before, as ever might I thrive,
In such a lodging as this!
In faith, I cannot find,
Which is before, which is behind!
But shall we here be penned,
Noah, as have thou bliss? [*Leaves the ark.*

Noah. Dame, as it is reason, here must we await grace;
Therefore, wife, with good will come into this place.
Wife. Sir, neither for Jack nor for Gill will I turn my face,
Till I have on this hill spun a space
On my distaff.
Guard well himself that gets me!
Now will I down sit me.
Yet I advise that no man hinder me,
For fear of a knock.
[*Sits down to her spinning. Noah appeals to her.*

Noah. Behold thee the heavens; the cataracts all,
That are open full even, great and small,
And the planets seven have left their stall;
This thunder and lightning down makes fall
Full stout
Both halls and bowers,
Castles and towers;
Full sharp are these showers
That rain about;

Therefore, wife, have done; come into the ship fast.
Wife. Yea, Noah, go mend your shoes! The better will they last.
Shem's Wife. Good mother, come in soon, for all is overcast,
Both the sun and the moon.
Ham's Wife. And many winds blast
Full sharp.

355. **blast:** blow.

These floods so they run;
Therefore, mother, come in.
Wife. In faith, yet will I spin.
All in vain ye talk.

Japheth's Wife. If ye like, ye may spin, mother, in the ship.
Noah. Now is this twice: come in, dame, on my friendship.
Wife. Whether I lose or I win, in faith, thy fellowship,
Set I not at a pin. This spindle will I slip
Upon this hill
Ere I stir one foot.
Noah. Peter! I trow we dote!
Without any more note,
Come in if ye will.

Wife. Yea, the water comes so near that I sit not dry;
Into the ship with a rush, therefore, will I hie
For fear that I drown here. [*Rushes into the ark.*
Noah. Dame, surely,
It be bought full dear that ye abode so long by
Out of the ship.
Wife. I will not, at thy bidding
Go from door to dunghill.
Noah. In faith, and for your long tarrying,
Ye shall taste the whip.

Wife. Spare me not, I pray thee; but even as thou think,
These great words shall not flay me.
Noah. Abide, dame, and drink,
For beaten shall thou be with this staff till thou stink.
Are the strokes good? Tell me. [*Strikes her.*
Wife. What say ye, Wat Wink? [*Strikes back.*
Noah. Speak!
Cry me mercy, I say!
Wife. Thereto say I nay.
Noah. Unless thou do, by this day,
Thy head shall I break!
[*Wife turns to the audience.*

Wife. Lord, I were at ease and heartily full whole,
Might I once have a mess of widow's pottage;
For thy soul, without lying, should I give a penny dole.

380. **flay:** make me fly. 390. **dole:** alms in memory of the dead.

So would more, no fear, of those I see in this place,
Of wives that are here,
For the life that they lead,
Wish their husbands were dead;
For, as ever eat I bread,
So wish I our sire were!

[*Noah addresses the audience.*

Noah. Ye men that have wives, whiles that they are young,
If ye love your lives, chastise their tongue.
Methinks my heart rives, both liver and lung,
To see such strife wed men among.
But I,
As have I bliss,
Shall chastise this!

Wife. Yet may ye miss,
Nicholl Needy!

Noah. I shall make thee still as stone, beginner of blunder!
I shall beat thee, back and bone, and break all asunder.

[*They fight freely, with Noah victorious.*

Wife. Out, alas, I am gone! Out upon thee, man's wonder!

Noah. See how she can groan, and I lie under!
But, wife,
Let us stop this rashness,
For my back is near in two.

Wife. And I am beaten so blue
That I may not thrive.

Shem. Ah! Why fare ye thus, father and mother both?

Ham. Ye should not be so spiteful, standing in such danger.

Japheth. This strife is so hideous, with many a cold illness.

Noah. We will do as ye bid us; we will no more be wroth,
Dear bairns!
Now the helm will I seize,
And to my ship attend.

Wife. I see in the firmament,
Methinks, the seven stars.

Noah. This is a great flood; wife, take heed.

Wife. So methought, as I stood; we are in great danger;
These waves are so wild.

Noah. Help, God, in this need!

396. **sire:** Noah.

As thou art a steersman good, and best, as I think,
Of all,
Rule thou us on this voyage
As thou me promised has.
Wife. This is a perilous case.
Help, God, when we call!

Noah. Wife, take the tiller, and I shall assay
The deepness of the sea that we are on, if I may.
Wife. That shall I do full wisely; now go thy way,
For upon this flood have we sped many a day
With pain.
Noah. Now the water will I sound. [*Lowers a plummet.*
Ah! It is far to the ground.
This labor, I expound,
Had I to lose.

Above all the hills, utterly, the water is risen of late
Cubits fifteen. But in a higher state
It may not be, I ween; for this well I know,
These forty days the rain has been; it will therefore abate
Full loyal.
This water in haste
Again will I test. [*Lowers plummet again.*
Now am I aghast,
It is waned a great deal.

Now have the storms ceased and cataracts joined,
Both the most and the least.
Wife. Methinks, by my wit,
The sun shines in the east. Lo, is not yonder it?
We should have a good feast, were these floods past,
So spiteful.
Noah. We have been here, all we,
Three hundred days and fifty.
Wife. Yea, now wanes the sea.
Lord, well is it with us!

Noah. The third time will I try what deepness we bear.
[*Again lowers the plummet.*
Wife. How long shall thou heave? Lay in thy line there.
Noah. I may touch with my hand the ground even here.

446. **loyal:** thoroughly.

Wife. Then begins to grow to us merry cheer.
But, husband,
What ground may this be?
Noah. The hills of Armenia.
Wife. Now blesséd be he
That thus for us can ordain!

Noah. I see the tops of high hills, many at a sight;
Nothing to prevent me, the weather is so bright.
Wife. These are tokens of mercy full right.
Noah. Dame, counsel thou me; what fowl best might
And could
With flight of wing
Bring, without tarrying,
Of mercy some token,
Either by north or south?

For this is the first day of the tenth moon.
Wife. The raven, durst I lay, will come again soon.
As fast as thou may, cast him forth; have done.
[*Sends out a raven.*
He may happen today to come again ere noon
With growth.
Noah. I will cast out also
Doves one or two.
Go your way, go; [*Sends out doves.*
God send you some hunting.

Now are these fowls flown into different countries.
Pray we fast each one, kneeling on our knees,
To him that is alone worthiest of degree,
That he would send anon our fowls some fee
To gladden us.
Wife. They may not fail of land,
The water is so waned.
Noah. Thank we God, all-ruling,
That Lord that made us.

It's a wonderful thing, methinks truly,
They are so long tarrying, the fowls that we
Cast out in the morning.

479. **lay:** wager. 482. **growth:** In the text the word is *graith*, and this may mean *possessed of* or *readiness*. *With growth* may therefore mean *possessed of something that grows*, or *speedily*.

Wife. Sir, it may be
They tarry until they bring.
Noah. The raven is hungry
Always.
He is without any reason;
If he find any carrion,
As peradventure may befall,
He will not away.

The dove is more gentle, — her trust I unto, —
Like unto the turtle, for she is always true.
Wife. Hence but a little she comes. Lo, lo!
She brings in her bill some tidings new.
Behold!
It is of an olive tree
A branch, thinketh me.
Noah. It is sooth, perdie;
Right so is it called.

Dove, bird full blest, fair may thee befall!
Thou art true for to trust as stone in the wall;
Full well I it wist, thou would come to thy hall.
Wife. A true token it is, we shall be saved all;
Because
The water, since she came,
Of deepness plumb
Is fallen a fathom
And more, certainly.

Shem. These floods are gone, father, behold.
Ham. There is left right none, and for that be ye bold.
Japheth. As still as a stone our ship is stalled.
Noah. Upon land here anon that we were, fain would I be.
My children dear,
Shem, Japheth, and Came,
With glee and with game,
Come, go we all together;
We will no longer abide here.

Wife. Here have we been, Noah, long enough,
With trouble and with sorrow and very much woe.
[*They leave the ark.*
Noah. Behold, on this green neither cart nor plow

499. **bring:** i.e., bring something. 506. **turtle:** turtle-dove.

Is left, as I ween, neither tree nor bough,
Nor other thing,
But all is away;
Many castles, I say,
Towns of great array,
Removed has this flowing.

Wife. These floods not afraid all this world so wide
Has moved with might on sea and beside.
Noah. To death are they done, proudest of pride,
Every wight that ever was spied
With sin;
All are they slain,
And put into pain.
Wife. From thence again
May they never return?

Noah. Return? No, ywis, unless he that might has
Would consider their state and admit them to grace
As he in sorrow is bliss, I pray him in this space,
In heaven high with his to provide us a place,
That we,
With his saints in sight
And his angels bright,
May come to his light.
Amen, for charity.

NOTE

The story of Noah and the Flood occurs in all of the main cycles, and there is a considerable fragment of the version given at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. There is every indication that it was one of the most popular of the Miracle plays, for reasons which become obvious upon reading the text. In the first place, the story was one of the best known and its theme one of the commonest in these plays, the wickedness of man and his punishment. So tremendous a spectacle as the world being destroyed by water was easily suggested by the lines, but the real interest for medieval audiences lay elsewhere. Noah, the head of a family, is represented as a magnificent dreamer who walks abroad to commune with God when he should be at home at work to support his wife and children. When one day he comes home with the story that the world is to be destroyed and only he and his family are to be spared, his practical wife roundly scolds him for being a loafer. That is the beginning of the family quarrels and fights that provide the comedy of the play. A scolding wife, especially if she beats her husband, has always been considered screamingly funny. It is easy to imagine that a reasonably good actor might make much of the part. The Wakefield play was chosen for this volume because throughout it is a much livelier version of the story than any of the others. For a discussion of the Wakefield cycle see Introduction, page 26.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC

(*The Brome Non-cycle Play*)

CHARACTERS

ABRAHAM.
ISAAC, his son.
GOD AND HIS ANGELS.
The Doctor, as epilogue.

SCENE: *There is an upper stage for* GOD *and* HIS ANGELS, *and a lower for* ABRAHAM *and* ISAAC.

Enter ABRAHAM *and* ISAAC.

Abraham (*kneeling*). Father of Heaven, omnipotent,
With all my heart to thee I call.
Thou hast given me both land and rent;
And my livelihood thou hast me sent;
I thank thee highly evermore for all.

First of the earth thou madest Adam,
And Eve also to be his wife;
All other creatures of those two came.
And now thou hast granted to me, Abraham,
Here in this land to lead my life.

In my age thou hast granted me this,
That this young child with me shall dwell.
I love nothing so much, ywis,
Except thine own self, dear Father of bliss,
As Isaac here, my own sweet son.

I have divers children more,
The which I love not half so well.
This fair sweet child, he cheers me so
In every place where that I go,
That no disease may me befall.

And therefore, Father of Heaven, I thee pray
For his health and also for his grace.

13. **ywis:** indeed or certainly. 20. **disease:** trouble or harm.

Now, Lord, keep him both night and day,
That never disease nor terror may
Come to my child in no place. [*Rises.*

Now come on, Isaac, my own sweet child;
Go we home and take our rest.
Isaac. Abraham, mine own father so mild,
To follow you I am full pressed,
Both early and late.
Abraham. Come on, sweet child; I love thee best
Of all the children that ever I begot.
[*They cross to another place.*

God (*from above*). Mine angel, fast hie thee thy way,
And on to middle-earth anon thou go;
Abraham's heart now will I assay,
Whether that he be steadfast or no.

Say I commanded him for to take
Isaac, his young son, that he loves so well,
And with his blood sacrifice he make,
If any of my friendship he will have.

Show him the way on to the hill
Where that his sacrifice shall be.
I shall assay now his good will,
Whether he loveth better his child or me.
All men shall take example by him
My commandments how they shall keep.
[*The Angel descends. Abraham returns.*

Abraham (*kneeling*). Now, Father of Heaven, that formed all things,
My prayers to thee I make again,
For this day my tender-offering
Here must I give to thee, certain.
Ah, Lord God, Almighty King,
What manner best will make thee most fain?
If I had thereof true knowing,
It should be done with all my main,
Full soon anon.
To do thy pleasure on a hill,
Verily, it is my will,
Dear Father, God in Trinity!

29. **pressed:** ready

The Angel. Abraham, Abraham, will thou rest!
Our Lord commandeth thee for to take
Isaac, thy young son, that thou loveth best,
And with his blood sacrifice that thou make.

Into the Land of Vision thou go,
And offer thy child unto thy Lord;
I shall thee lead and show also.
Unto God's behest, Abraham, accord,

And follow me upon this green.
Abraham. Welcome to me be my Lord's command,
And his behest I will not withstand.
Yet Isaac, my young son in land,
A full dear child to me hath been.

I had rather, if God had been pleased,
Have given up all the goods I have,
Than Isaac my son should be diseased,
So God in Heaven my soul may save!

I loved no thing so much on earth,
And now I must the child go kill.
Ah, Lord God, my conscience is strongly stirred!
And yet, my dear Lord, I am sore afraid
To begrudge anything against your will.

I love my child as my life,
But yet I love my God much more.
For though my heart would make any strife,
Yet will I not spare for child nor wife,
But do after my Lord's command.

Though I love my son never so well,
Yet smite off his head soon I shall.
Ah, Father of Heaven, to thee I kneel;
A hard death my son shall feel,
For to honor thee, Lord, withal!

The Angel. Abraham! Abraham! This is well said,
And all these commandments look that thou keep.
But in thy heart be nothing dismayed.
Abraham. Nay, nay, forsooth, I hold me well paid
To please my God the best that I may.

For though my heart be heavily set
To see the blood of my own dear son,
Yet for all this I will not let,
But Isaac, my son, will go get,
And come as fast as ever we can.

[*The Angel departs. Abraham goes to the other side of the stage to fetch Isaac, who is kneeling in prayer.*

Abraham. Now, Isaac, my own son dear,
Where art thou, child? Speak to me.
Isaac. My father, sweet father, I am here,
And make my prayers to the Trinity.

Abraham. Rise up, my child, and fast come hither,
My gentle bairn that art so wise,
For we two, child, must go together
And unto my Lord make sacrifice.

Isaac. I am full ready, my father. Lo!
Given to your hands, I stand right here,
And whatsoever ye bid me do,
It shall be done with glad cheer,
Full well and fine.
Abraham. Ah, Isaac, my own son so dear,
God's blessing I give thee, and mine.

Hold this faggot upon thy back,
And here myself fire shall bring.
Isaac. Father, all this here will I pack,
I am full fain to do your bidding.
Abraham (*aside*). Ah, Lord of Heaven, my hands I wring,
This child's words do wound my heart.

Now, Isaac, son, go we our way
Unto yon mount with all our main.
Isaac. Go we, my dear father, as fast as I may;
To follow you I am full fain,
Although I be slender.
Abraham (*aside*). Ah, Lord, my heart breaketh in twain,
This child's words, they be so tender.

[*They arrive at the mountain.*

Ah, Isaac, son, anon lay it down,
No longer upon thy back it hold,
For I must make ready full soon
To honor my Lord God as I should.

Isaac. Lo, my dear father, where it is.
[*Lays down the faggot.*
To cheer you always I draw me near.
But, father, I marvel sore of this,
Why that ye make this heavy cheer;

And also, father, evermore dread I:
Where is your live beast that ye should kill?
Both fire and wood we have ready,
But live beast have we none on this hill.

A live beast, I wot well, must be dead
Your sacrifice for to make.
Abraham. Dread thee naught, my child, I thee advise,
Our Lord will send me unto this place
Some manner of beast for to take
Through his sweet guide.
Isaac. Yea, father, but my heart beginneth to quake
To see that sharp sword in your hand.

Why bear ye your sword drawn so?
Of your countenance I have much wonder.
Abraham (*aside*). Ah, Father of Heaven, so I am woe!
This child here breaks my heart asunder.

Isaac. Tell me, my dear father, ere that ye cease,
Bear ye your sword drawn for me?
Abraham. Ah, Isaac, sweet son, peace, peace!
For ywis thou breakest my heart in three.

Isaac. Now truly, father, somewhat ye think,
That ye mourn thus more and more.
Abraham (*aside*). Ah, Lord of Heaven, thy grace let sink,
For my heart was never half so sore.

Isaac. I pray you, father, that ye will let me that know,
Whether shall I have any harm or no.
Abraham. Ywis, sweet son, I may not tell thee yet,
My heart is now so full of woe.

Isaac. Dear father, I pray you, hide it not from me,
But some of your thought do ye tell me.
Abraham. Ah, Isaac, Isaac, I must kill thee!
Isaac. Kill me, father? Alas, what have I done?
If I have trespassed against you ought,
With a rod ye may make me full mild;
And with your sharp sword kill me not,
For ywis, father, I am but a child.

Abraham. I am full sorry, son, thy blood for to spill,
But truly, my child, I may not choose.
Isaac. Now I would to God my mother were here on this hill!
She would kneel for me on both her knees
To save my life.
And since that my mother is not here,
I pray you, father, change your cheer,
And kill me not with your knife.

Abraham. Forsooth, son, unless I thee kill,
I should grieve God right sore, I dread.
It is his commandment and also his will,
That I should do this same deed.

He commanded me, son, for certain,
To make my sacrifice with thy blood.
Isaac. And is it God's will that I should be slain?
Abraham. Yea, truly, Isaac, my son so good,
And therefore my hands I wring.

Isaac. Now, father, against my Lord's will
I will never grudge, loud nor still.
He might have sent me a better destiny
If it had been his pleasure.

Abraham. Forsooth, son, unless I did this deed,
Grievously displeased our Lord will be.
Isaac. Nay, nay, father, God forbid
That ever ye should grieve him for me.

Ye have other children, one or two,
The which ye should love well by kind.
I pray you, father, make ye no woe;

199. **kind:** nature.

For, be I once dead, and from you gone,
I shall be soon out of your mind.
Therefore do our Lord's bidding,
And when I am dead, then pray for me.
But, good father, tell ye my mother nothing;
Say that I am in another country dwelling.
Abraham. Ah, Isaac, Isaac, blesséd may thou be!

My heart beginneth strongly to rise,
To see the blood of thy blesséd body.
Isaac. Father, since it may be no other wise,
Let it pass over, as well as I.

But, father, ere I go unto my death,
I pray you bless me with your hand.
[*Isaac kneels.*
Abraham. Now, Isaac, with all my breath
My blessing I give thee upon this land,
And God's also thereto, ywis.
Isaac, Isaac, son, up thou stand,
Thy fair sweet mouth that I may kiss.

Isaac. Now farewell, my own father so fine;
And greet well my mother on earth.
But I pray you, father, to hide my eyne,
That I see not the stroke of your sharp sword,
That my flesh shall defile.
Abraham. Son, thy words make me to weep full sore;
Now, my dear son Isaac, speak no more.

Isaac. Ah, my own dear father, wherefore?
We shall speak together here but a while.

And since that I must needs be dead,
Yet, my dear father, to you I pray,
Smite but few strokes at my head,
And make an end as soon as ye may,
And tarry not too long.

Abraham. Thy meek words, child, make me afraid;
So " Welaway! " may be my song,
Except alone God's will.
Ah, Isaac, my own sweet child,

234. **Welaway:** an expression of emotion.

Yet kiss me again upon this hill!
In all this world is none so mild.
Isaac. Now truly, father, all this tarrying
It doth my heart but harm;
I pray you, father, make an ending.
Abraham. Come up, sweet son, into my arm.
[*Begins to bind him.*
I must bind thy hands two,
Although thou be never so mild.
Isaac. Ah, mercy, father! Why should ye do so?
Abraham. That thou should'st not hinder me, my child.

Isaac. Nay, ywis, father, I will not hinder you.
Do on, for me, your will;
And on the purpose that ye have set you,
For God's love, keep it for thee still.

I am full sorry this day to die,
Yet I want not my God to grieve.
Do on your list for me hardily;
My fair sweet father, I give you leave.

But father, I pray you evermore,
Tell my mother never a bit;
If she wist it, she would weep full sore,
For ywis, father, she loveth me full well.
God's blessing may she have.

Now farewell, my mother so sweet!
We two be like no more to meet.
Abraham. Ah, Isaac, Isaac, son, thou makest me weep,
And with thy words thou distemperest me.

Isaac. Ywis, sweet father, I am sorry to grieve you.
I cry you mercy of that I have done,
And of all trespass that ever I did move you;
Now, dear father, forgive me all I have done.
God of Heaven be with me!

Abraham. Ah, dear child, leave off thy moans;
In all thy life thou grieved me never once.
Now blesséd be thou, body and bones,
That ever thou wert bred and born!

Thou hast been to me child full good.
But ywis, child, though I mourn never so fast,
Yet must I needs here at the last
In this place shed all thy blood.

Therefore, my dear son, here shall thou lie.
[*Puts him on the altar.*
Unto my work I must me stead.
Ywis, I had as lief myself to die,
If God were pleased with my deed,
And mine own body to offer.
Isaac. Ah, mercy, father, mourn ye no more!
Your weeping maketh my heart sore,
As my own death that I shall suffer.

Your kerchief, father, about my eyes ye wind.
Abraham. So I shall, my sweetest child on earth.
Isaac. Now yet, good father, have this in mind,
And smite me not often with your sharp sword,
But hastily that it be sped.
[*Abraham covers Isaac's face.*
Abraham. Now farewell, my child so full of grace.
Isaac. Ah, father, father, turn downward my face,
For of your sharp sword I am ever adread.
Abraham (*aside*). To do this deed I am full sorry,
But, Lord, thy behest I will not withstand.
Isaac. Ah, Father of Heaven, to thee I cry;
Lord, receive me into thy hand.

Abraham (*aside*). Lo, now is the time come, certain,
That my sword in his neck shall bite.
Ah, Lord, my heart resisteth thee again;
I may not find it in my heart to smite;
My heart will not now thereto.
Yet fain I would work my Lord's will,
But this young innocent lieth so still,
I may not find it in my heart him to kill.
Oh, Father of Heaven, what shall I do?

Isaac. Ah, mercy, father, why tarry ye so,
And let me lie thus long on this heath?
Now I would to God the stroke were done!
Father, I pray you heartily, shorten me of my woe,
And let me not look thus for my death.

Abraham. Now, heart, why would'st not thou break in three?
Yet shall thou not make me to my God unmild.
I will no longer hold back for thee,
For that my God aggrieved would be.
Now receive the stroke, my own dear child.
[*Here Abraham drew his stroke, and the Angel took the sword in his hand suddenly.*

The Angel. I am an angel, thou mayest happily see,
That from heaven to thee is sent.
Our Lord thanks thee an hundred times
For the keeping of his commandment.

He knoweth thy will, and also thy heart,
That thou dreadest him above all things;
And some of thy heaviness for to depart
A fair ram yonder I did bring.
He standeth tied, lo, among the briars.
Now, Abraham, amend thy mood,
For Isaac, thy young son that here is,
This day shall not shed his blood.

Go, make thy sacrifice with yonder ram.
Now farewell, blesséd Abraham,
For unto heaven I go now home;
The way is full straight.
Take up thy son so free. [*Exit.*

Abraham. Ah, Lord, I thank thee of thy great grace,
Now am I eased in divers wise.
Arise up, Isaac, my dear son, arise;
Arise up, sweet child, and come to me.

Isaac. Ah, mercy, father, why smite ye not?
Ah, smite on, father, once with your knife.
Abraham. Peace, my sweet son, and take no thought,
For our Lord of Heaven hath granted thy life
By his angel now,

That thou shalt not die this day, son, truly.
Isaac. Ah, father, full glad then were I;
Ywis — father — I say — ywis —
If this tale were true!
Abraham. An hundred times, my son fair of hue,
For joy thy mouth now will I kiss.

Isaac. Ah, my dear father, Abraham,
Will not God be wroth that we do thus?
Abraham. No, no, hardily, my sweet son,
For yon same ram he hath us sent
Hither down to us.

Yon beast shall die here in thy stead,
In the worship of our Lord alone.
Go, fetch him hither, my child, indeed.
Isaac. Father, I will go seize him by the head,
And bring yon beast with me anon.
[*Isaac unties the ram.*
Ah, sheep, sheep, blesséd may thou be,
That ever thou were sent down hither!
Thou shall this day die for me
In the worship of the Holy Trinity.
Now come fast and go we together
To my Father of Heaven.
Though thou be never so gentle and good,
Yet had I liefer thou sheddest thy blood
Ywis, sheep, than I.
[*Leads the ram to his father.*
Lo, father, I have brought here full smart
This gentle sheep, and him to you I give.
But, Lord God, I thank thee with all my heart,
For I am glad that I shall live,
And kiss once my dear mother.
Abraham. Now be right merry, my sweet child,
For this live beast, that is so mild,
Here I shall present before all other.

Isaac. And I will fast begin to blow;
This fire shall burn a full good speed.
But father, while I stoop down low,
Ye will not kill me with your sword, I trow?
Abraham. No, hardily, sweet son; have no dread;
My mourning is past.
Isaac. Yea, but I would that sword were in a fire,
For, ywis, father, it makes me full ill aghast.
[*Here Abraham makes his offering.*

Abraham (*kneeling*). Now, Lord God of Heaven in Trinity,
Almighty God omnipotent,

My offering I make in the worship of thee,
And with this live beast I thee present.
Lord, receive thou mine intent,
As thou art God and ground of our grace.

God (*from above*). Abraham, Abraham, well may thou speed,
And Isaac, thy young son, thee by!
Truly, Abraham, for this deed
I shall multiply of you both the seed,
As thick as stars be in the sky,
Both more and less.
And as thick as gravel in the sea,
So thick multiplied your seed shall be.
This grant I you for your goodness.

Off you shall come fruits in great number,
And ever be in bliss without end,
For ye dread me as God alone
And keep my commandments every one;
My blessing I give, wheresoever ye wend.

Abraham. Lo, Isaac, my son, how think ye
Of this work that we have wrought?
Full glad and blithe we may be,
Against the will of God that we grudged naught,
Upon this fair heath.
Isaac. Ah, father, I thank our Lord in every way,
That my wit served me so well
For to dread God more than my death.

Abraham. Why, dear worthy son, wert thou adread?
Heartily, child, tell me thy lore.
Isaac. Yea, by my faith, father, now that I think,
I was never so afraid before
As I have been on yon hill.
But, by my faith, father, I swear
I will nevermore come there
But it be against my will.

Abraham. Yea, come on with me, my own sweet son,
And homeward fast now let us go.
Isaac. By my faith, father, thereto I grant;

409. **wit:** understanding.

I had never so good will to go home,
And to speak with my dear mother.
Abraham. Ah, Lord of Heaven, I thank thee,
For now may I lead home with me
Isaac, my young son so free,
The gentlest child above all other,
This may I well avow.

Now go we forth, my blesséd son.
Isaac. I grant, father, and let us go;
For, by my troth, were I at home,
I would never go out again so.
I pray God give us grace evermore,
And all those that we be beholden to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Doctor.

Doctor. Lo, sovereigns and sirs, now have we showed
This solemn story to great and small.
It is a good lesson to learnéd and ignorant,
And to the wisest of us aïl,
Without any barring.
For this story showeth you here
How we should keep, to our power,
God's commandments without grudging.

Think ye, sirs, if God sent an angel
And commanded you your child be slain,
By your troth, is there any of you
That either would grudge or strive there against?
How think ye now, sirs, thereby?

I think there be three or four or more.
And these women, that weep so sorrowfully
When that their children from them die,
As nature will demand,
It is but folly, I will avow,
To grudge against God or to grieve you;
For ye shall never see him mischiefed, well I know,
By land nor water, bear this in mind.

And grudge not against our Lord God
In wealth or woe, whatsoever he you send,

Though ye be never so hard bestead;
For when he will, he may it amend,
His commandments truly if ye keep with good heart,
As this story hath showed you herein before;
And faithfully serve him while ye be safe and sound,
That ye may please God both even and morn.
Now Jesu, that wore the crown of thorn,
Bring us all to heaven's bliss!

NOTE

Abraham and Isaac is one of a small group of Miracle plays not definitely identified with any cycle, although it is by no means certain that it was designed for independent performance, as some editors have suggested. In every way it resembles the cycle plays, its nearest of kin being the Chester *Abraham and Isaac*. On the other hand, from a literary point of view it stands in a class by itself. The situation is intensely dramatic, the characters of both father and son stand out distinctly, the "human interest" feature is not equaled in any other Miracle play, and its theme must have made a strong appeal to the emotions of the audiences of its day. While to us of today the tear ducts may be requisitioned a bit too much by the tensely dramatic suspense of the action, the emotion aroused is genuine. The trusting obedience of Isaac, the conflicting feelings of Abraham torn between the love for his favorite son and obedience to God, the repeated reference to the mother, the blindfolding of the son and his appeal to do the act quickly — all plainly make this play the first genuine melodrama in the English language. This play is usually called the Brome *Abraham and Isaac* because the manuscript belongs to a fifteenth century commonplace-book preserved at Brome Manor in Suffolk, although it is thought that the original must have been at least a century older.

THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY

(Wakefield)

CHARACTERS

The 1st Shepherd.	Gill, Mak's wife.
The 2nd Shepherd.	The Virgin Mary.
The 3rd Shepherd, a boy.	The Christ Child.
Mak, the Sheep-stealer.	An Angel.

Scene: *An English countryside; later, Bethlehem.*

In presenting this play the pageant was divided into two parts, at one end the fields where the shepherds watched their flocks; at the other, the home of Mak and his wife Gill, later used no doubt as the stable in Bethlehem.

Enter the 1st Shepherd.

1st Shepherd. Lord! What, these weathers are cold, and I
am ill happed;
My hands nearly numb, so long have I napped.
My legs they fold, my fingers are chapped;
It is not as I would, for I am all lapped
In sorrow.
In storms and tempest,
Now in the east, now in the west,
Woe is him has never rest
Midday nor morrow!

But we silly shepherds that walk on the moor,
In faith, we are near-hands out of the door;
No wonder, as it stands, if we be poor,
For the tilth of our lands lies fallow as the floor,
As ye ken.
We are so hampered,
Over-taxed and crushed,
We are made hand-tamed
With these gentlery-men.

Thus they reave us of our rest; Our Lady them curse!

Title: called "Second" because in the Wakefield cycle there was another play on the same theme. 1. **happed:** clothed. 10. **silly:** poor. 13. **tilth:** tillable portion of the land. 18. **gentlery-men:** the gentry land owners.

These men that are lord-tied, they cause the plough tarry.
That, men say, is for the best; we find it contrary.
Thus are husbandmen oppressed, in point to miscarry,
In life.
Thus hold they us under;
Thus they bring us in blunder!
It were great wonder
If ever should we thrive.

There shall come a swain as proud as a peacock,
He must borrow my wagon, my plough also;
Then I am full fain to grant ere he go.
Thus live we in pain, anger, and woe
By night and day.
He must have, if he longéd,
Though I should have to do without it.
I were better be hanged
Than once say him nay.

For may one get a painted sleeve, or a brooch, now-a-days,
Woe to him that him grieves, or one word against him says!
Dare no man him reprove, whatever mastery he displays.
And yet may no man believe one word that he says,
No letter.
He can make purveyance,
With boast and bragging;
And all is through maintenance
By men that are greater.

It does me good, as I walk thus by mine own,
Of this world for to talk in manner of moan.
To my sheep will I stalk and hearken anon;
There abide on a ridge, or sit on a stone,
Full soon.
For I trow, pardie,
True men if they be,
We get more company
Ere it be noon. [*Steps aside.*

Enter the 2nd Shepherd. He does not see the 1st Shepherd.

2nd Shep. Beniste and Dominus! What may this be-
mean?

28. This stanza is sometimes (wrongly) interchanged with the one that follows. 37. **painted sleeve:** embroidered or decorated. 46. **mine own:** myself. 47. **moan:** complaint. 55. **Beniste:** shortened from *benedicite*, "Bless me"; it is frequently used in the Miracle plays.

Why fares this world thus? Oft have we not seen!
Lord, these weathers are spiteful, and the winds full keen;
And the frost so hideous, it waters my eyes;
No lie.
Now in dry, now in wet,
Now in snow, now in sleet,
When my shoes freeze to my feet,
It is not all easy.

But, as far as I ken, or yet where I go,
We silly wedded men endure much woe;
We have sorrow then and then, it falls often so.
Silly Capel, our hen, both to and fro
She cackles;
But begin she to croak,
To groan or to cluck,
Woe is then to our cock,
For he is in the shackles.

These men that are wed have not all their will.
When they are full hard bestead, they sigh full still.
God knows they are led full hard and full ill;
In bower nor in bed do they say aught thereto,
This tide.
My part have I found,
I know my lesson!
Woe is him that is bound,
For he must abide.

But now late in our lives, a marvel to me,
That I think my heart rives such wonders to see,
What that destiny drives, it should so be!
Some men will have two wives, and some men three
In store.
Some are woe that have any!
But so far ken I —
Woe is him that has many,
For he feels sore.

[*Turns to the audience.*

But, young men, of wooing, for God that you bought,
Be well ware of wedding, and think in your thought,
" Had I wist " is a thing that serves you naught.

Much still mourning has wedding home brought,
And griefs,
With many a sharp shower;
For thou may catch in an hour
What shall savor full sour
As long as thou lives.

For, as ever read I epistle, I have one as my mate,
As sharp as a thistle, as rough as a briar;
She is browed like a bristle, with a sour cheerless face;
Had she once wet her whistle, she could sing full clear
Her paternoster.
She is as great as a whale;
She has a gallon of gall;
By him that died for us all,
I wish I had run till I had lost her!

[*1st Shepherd interrupts.*

1st Shep. God! look over the row! Full deafly ye stand.
2nd Shep. Yea, the devil in thy maw — tarrying so!
Sawest thou aught of Daw?
1st Shep. Yea, on a lea-land
Heard I him blow. He comes here at hand
Not far.
Stand still.
2nd Shep. Why?
1st Shep. For he comes, hope I.
2nd Shep. He will make us both a lie
Unless we beware.

Enter 3rd Shepherd, a boy. Does not see the others.

3rd Shep. Christ's cross me speed, and Saint Nicholas!
Thereof had I need; it is worse than it was.
Whoso knows, take heed and let the world pass,
It is ever to be dreaded and brittle as glass,
And slides.
This world fared never so,
With marvels more and more,
Now in weal, now in woe,
And all things writhe.

100. **epistle:** the New Testament. 111. **Daw:** the name of the 3rd Shepherd. 112. **blow:** i.e., on his shepherd's pipe. 122. **slides:** i.e., is unreliable. 126. **writhe:** are awry.

Was never since Noah's flood such floods seen,
Winds and rains so rude, and storms so keen!
Some stammered, some stood in doubt, as I ween.
Now God turn all to good! I say as I mean,
For ponder.
These floods so they drown,
Both in fields and in town,
And bear all down;
And that is a wonder.

We that walk in the nights our cattle to keep,
We see sudden sights when other men sleep. [*Sees others.*
Yet methinks my heart lightens; I see rascals peep.
Ye are two tall wights! I will give my sheep
A turn.
But full ill have I meant;
As I walk on this bent,
I may lightly repent,
My toes if I spurn.

[*The others advance.*

Ah, sir, God you save, and master mine!
A drink fain would I have, and somewhat to dine.
1st Shep. Christ's curse, my knave, thou art a worthless hind!
2nd Shep. What! the boy lists to rave! Abide until after
We have made it.
Ill thrift on thy pate!
Though the rascal came late,
Yet is he in state
To dine — if he had it.

3rd Shep. Such servants as I, that sweat and toil,
Eat our bread full dry, and that me displeases.
We are oft wet and weary when master men sleep;
Yet come full lately both dinner and drink.
But neatly
Both our dame and our sire,
When we have run in the mire,
They can nip at our hire,
And pay us full lately.

139. **tall wights:** husky fellows. 144. **spurn:** stub. 148. **lists:** pleases to. 149. **made it:** dined. 161. **nip at:** take a bit off our wages.

But hear my truth, master: according to the fare supplied
I shall do hereafter — work only as I receive;
I shall do a little, sir, and manage at times to play;
For yet lay my supper never in my stomach
In the fields.
Whereto should I argue?
With my staff can I leap;
And men say "A cheap bargain
Badly yields."

1st Shep. Thou were an ill lad to ride on wooing
With a man that had but little of spending.
2nd Shep. Peace, boy, I bade! No more jangling,
Or I shall make thee full sore, by the Heaven's King,
With thy tricks.
Where are our sheep, boy? We scorn.
3rd Shep. Sir, this same day at morn
I them left in the corn,
When they rang lauds.

They have pasture good, they cannot go wrong.
1st Shep. That is right. By the rood, these nights are long!
Yet I would, ere we went, one gave us a song.
2nd Shep. So I thought as I stood, to mirth us among.
3rd Shep. I grant.
1st Shep. Let me sing the tenory.
2nd Shep. And I the treble so high.
3rd Shep. Then the mean falls to me.
Let see how ye chant. [*They sing.*

Enter MAK, *with a cloak over his smock.*

Mak. Now, Lord, for thy names seven, that made both moon and stars,
Well more than I can name; thy will, Lord, of me is lacking.
I am all uneven; that moves often my brains.
Now would to God I were in heaven, for there weep no babes
So constantly.
1st Shep. Who is that pipes so poor?
Mak. Would God ye knew how I fare!
Lo, a man that walks on the moor,
And has not all his will!

174. **jangling:** prattling. 180. **lauds:** early morning service. 191. **is lacking:** isn't all that it might be. 192. **uneven:** upset.

2nd Shep. Mak, where hast thou gone? Tell us tidings.
3rd Shep. Is he come? Then everyone take heed of his things.

[*Takes the cloak from him.*

Mak. What! I am a yeoman, I tell you, of the king;
The self and the same, sent from a great lording,
And such.
Fie on you! Go hence!
Out of my presence!
I must have reverence.
Why, who be I?

1st Shep. Why make ye it so quaint? Mak, ye do wrong.
2nd Shep. But, Mak, list ye to feint? I trow for that you long.
3rd Shep. I trow the rascal can act! The devil might him hang!
Mak. I shall make complaint, and make you all be flogged
At a word,
And tell even how ye do.
1st Shep. But, Mak, is that truth?
Now take out that southern tooth,
And set in dung.

2nd Shep. Mak, the devil in your eye! A stroke would I lend you.

[*Strikes him.*

3rd Shep. Mak, know ye not me? By God, I could hit you.

[*Draws back to strike.*

Mak. God, look you all three! Methought I had seen you.
Ye are a fair company.
1st Shep. Can ye now remember?
2nd Shep. Shrewd jest!
Thus late as thou goest,
What will men suppose?
And thou hast an ill name
For stealing of sheep.

Mak. And I am true as steel! all men know it!
But a sickness I feel that holds me full hot;
My belly fares not well, it is out of its state.
3rd Shep. Seldom lies the devil dead by the gate!

209. **feint:** bluff. 215. **southern tooth:** In the original Mak imitates a southern dialect as partial disguise. 229. **Seldom, etc.:** "Things are not always what they seem."

Mak. Therefore
Full sore am I and ill;
If I stand stone still,
I've not eaten a bit
This month and more.

1st Shep. How fares thy wife? By my hood, how fares she?
Mak. Lies sprawling, by the rood, by the fire, lo!
And a house full of children. She drinks well, too;
Ill speed any other good thing that she will do
But so!
Eats as fast as she can;
And every year that comes to man
She brings forth a baby —
And some years two.

But were I not more gracious and richer by far,
I were eaten out of house and of harbor.
Yet she is a foul slut if ye come near;
There is none that trusts nor knows a worse
Than ken I.
Now will ye see what I proffer?
To give all in my coffer
Tomorrow morning to offer
Her head-mass penny.

2nd Shep. I wot so wearied is none in this shire.
I would sleep, though I took less to my hire.
3rd Shep. I am cold and naked, and would have a fire.
1st Shep. I am weary, worn out, and run in the mire.
Stay awake, thou!
2nd Shep. Nay, I will lie down here,
For I must sleep, truly.
3rd Shep. As good a man's son was I
As any of you.
[*They prepare to lie down.*
But, Mak, come hither! In between shalt thou lie down.
Mak. Then might I hinder you, indeed, if that ye would whisper,
. . . . . .
. . . . . [*They lie down.*
Mak. No dread.

252. **head-mass penny:** to pay for her funeral. 263. **whisper:** The two lines that should follow are missing.

From my top to my toe,
Manus tuas commendo,
Pontio Pilato,
Christ's cross me speed!
[*Gets up, the shepherds being asleep.*
Now were time for a man that lacks what he wants
To stalk privily then unto a fold,
And nimbly to work then, and be not too bold,
For he might pay for the bargain, if it were told,
At the ending.
Now were time for to do it;
But he needs good counsel
That fain would fare well,
And has but little spending.
[*Pretends to draw a magic circle.*

But about you a circle as round as a moon,
Till I have done that I will, till that it be noon,
That ye lie stone still until I have done.
And I shall say thereto of good words a few
On height.
Over your heads my hand I lift:
Out go your eyes! Away with your sight!
But yet I must make better shift
If it's to be right.
[*The shepherds snore.*
Lord, what! They sleep hard, that may ye all hear.
I never was a shepherd, but now will I learn.
If the flock be scared, yet shall I nip near.
[*Approaches the sheep.*

How! Draw hitherward! Now mends our cheer
From sorrow.
A fat sheep, I dare say!
A good fleece, a wager I'll lay!
Repay when I may,
But this will I borrow.
[*Takes the sheep, crosses to his house, and knocks.*

How, Gill, art thou in? Get us some light.
Wife. Who makes such din this time of night?
I am set for to spin; I hope not I might

282. **On height:** aloud.

Rise a penny to win. I curse them aloud
That act so.
One that has been a housewife
To be so aroused at this time!
Here may no work be seen
Because of such small things to do!

Mak. Good wife, open the door! Seest thou not what I bring?
Wife. I may let thee draw the latch. Ah, come in, my sweeting!
Mak. Yea, thou dost not reck of my long standing.
Wife. By the naked neck art thou like for to hang.
Mak. Go away!
I am worthy of my meat;
For in a strait can I get
More than they that toil and sweat
All the long day.

Thus it fell to my lot, Gill! I had such luck.
[*Shows the sheep.*
Wife. It were a foul blot to be hanged for the case.
Mak. I have escaped, Gelott, often as hard a blow.
Wife. Only so long goes the pot to the water, men say,
At last
Comes it home broken.
Mak. Well know I the token,
But let it never be spoken;
But come and help fast.

I would he were slain; I would well like to eat.
This twelvemonth was I not so fain for one sheep's meat.
Wife. Should they come ere he be slain, and hear the sheep bleat —
Mak. Then might I be taken! That were a cold sweat!
[*Trembles.*
Go fasten
The front door.
Wife. Yes, Mak,
For if they come at thy back —
Mak. Then might I pay for all the pack!
The devil of them give warning.

Wife. A good trick have I spied, since thou knowest of none.
Here shall we him hide until they be gone —

In my cradle abide — let me alone,
And I shall lie beside in childbed, and groan.
Mak. A good idea!
And I shall say thou was delivered
Of a male child this night.
Wife. Now well is my day bright,
That ever was I bred.

This is a good disguise and a far cast!
Yet a woman's advice helps at the last!
I never know who spies. Again go thou fast.
Mak. Better I come ere they rise, else blows a cold blast!
I will go sleep.
[*Mak returns and lies down in his place.*
Yet sleeps all this company;
And I shall go stalk privily,
As it never had been I
That carried their sheep.
[*The 1st and 2nd Shepherds awake.*

1st Shep. Resurrex a mortuis! Take hold of my hand.
Judas carnas dominus! I may not well stand;
My foot sleeps, by Jesus; and I water demand.
I thought that we laid us full near England.
2nd Shep. Ah, yea!
Lord, but I have slept well.
As fresh as an eel,
As light I me feel
As leaf on a tree.
[*3rd Shepherd awakes.*
3rd Shep. Beniste be herein! So my body quakes,
My heart is out of skin with what it makes.
Who makes all this din? So my head grows black.
To the door will I win. Hark, fellows, wake!
We were four:
See ye aught of Mak now?
1st Shep. We were up ere thou.
2nd Shep. Man, I give to God my vow,
Yet went he nowhere.

3rd Shep. Methought he was lapped in a wolf's skin.
1st Shep. So are many happed now — namely, within.

343. **again go:** return. 350. ***Resurrex*, etc.:** mock Latin.

3rd Shep. When we had long napped, methought with a trick
A fat sheep he trapped; but he made no din.
2nd Shep. Be still!
Thy dream makes thee mad;
It is but phantasy, by the rood.
1st Shep. Now God turn all to good,
If it be his will!

[*They awaken Mak.*

2nd Shep. Rise, Mak! For shame! Thou liest right long.
Mak. Now Christ's holy name be us among!
What is this, by Saint James! I may not well move!
I trow I be the same. Ah! my neck has lain wrong
Enough.

[*They help Mak to his feet.*

Many thanks! Since yester even,
Now, by Saint Stephen,
I was flayed by a dream
That slew my heart.

I thought Gill began to croak and travail full sad,
Well nigh at the first cock, of a young lad
For to mend our flock. Then be I never glad;
I have flax on my distaff more than ever I had.
Ah, my head!
A house full of young bellies!
The devil knock out their brains!
Woe is him has many bairns,
And thereto little bread!

I must go home, by your leave, to Gill, as I thought.
I pray you look in my sleeve that I steal naught;
I am loath you to grieve or from you take aught.

[*Mak leaves.*

3rd Shep. Go forth; ill may you prosper! Now would I we sought,
This morn,
That we had all our store.
1st Shep. But I will go before;
Let us meet.
2nd Shep. Where?
3rd Shep. At the crooked thorn.

[*Exeunt Shepherds.*

Mak crosses to his home.

Mak. Undo this door! Who is here? How long shall I stand?
Wife. Who makes such a noise? Go walk in the waning!
Mak. Ah, Gill, what cheer? It is I, Mak, your husband.
Wife. Then may we see here the devil in a band,
Sir Guile.
Lo, he comes with a noise
As though held by the throat.
I may not sit at my work
A hand-long while.

Mak. Will ye hear what fuss she makes to get an excuse?
She does naught but what she likes, and scratches her toes.
Wife. Why, who wanders? Who wakes? Who comes? Who goes?
Who brews? Who bakes? Who makes me this hose?
And then,
It is ruth to behold,
Now in hot, now in cold,
Full woeful is the household
That wants a woman.

But what end has thou made with the herdsmen, Mak?
Mak. The last word that they said, when I turned my back,
They would look if they had all their sheep in the pack.
I expect they will not be well pleased when they their sheep lack.
Perdie.
But how so the game goes,
It is I they will suspect,
And make a foul noise,
And cry out upon me.

But thou must do as thou promised.
Wife. I accord me thereto;
I shall swaddle him right in my cradle.
Even were it a greater plight, yet could I help.
I will lie down straight. Come, cover me up.

Mak. I will.
[*Tucks her in.*

405. **waning:** of the moon; an unlucky time.

Wife. Behind! [*Covers her back.*
Come Coll and his mate,
They will nip us full narrow.
Mak. But I may cry "Out, harrow!"
The sheep if they find.

Wife. Hearken aye when they call; they will come anon.
Come and make ready all; and sing by thine own;
Sing a lullaby thou shall, for I must groan
And cry out by the wall on Mary and John,
Full sore.
Sing "Lullaby" on fast
When thou hears at the last;
And but I play a false cast,
Trust me no more!

[*The Shepherds return and speak at the other end of the pageant.*
3rd Shep. Ah, Coll, good morn! Why sleep thou not?
1st Shep. Alas, that ever was I born! We have a foul blot.
A fat sheep have we lost.
3rd Shep. Marry, God forbid!
2nd Shep. Who should do us that scorn? That were a foul spot.
1st Shep. Some rascal.
I have sought with my dogs
All Horbury Thickets,
And of fifteen hogs
Found I but one ewe.

3rd Shep. Now believe me if ye will; by Saint Thomas of Kent,
Either Mak or Gill to that gave assent.
1st Shep. Peace, man! Be still! I saw when he went.
Thou slanders him ill. Thou ought to repent,
Good speed.
2nd Shep. Now as ever might I thrive,
If I should even here die,
I would say it were he
That did that same deed.

455. **Horbury:** a village near Wakefield. 456. **hogs:** A year old sheep was called a hog.

3rd Shep. Go we thither, I advise, and run on our feet.
I shall never eat bread until the truth I know.
1st Shep. Nor drink in my head till with him I meet.
2nd Shep. I will rest in no place till that I him greet,
My brother!
One thing I will swear:
Till I see him in sight
Shall I never sleep one night
Where I do another.

[*They go to Mak's house. His wife begins to groan and Mak sings a lullaby.*
3rd Shep. Will ye hear how they bluff? Our sir tries to croon.
1st Shep. Heard I never one crack so clear out of tune!
Call on him.
2nd Shep. Mak! Undo your door soon.
Mak. Who is it that spoke as it were noon
On loft?
Who is that, I say?
3rd Shep. Good fellows, were it day.
Mak. (*Opens door.*) As far as ye may,
Good, speak soft,

Over a sick woman's head that is in distress;
I had liefer be dead than that she should be annoyed.
Wife. Go to another place! I may not well breathe.
Each foot that ye tread goes through my nose
So high!
1st Shep. Tell us, Mak, if ye may,
How fare ye, I say?
Mak. But are ye in this town today?
Now how fare ye?

Ye have run in the mire, and are wet yet.
I shall make you a fire if ye will sit.
A nurse would I hire, think ye on it.
Well quit is my hire; my dream — this is it,
In season. [*Points to cradle.*
I have bairns, if ye knew,
Well more than enough.
But we must drink as we brew,
And that is but reason.

480. **On loft:** loudly. 496. **think, etc.:** i.e., think of one for me.

I would ye dined ere ye went. Methinks that ye sweat.
2nd Shep. Nay, neither mends our mood, drink nor meat.
Mak. Why, sir, ails you aught but good?
3rd Shep. Yea, our sheep that we get
Are stolen as they go. Our loss is great.
Mak. Sirs, drink!
Had I been there,
Some should have bought it full sore.
1st Shep. Marry, some men think that ye were;
And that makes us think.

2nd Shep. Mak, some men think that it should be ye.
3rd Shep. Either ye or your spouse, so say we.
Mak. Now, if ye have suspicion on Gill or on me,
Come search our house, and then ye may see
Who had her.
If I any sheep fetched,
Any cow or bullock,
And Gill, my wife, rose not
Since here we laid her;

As I am true and loyal, to God here I pray
That this be the first meal that I shall eat this day.
[*Points to cradle.*
1st Shep. Mak, as have I bliss, advise thee, I say;
He learned timely to steal that could not say nay.
[*The Shepherds look about.*
Wife. I faint!
Out, thieves, from my dwelling!
Ye come to rob us, for the nonce.
Mak. Hear ye not how she groans?
Your hearts should melt.

Wife. Out, thieves, away from my child! Go not nigh him there!
Mak. Knew ye how she had suffered, your hearts would be sore.
Ye do wrong, I you warn, that thus come before
A woman at childbirth. But I say no more!
Wife. Ah, my middle!
I pray to God so mild,
If ever I you beguiled,

509. **bought:** paid for.

That I eat this child
That lies in this cradle.

Mak. Peace, woman, for God's pain! And cry not so!
Thou racks thy brain, and makes me full of woe.
2nd Shep. I trow our sheep be slain. What find ye two?
3rd Shep. All work we in vain; as well may we go.
But, confound it,
I can find no flesh,
Hard nor soft,
Salt nor fresh,
But two empty platters.

Live cattle but this, tame nor wild,
None, as have I bliss, smelled so loud as he.
Wife. No, so God me bless, and give me joy of my child!
1st Shep. We have marked amiss; I hold us beguiled.
2nd Shep. Sir, done!
[*Speaks to Mak at the cradle.*
Sir, Our Lady him save!
Is your child a boy?
Mak. Any lord might him have,
This child as his son.

When he wakens he grasps that joy is to see.
3rd Shep. In good time to his hips, and may he be happy!
But who were his sponsors, so soon ready?
Mak. So fair fall their lips! [*At a loss what to say.*
1st Shep. (*Aside.*) Hark now, a lie!
Mak. So God them thank,
Parkin and Gibbon Waller, I say,
And gentle John Horn, in good faith,
He made all the hubbub
With his long shanks.

2nd Shep. Mak, friends will we be, for we are all one.
Mak. Wey! Now I hold for my part, for amends get I none.
Farewell, all three! All glad were ye gone!
[*Exeunt Shepherds.*
3rd Shep. Fair words may there be, but love there is none
This year.

549. **smelled:** Some editors suggest *smiled*, ridiculous when referring to the sheep. 567. **Wey:** an exclamation.

1st Shep. Gave ye the child anything?
2nd Shep. I trow, not one farthing!
3rd Shep. Fast back will I fling;
Abide ye me here.
[*Third Shepherd returns.*

Mak, take it to no grief, if I come to thy bairn.
Mak. Nay, thou does me great reproof; and foul has thou done.
3rd Shep. The child will it not grieve, that little day-star.
Mak, with your leave, let me give your bairn
But sixpence.
Mak. Nay, go away! He sleeps.
3rd Shep. Methinks he peeps.
Mak. When he wakens he weeps!
I pray you, go hence!

3rd Shep. Give me leave him to kiss, and lift up the cover.
[*Lifts the cover and thinks the child deformed.*
What the devil is this? He has a long snout!
[*The other Shepherds have come in and press forward.*
1st Shep. He is marked amiss. We wait ill about.
2nd Shep. An ill spun woof, ywis, aye comes foul out.
[*Looks more closely and sees that it is a sheep.*
Aye, so!
He is like to our sheep!
3rd Shep. How, Gib, may I peep?
1st Shep. I trow, nature will creep
Where it may not walk!
[*They take the sheep out of the cradle.*

2nd Shep. This was a quaint trick and a far cast!
It was a high fraud!
3rd Shep. Yea, sirs, it was.
Let's burn this bawd, and bind her fast.
Ah! False scold, hang at the last,
So shall thou!
Will ye see how they swaddle
His four feet in the middle?
Saw I never in a cradle
A hornéd lad ere now!

Mak. Peace, bid I! What! Let be your fare!
I am he that him begot, and yon woman him bore.

586. **marked amiss:** deformed.

1st Shep. After what devil shall he be named? "Mak"?
Lo, God, Mak's heir!
2nd Shep. Let be all that. Now God give him care,
I say.
Wife. As pretty a child is he
As sits on a woman's knee;
A darling, perdie,
To make a man laugh.

3rd Shep. I know him by the ear-mark; that is a good token!
Mak. I tell you, sirs, hark! His nose was broken;
Later told me a clerk that he was bewitched.
1st Shep. This is a false work; I would fain be avenged.
Get a weapon!
Wife. He was taken by an elf,
I saw it myself;
When the clock struck twelve
Was he misshapen.

2nd Shep. Ye two are well set in one and the same place.
3rd Shep. Since they maintain their theft, let's do them to death.
Mak. If I trespass again, gird off my head!
With you will I be left.
1st Shep. Sirs, do as I say:
For this trespass
We will neither curse nor quarrel,
Fight nor chide,
But let's have done quickly,
And cast him in canvas.
[*They toss Mak in a sheet and return to the fields.*

1st Shep. Lord, what! I am sore in point for to burst.
In faith, I may nor more; therefore will I rest.
2nd Shep. As a sheep of seven score he weighed in my fist.
For to sleep anywhere methinks that I list.
3rd Shep. Now I pray you,
Lie down on this green.
1st Shep. On these thieves yet am I sore.
3rd Shep. Whereto should ye worry?
Do as I say you!
[*They lie down and fall asleep.*

616. **elf:** i.e., he was a fairy changeling.

Enter Angel singing "Gloria in excelsis."

Angel. Rise, gentle herdsmen! For now is he born
That from the fiend shall take what Adam had lost:
That warlock to destroy this night is he born;
God is made your friend now on this morn.
His behest is
To Bethlehem go see,
Where lies that One
In a crib full poorly
Between two beasts. [*Exit.*

1st Shep. That was a quaint voice that ever yet I heard.
It is a marvel to name, thus to be scared.
2nd Shep. Of God's son of heaven he spake about.
All the wood in a lightning methought that he made
Appear.
3rd Shep. He spake of a bairn
In Bethlehem, I you warn.
1st Shep. That betokens yon star;
Let us seek him there.

2nd Shep. Say, what was his song? Heard ye not how he
cracked it,
Three briefs to a long?
3rd Shep. Yea, marry, he hacked it;
Was no crotchet wrong, nor nothing lacked it.
1st Shep. For to sing us among, right as he knacked it,
I can.
2nd Shep. Let's see how ye croon.
Can ye bark at the moon?
3rd Shep. Hold your tongues! Have done!
1st Shep. Hark after, then!

2nd Shep. To Bethlehem he bade that we should go;
I am full afraid that we tarry too long.
3rd Shep. Be merry and not sad; of mirth is our song;
Everlastingly glad our reward may we take,
Without noise.
1st Shep. Hie we thither, therefore,
If we be wet and weary,
To that Child and that Lady!
We have nothing to lose.

640. **warlock:** fiend. 644. **One:** i.e., noble child. The word in the text is *free.* 657. **briefs:** short notes.

2nd Shep. We find by the prophecy — let be your din! —
Of David and Isaiah and more than I remember,
They prophesied by clergy that in a virgin
Should he light and lie, to quench our sin
And slake it,
Our nature from woe.
For Isaiah said so:
Ecce virgo
Concipet a child that is naked.

3rd Shep. Full glad may we be, and abide that day
That lovely One to see, that One almighty.
Lord, well were it me, for once and for aye,
Might I kneel on my knee some word for to say
To that child.
But the angel said,
In a crib was he laid;
He was poorly arrayed,
Both meek and mild.

1st Shep. Patriarchs that have been, and prophets before,
They desired to have seen this child that is born.
They are gone full clean; that have they lost.
We shall see him, I ween, ere it be morn,
For token.
When I see him and feel,
Then wot I full well
It is as true as steel
What the prophets have spoken:
To so poor as we are that he would appear,
First find, and declare by his messenger.
2nd Shep. Go we now, let us fare; the place is us near.
3rd Shep. I am ready and eager; go we together
To that bright One.
Lord, if thy will it be —
We are ignorant all three —
Grant us some kind of joy
To comfort thy wight.

[*They enter the stable and the 1st Shepherd kneels.*
1st Shep. Hail, comely and clean! Hail, young Child!
Hail, Maker, as I mean! Of a maiden so mild!
Thou has cursed, I ween, the devil so wild;

696. **token:** evidence.

The false worker of evil, now goes he beguiled.
Lo, merry he is!
Lo, he laughs, my sweeting!
A joyous meeting!
I have my promise kept.
Have a bob of cherries!

[*The 2nd Shepherd kneels.*

2nd Shep. Hail, sovereign Savior, for thou hast us sought!
Hail! noble child and flower, that all things has wrought!
Hail, full of favor, that made all of naught!
Hail! I kneel and I cower. A bird have I brought
To my bairn.
Hail, little tiny mop!
Of our creed thou art the top.
I would drink of thy cup,
Little day-star!

[*The 3rd Shepherd kneels.*

3rd Shepherd. Hail, darling dear, full of Godhead!
I pray thee be near when that I have need.
Hail! Sweet is thy cheer! My heart would bleed
To see thee sit here in so poor a weed,
With no pennies.
Hail! Put forth thy fist!
I bring thee but a ball:
Take and play with it withal,
And go to tennis.

Mary. The Father of Heaven, God omnipotent,
That made all things, his Son has he sent.
My name did he name and lighted on me ere he went.
I conceived him full even, through might as he meant;
And now he is born.
Keep he you from woe!
I shall pray him so.
Tell it, forth as ye go,
And remember this morn.

1st Shep. Farewell, lady, so fair to behold,
With thy child on thy knee!
2nd Shep. But he lies full cold.
Lord, well is it with me! Now we go, thou behold.

724. **mop:** darling.

3rd Shep. Forsooth, already it seems to be told
Full oft.
1st Shep. What grace we have found!
2nd Shep. Come forth; now are we saved!
3rd Shep. To sing are we bound:
Let it rise aloft!

[*They go out singing.*

NOTE

The *Shepherds* is found in the four great cycles, that of Wakefield having two versions, the one here given being labeled "second." This particular play is beyond question the best of all the Miracle plays, no matter from what angle it is considered. It is interesting as an original story even though it has but little plot, there is marked differentiation of character among the three shepherds as well as in Mak and his wife Gill, and a number of the situations are definitely dramatic and skilfully handled by a trained writer.

The first shepherd is a man no longer young. It is the twenty-fourth of December, a cold evening on the Yorkshire hills. Although he berates the weather, the physical discomforts merely serve to remind him of the hard life in a hard world where the poor are ever poorer and the rich richer. His is the common complaint of the tenant about the landholder, but he is a born pessimist, for he also growls about people in his own class who are always borrowing his farm implements. He fails to convince the reader that his lot is terribly bad, everything considered, and he confesses that it does him good "Of this world for to talk in manner of moan."

The second shepherd has his troubles too, but they are not vaguely general like those of his friend; they are particular. He is distinctly henpecked and finds relief in talking about it — when away from his wife. No doubt he gets more response from the audience than the first because it already knows this type of character from the domestic squabbles of the Noahs. His speech directly to the audience is an example of the advice and warning often encountered in these plays. When he tells young men who are wooing to be "well beware of wedding" one thinks of Bacon's reply when asked the age at which it was best to marry: "Young men not yet, old men not at all." The shepherd's "Had I known" is the futile cry of those unhappily married, but he knows that his advice will go for naught.

The third shepherd is a mere boy. His troubles also are purely personal. While taking a shy at the weather, like the others, he is more immediately concerned with the unfair treatment of shepherd lads at the hands of their masters. Boylike, his chief complaint is about "When do we eat?" He does not hesitate to imply that the food, when it does come, is of poor quality, and he insists that the masters unfairly hold back their pay.

But the central character of the play is Mak, the disreputable cowardly loafer who brazenly boasts that he can make more in a few thrifty minutes of stealing than the stupid fellows who work all day. It is around him

that the farce comedy centers. Every minute that he is on the stage is a lively one, from his attempted disguise by speaking in a southern dialect to his unwilling exploit in the blanket. His mock conjuring over the sleeping shepherds shows an artistic delight in his profession that saves him from being a mere sneak thief. His wife Gill, too, is thoroughly of the element of comedy, her sharp tongue making her a first cousin of Mrs. Noah. Unlike that eminent lady, she knows her husband for exactly what he is. Between the two they come near fooling the suspicious but wholly unimaginative shepherds. It is good drama when the writer makes the totally unexpected goodheartedness of the boy turn the trick of justice.

And then, just as an audience might think that this English play laid in England was over, the Angel appears and the scene is at once transferred to Bethlehem and the newborn Christ. A few conventional words of praise, and the play is over, but it was this concluding part that enabled the writer to "put over" what was probably the first strictly English play.

THE JUDGMENT DAY

(*York*)

CHARACTERS

God.	Jesus.
Three Angels.	Three Devils.
Two Good Souls.	Two Apostles.
Two Bad Souls.	

God. First when I this world had wrought, —
Woods and winds and waters wan,
And all the things that now are aught, —
Full well, methought, that I did then;
When they were made, good me them thought.
Afterwards to my likeness made I man;
And man to grieve me gave he naught.
Therefore me rues that I the world began.

When I had made man at my will,
I gave him wits himself to rule;
And paradise I put him into,
And bade him hold it all as his.
But of the tree of good and ill
I said, "What time thou eatest of this,
Man, thou speedest thyself to ruin;
Thou art brought out of all bliss."

Quickly broke man my bidding.
He thought to be a god thereby;
He thought that he would know all kinds of things,
In the world to have been as wise as I.
He ate the apple I bade should hang:
Thus was he beguiled through gluttony.
Afterwards both him and his offspring
To torment I put them all therefor.

In the course of time me thought it good
To snatch those wretches out of care.
I sent my Son, with full blithe mood,
To earth to save them from their woe.

For ruth of them he hung on cross,
And bought them with his body bare;
For them he shed his heart and blood.
What kindness might I do them more?

Afterwards he harrowed hell,
And took out those wretches that were therein;
There fought that One those many fiends
For them that were sunk because of sin.
Later, on earth he began to dwell;
Example he gave them heaven to win,
In Temple gave himself to teach and tell,
To buy them bliss that never may end.

Since then have they found me full of mercy,
Full of grace and of forgiveness.
And they as wretches, certainly,
Have led their lives in wickedness;
Often have they grieved me grievously: —
Thus have they repaid me my kindness.
Therefore no longer, assuredly,
Endure will I their wickedness.

Men say the world is but vanity,
Yet will no man beware thereby;
Every day their mirror may they see,
Yet think they not that they shall die.
All that ever I said should be
Is now fulfilled through prophecy.
Therefore now is it time for me
To make an ending of man's folly.

I have stood mankind many a year
In lust and pleasure for to remain;
And scarcely find I far or near
A man that will his faults amend.
On earth I see but sins a many.
Therefore my angels will I send
To blow their trumpets that all may hear.
The time is come I will make an end.

Enter the Angels.

Angels, quickly your trumpets blow,
Every creature for to call!

Learnéd and ignorant, both man and woman,
Receive their doom this day they shall,
Every person that ever had life;
Be none forgotten, great nor small.
There shall they see the wounds five
That my Son suffered for them all.

And separate them before my sight!
Altogether in bliss shall they not be.
My blesséd children, as I have promised,
On my right hand I shall them see;
Afterwards shall every curséd wight
On my left side for terror flee.
This day their doom thus have I given,
To every man as he hath served me.

1st Angel. Loved be thou, Lord, of might the most,
That angel made the messenger!
Thy will shall be fulfilled in haste,
That heaven and earth and hell shall hear.
[*The Angels blow their trumpets.*
1st Angel. Good and ill, every single ghost,
Rise and fetch your flesh, that was your companion!
For all this world is brought to waste.
Draw to your doom! It nigh is here!

2nd Angel. Every creature, both old and young,
Quickly I bid you that ye rise!
Body and soul with you ye bring,
And come before the high justice!
For I am sent from heaven's King
To call you to this great assize.
Therefore rise up, and give reckoning
How ye him served in various ways.
[*The dead arise in their shrouds.*
1st Good Soul. Loved be thou, Lord, that is so bright,
That in this manner made us to rise,
Body and soul together, clean,
To come before the high justice.
Of our ill deeds, Lord, do thou not think,
That we have wrought in various ways;
But grant us through thy grace, indeed,
That we may dwell in paradise.

2nd Good Soul. Ah! Loved be thou, Lord of all,
That heaven and earth and all has wrought,
That with thine angels wouldst us call
Out of our graves, hither to be brought.
Oft have we grieved thee, great and small;
For that, Lord, judge thou us not;
Nor suffer us ever to fiends to be thrall,
That oft on earth with sin us sought!

1st Bad Soul. Alas, alas, that we were born!
So may we sinful caitiffs say.
I hear well by this hideous horn
It draws full near to doomsday.
Alas! we wretches that are forlorn,
That never yet served God to pay,
But oft we have his flesh forsworn.
Alas, alas, and welaway!

What shall we wretches do for dread?
Or whither for fear may we flee,
When we may bring forth no good deed
Before him that our judge shall be?
To ask for mercy there is no need,
For well I wot that damned are we.
Alas, that we such life have led
That prepared for us this destiny!

Our wicked works, they will us destroy,
That we thought never would be known.
Those that oft we did full privately,
Openly may we see them written.
Alas, wretches, dear must we pay for it!
Full smart with hell-fire be we smitten.
Now must never soul nor body die,
But with wicked pains evermore be bitten.

Alas, for dread sore may we quake!
Our deeds be our damnation.
For our lamentation must we make;
Help there be none as excuse.
We must be set for our sins' sake
Forever away from salvation.
In hell to dwell with the black fiends,
Where never shall be redemption.

2nd Bad Soul. As wretches full of care may we rise!
Sore may we wring our hands and weep!
For cursedness and for covetousness
Damned be we to hell full deep!
Never wrought we in God's service;
His commandments would we not keep;
But often then made we sacrifice
To Satan, when others were asleep.

Alas, now wakens all our doubt!
Our wicked works may we not hide,
But on our backs we must them bear;
They will us destroy on every side.
I see foul fiends that will us frighten,
And all for pomp of wicked pride.
Weep we may with many a tear.
Alas, that we this day should bide!

Before us plainly be forth brought
The deeds that us shall damn indeed.
What our ears have heard, or heart has thought,
Since any time that we remember,
What foot has gone, or hand has wrought,
What mouth has spoken, or eye has seen,
This day full dear then be it bought.
Alas, had we but never been born!
[*The angel separates the good from the bad.*

3rd Angel. Stand not together! Part you in two!
Together shall ye not be in bliss.
The Father of heaven wills it be so,
For many of you have wrought amiss.
The good, on his right hand ye go,
The way to heaven he will you show;
Ye curséd wights, ye flee from him,
On his left hand, as none of his.

Jesus (*from above*). This woeful world is brought to an end;
My Father in heaven, he wills it to be.
Therefore to earth now will I go,
Myself to sit in majesty.
To give my judgment I will descend.
This body will I bear with me;

How it was abused, man's sins to mend,
All mankind there shall it see.
[*Jesus descends and speaks to the apostles.*

My apostles and my darlings dear,
The dreadful doom this day is given.
Both heaven and earth and hell shall hear
How I shall hold to what I promised:
That ye shall sit on separate thrones
Beside myself, to see that sight,
And for to judge folk far and near
After their working, wrong or right.

I said also, when I you sent
To suffer sorrow for my sake,
All those that would them right repent
Should with you go and wake in joy;
And of your tales who took no account
Should go to fire with the black fiends.
Of mercy now may not be thought;
But, after their works, wealth or wrack.

My promise wholly shall I fulfil.
Therefore come forth and sit by me
To hear the doom of good and ill.
1st Apostle. I love thee, Lord God almighty!
Late and early, loud and still;
To do thy bidding ready am I.
I bind me to do thy will
With all my might, as is worthy.

2nd Apostle. Ah! Mighty God, here is it seen
Thou will fulfil thy agreement right,
And all thy sayings will thou maintain.
I love thee, Lord, with all my might,
That for us who have earthly been
Such dignities hast prepared and given.
Jesus. Come forth! I shall sit you between,
And all fulfil that I have promised.
[*Goes to the seat of judgment, while the angels sing.*

Enter three Devils

1st Devil. Fellows, array us for to fight,
And go we fast our fee to seize.

200. **wealth or wrack:** reward or punishment.

The dreadful doom this day is given;
I fear me that we wait full long.
2nd Devil. We shall be seen ever in their sight,
And watchfully wait, else work we wrong;
For if the doomsman do us right,
Full great part with us shall go.
3rd Devil. He shall do right to foe and friend,
For now shall all the truth be sought.
All wretched wights with us shall go;
To pain endless they shall be brought.

Jesus. Every creature, take you note
What message I to you do bring:
This woeful world away is gone,
And I am come as crownéd King.
My Father of heaven he has me sent
To judge your deeds, and make an end,
Come is the day of judgment!
For sorrow may all the sinners sing.

The day is come of wretchedness,
All them to care that are unclean,
The day of bale and bitterness;
Full long abiding has it been!
The day of dread to greater and less,
Of care, of trembling, and of sorrow,
That every wight that wretched is
May say, "Alas, that this day is seen!"

Here may ye see my wounds wide,
The which I suffered for your misdeeds,
Through heart and head, feet, hands, and hide, —
Not for my guilt but for your needs.
Behold both body, back and side,
How dear I bought your brotherhood!
These bitter pains I was willing to abide;
To buy you bliss, thus would I bleed.

My body was scourged without reason;
As thief full angrily was I threatened;
On cross they hanged me on a hill,
Bloody and blue, as if beaten,
With crown of thorns thrust full ill;
This spear unto my side was set;

My heart's blood spared not they for to spill.
Man, for thy love would I not prevent.

The Jews spit on me spitefully;
They spared me no more than a thief.
When they me struck, I stood still;
Against them did I nothing grieve.
Behold, mankind, that same am I,
That for thee suffered such mischief.
Thus was I treated for thy folly.
Man, look, thy life was to me full dear.

Thus was I treated thy sorrow to slake;
Man, thus it behooved thee to be redeemed.
In all my woe took I no vengeance;
My will it was, for the love of thee.
Man, sore ought thee for to quake,
This dreadful day this sight to see.
All this I suffered for thy sake.
Say, man, what suffered thou for me?
[*Turns to the Good Souls.*

My blesséd children on my right hand,
Your doom this day ye need not dread,
For your comfort all is commanded;
Your lives in pleasure shall ye lead.
Come to the kingdom forever lasting,
That is prepared for your good deeds.
Full blithe may ye be where ye stand,
For much in heaven shall be your reward.

When I was hungry, ye me fed;
To slake my thirst your heart was free;
When I was clothesless, ye me clad;
Ye would no sorrow upon me see;
In hard prison when I was placed,
On my pains ye had pity;
Full sick when I was brought in bed,
Kindly ye came to comfort me.

When I was feeble and weariest,
Ye harbored me full heartily;

264. **grieve:** hold against. 273. **quake:** tremble.

Full glad then were ye of your guest,
And pitied my poverty piteously;
Quickly ye brought me of the best,
And made my bed full easily.
Therefore in heaven shall be your rest,
In joy and bliss to be me by.

1st Good Soul. When had we, Lord that all has wrought,
Meat and drink thee with to feed?
Since we on earth had never naught
But through the grace of thy Godhead.
2nd Good Soul. When was it that we thee clothes brought?
Or visited thee in any need?
Or in thy sickness we thee sought?
Lord, when did we to thee this deed?

Jesus. My blesséd children, I shall you say
What time this deed was to me done:
When any that need had, night or day,
Asked you help, and had it soon;
Your free hearts said them never nay,
Early or late, midday or noon;
But also oft times as they would pray,
They needed but to ask, and have their boon.
[*Turns to the Bad Souls.*
Ye curséd caitiffs of Cain's race,
That never me comforted in my trouble,
I and ye forever will separate,
In dole to dwell forevermore.
Your bitter bale shall never cease
That ye shall have when ye come there.
Thus have ye deservéd for your sins,
For wicked are the deeds ye have done.

When I had need of meat and drink,
Caitiffs, ye drove me from your gate;
When ye were set as lords on bench,
I stood without, weary and wet;
Was none of you would on me think,
Pity to have of my poor state:
Therefore to hell I shall you sink, —
Well are ye worthy to go that way!

321. **bale**: suffering or torment.

When I was sick and sorriest,
Ye visited me not, for I was poor;
In prison fast when I was bound,
Was none of you looked how I fared;
When I wist never where for to rest,
With blows ye drove me from your door;
But ever to pride then were ye pressed;
My flesh, my blood, oft ye forswore.

Clothesless when I was often, and cold,
At need of you, went I full naked;
House nor harborage, help nor refuge,
Had I none of you, although I quaked;
My troubles saw ye manifold;
Was none of you my sorrows slaked,
But ever forsook me, young and old;
Therefore shall ye now be forsaken.

1st Bad Soul. When had thou, Lord, that all things has,
Hunger or thirst, since thou God is?
When was it that thou in prison was?
When wast thou naked or harborless?
2nd Bad Soul. When was it we saw thee sick, alas?
When showed we thee this unkindness?
Weary or wet to let thee pass,
When did we thee this wickedness?

Jesus. Caitiffs, as often as it did betide
That aught needful was asked in my name,
Ye heard them not, your ears ye hid,
Your help to them was not at home, —
To me was that unkindness shown!
Therefore ye bear this bitter blame.
To highest or lowest when ye it did,
To me ye did the self and same.
[*Turns to the Good Souls.*
My chosen children, come unto me!
With me to dwell now shall ye go;
There joy and bliss shall ever be,
Your lives in pleasure shall ye lead.
[*Turns to the Bad Souls.*
Ye curséd caitiffs, from me ye flee,
In hell to dwell without an end.

There shall ye never but sorrow see
And sit by Satan the fiend.

Now is fulfilled all my design,
For ended are all earthly things.
All worldly wights that I have wrought
After their works have now reward:
They that would sin and ceaséd not,
Of sorrows various now shall they sing;
And they that amended them whilst they might,
Shall shelter find and bide my blessing.

And thus he makes an end, with the song of angels crossing from place to place.

NOTE

The opening monologue of the *Judgment Day* shows a marked similarity to God's speech at the beginning of the Chester *Deluge*. In the Wakefield *Noah* the same ideas are presented by Noah at the beginning of the play and reinforced by God's response to him. To the medieval mind there was nothing repugnant in the idea of an angry God ever conscious of his might, no matter how freely or how often he reminded his people of it. No doubt they often had this particular attribute of God thundered at them by the clergy. It was merely one of the ways of keeping man constantly reminded of his own sinful nature and the dreadful penalties he must undergo. The Bible furnishes strong material for all plays whose theme was the glory of God, the sinfulness of man, together with the inevitable destruction of the world and the last judgment. This play represents the orthodox point of view in the most conventional manner. There is practically no action. It is likely that in performing this play the devils created some diversion, especially at the point where they arrayed themselves for the fight, but it was only momentary, and nothing really happened. At the end the Bad Souls probably showed some unwillingness as the devils dragged them to hell, but otherwise this was an exceedingly solemn play.

Of the four extant versions two are incomplete; that of Chester is both long and dull; hence the selection of the York Play. For discussion of the York Cycle, see Introduction, page 25.

EVERYMAN

CHARACTERS

Messenger.	Good Deeds.
God.	Knowledge.
Death.	Confession.
Everyman.	Beauty.
Fellowship.	Strength.
Cousin.	Discretion.
Kindred.	Five Wits.
Goods.	Angel.

Doctor.

Here beginneth a treatise how the High Father of Heaven sendeth Death to summon every creature to come and give account of their lives in this world, and is in manner of a moral play.

Enter Messenger *as Prologue.*

Messenger. I pray you all give your audience,
And hear this matter with reverence,
By figure a moral play —
The *Summoning of Everyman* called it is,
That of our lives and ending shows
How transitory we be all day.
This matter is wondrous precious,
But the intent of it is more gracious,
And sweet to bear away.
The story saith, — Man, in the beginning,
Look well, and take good heed to the ending,
Be you never so gay!
Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,
Which in the end causeth thy soul to weep,
When the body lieth in clay.
Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,
Both Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty,
Will fade from thee as flower in May.
For ye shall hear how our Heaven King
Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning.
Give audience, and hear what he doth say. [*Exit.*

3. **By figure:** in form.

GOD *speaks from above.*

God. I perceive here in my majesty,
How that all creatures be to me unkind,
Living without dread in worldly prosperity;
Of ghostly sight the people be so blind,
Drowned in sin, they know me not for their God.
In worldly riches is all their mind,
They fear not my righteousness, the sharp rod;
My love that I showed when I for them died
They forget clean, and shedding of my blood red;
I hanged between two, it cannot be denied;
To get them life I suffered to be dead;
I healed their feet, with thorns hurt was my head.
I could do no more than I did, truly;
And now I see the people do clean forsake me.
They use the seven deadly sins damnable;
As pride, covetise, wrath, and lechery,
Now in the world be made commendable;
And thus they leave of angels the heavenly company.
Everyman liveth so after his own pleasure,
And yet of their life they be nothing sure.
I see the more that I them forbear
The worse they be from year to year;
All that liveth appaireth fast.
Therefore I will in all the haste
Have a reckoning of Everyman's person;
For and I leave the people thus alone
In their life and wicked tempests,
Verily they will become much worse than beasts;
For now one would by envy another up eat;
Charity they all do clean forget.
I hoped well that Everyman
In my glory should make his mansion,
And thereto I had them all elect;
But now I see, like traitors deject,
They thank me not for the pleasure that I to them meant,
Nor yet for their being that I them have lent.
I proffered the people great multitude of mercy,
And few there be that asketh it heartily;
They be so cumbered with worldly riches,

24. **dread:** fear; so used often in the play. 25. **ghostly:** spiritual. 37. **covetise:** covetousness. 44. **appaireth:** becomes worse. 47. **and:** if; so used often in the play.

That needs on them I must do justice,
On Everyman living without fear.
Where art thou, Death, thou mighty messenger?

Enter DEATH.

Death. Almighty God, I am here at your will,
Your commandment to fulfil.
God. Go thou to Everyman,
And show him, in my name,
A pilgrimage he must on him take,
Which he in no wise may escape;
And that he bring with him a sure reckoning
Without delay or any tarrying.
Death. Lord, I will in the world go run over all,
And cruelly out search both great and small.
Every man will I beset that liveth beastly
Out of God's laws, and dreadeth not folly.
He that loveth riches I will strike with my dart,
His sight to blind, and from heaven to depart,
Except that alms be his good friend,
In hell for to dwell, world without end.

EVERYMAN *enters, at a distance.*

Lo, yonder I see Everyman walking;
Full little he thinketh on my coming;
His mind is on fleshly lusts and his treasure,
And great pain it shall cause him to endure
Before the Lord, Heaven King.
Everyman, stand still; whither art thou going
Thus gaily? Hast thou thy Maker forgot?
Everyman. Why askest thou?
Wouldest thou wete?
Death. Yea, sir, I will show you;
In great haste I am sent to thee
From God, out of his majesty.
Everyman. What, sent to me?
Death. Yea, certainly.
Though thou have forgot him here,
He thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere,
As, ere we depart, thou shalt know.
Everyman. What desireth God of me?
Death. That shall I show thee;

77. **depart:** separate. 88. **wete:** know.

A reckoning he will needs have
Without any longer respite.
Everyman. To give a reckoning longer leisure I crave;
This blind matter troubleth my wit.
Death. On thee thou must take a long journey,
Therefore thy book of count with thee thou bring;
For turn again thou can not by no way.
And look thou be sure of thy reckoning;
For before God thou shalt answer, and show
Thy many bad deeds, and good but a few,
How thou hast spent thy life, and in what wise,
Before the chief Lord of paradise.
Have ado that we were in that way,
For, wete thou well, thou shalt make none attournay.
Everyman. Full unready I am such reckoning to give.
I know thee not. What messenger art thou?
Death. I am Death, that no man dreadeth.
For every man I rest and no man spareth;
For it is God's commandment
That all to me should be obedient.
Everyman. O Death, thou comest when I had thee least in mind;
In thy power it lieth me to save,
Yet of my good will I give thee, if ye will be kind;
Yea, a thousand pound shalt thou have,
And defer this matter till another day.
Death. Everyman, it may not be by no way;
I set not by gold, silver, nor riches,
Nor by pope, emperor, king, duke, nor princes.
For and I would receive gifts great,
All the world I might get;
But my custom is clean contrary.
I give thee no respite. Come hence, and not tarry.
Everyman. Alas, shall I have no longer respite?
I may say Death giveth no warning.
To think on thee, it maketh my heart sick,
For all unready is my book of reckoning.
But twelve year and I might have abiding,
My counting-book I would make so clear,
That my reckoning I should not need to fear.
Wherefore, Death, I pray thee, for God's mercy,

102. **wit:** understanding. 111. **Have ado, etc.:** Hurry up so that we may be on the way. 112. **attournay:** attorney. "Thou shalt have none to plead for you." 115. **dreadeth:** is afraid of no man. 116. **rest:** arrest. 121. **good:** goods or riches. 125. **set not by:** care nothing for.

Spare me till I be provided of remedy.
Death. Thee availeth not to cry, weep, and pray;
But haste thee lightly that you were gone that journey,
And prove thy friends if thou can.
For, wete thou well, the tide abideth no man;
And in the world each living creature
For Adam's sin must die of nature.
Everyman. Death, if I should this pilgrimage take,
And my reckoning surely make,
Show me, for Saint Charity,
Should I not come again shortly?
Death. No, Everyman; and thou be once there,
Thou mayst never more come here,
Trust me verily.
Everyman. O gracious God, in the high seat celestial,
Have mercy on me in this most need;
Shall I have no company from this vale terrestrial
Of mine acquaintance that way me to lead?
Death. Yea, if any be so hardy,
That would go with thee and bear thee company.
Hie thee that you were gone to God's magnificence,
Thy reckoning to give before his presence.
What, weenest thou thy life is given thee,
And thy worldly goods also?
Everyman. I had weened so, verily.
Death. Nay, nay; it was but lent thee;
For as soon as thou art gone,
Another a while shall have it, and then go therefrom
Even as thou hast done.
Everyman, thou art mad; thou hast thy wits five,
And here on earth will not amend thy life;
For suddenly I do come.
Everyman. O wretched caitiff, whither shall I flee,
That I might 'scape this endless sorrow!
Now, gentle Death, spare me till tomorrow,
That I may amend me
With good advisement.
Death. Nay, thereto I will not consent,
Nor no man will I respite,
But to the heart suddenly I shall smite
Without any advisement.

140. **cry:** cry out. 141. **lightly:** quickly. 142. **prove:** test. 145. **of nature:** in the course of nature. 161. **weenest:** thinkest. 162. **weened:** thought.

And now out of thy sight I will me hie;
See thou make thee ready shortly,
For thou mayst say this is the day
That no man living may 'scape away. [*Exit.*
Everyman. Alas, I may well weep with sighs deep;
Now have I no manner of company
To help me in my journey and me to keep;
And also my writing is full unready.
How shall I do now for to excuse me?
I would to God I had never been born!
To my soul a full great profit it had been;
For now I fear pains huge and great.
The time passeth; Lord, help, that all wrought;
For though I mourn it availeth naught.
The day passeth, and is almost a-gone;
I wot not well what for to do.
To whom were I best my complaint to make?
What and I to Fellowship thereof spake,
And showed him of this sudden chance?
For in him is all mine affiance;
We have in the world so many a day
Been good friends in sport and play.
I see him yonder, certainly;
I trust that he will bear me company;
Therefore to him will I speak to ease my sorrow.

Enter FELLOWSHIP.

Well met, good Fellowship, and good morrow!
Fellowship. Everyman, good morrow; by this day,
Sir, why lookest thou so piteously?
If any thing be amiss, pray thee, me say,
That I may help to remedy.
Everyman. Yea, good Fellowship, yea,
I am in great jeopardy.
Fellowship. My true friend, show to me your mind;
I will not forsake thee, unto my life's end,
In the way of good company.
Everyman. That was well spoken, and lovingly.
Fellowship. Sir, I must needs know your heaviness;
I have pity to see you in any distress;
If any have you wronged ye shall revenged be,
Though I on the ground be slain for thee,

199. **affiance:** trust.

Though that I know before that I should die.
Everyman. Verily, Fellowship, gramercy.
Fellowship. Tush! by thy thanks I set not a straw.
Show me your grief, and say no more.
Everyman. If I my heart should to you break,
And then you to turn your mind from me,
And would not me comfort when you hear me speak,
Then should I ten times sorrier be.
Fellowship. Sir, I say as I will do indeed.
Everyman. Then be you a good friend at need;
I have found you true here before.
Fellowship. And so ye shall evermore;
For, in faith, and thou go to hell
I will not forsake thee by the way!
Everyman. Ye speak like a good friend; I believe you well;
I shall deserve it, and I may.
Fellowship. I speak of no deserving, by this day.
For he that will say and nothing do
Is not worthy with good company to go;
Therefore show me the grief of your mind,
As to your friend most loving and kind.
Everyman. I shall show you how it is;
Commanded I am to go a journey,
A long way, hard and dangerous,
And give a strait count without delay
Before the high judge Adonai.
Wherefore, I pray you, bear me company,
As ye have promised, in this journey.
Fellowship. That is matter indeed! Promise is duty;
But, and I should take such a voyage on me,
I know it well, it should be to my pain.
Also it maketh me afeared, certain.
But let us take counsel here as well as we can,
For your words would fear a strong man.
Everyman. Why, ye said if I had need,
Ye would me never forsake, quick nor dead,
Though it were to hell, truly.
Fellowship. So I said, certainly,
But such pleasures be set aside, the sooth to say.
And also, if we took such a journey,
When should we come again?

221. **gramercy:** thanks. 244. **strait:** strict. 245. **Adonai:** an Old Testament name for God. 249. **voyage:** journey. 253. **fear:** frighten. 255. **quick:** living.

Everyman. Nay, never again till the day of doom.
Fellowship. In faith, then will not I come there!
Who hath you these tidings brought?
Everyman. Indeed, Death was with me here.
Fellowship. Now, by God that all hath bought,
If Death were the messenger,
For no man that is living today
I will not go that loath journey —
Not for the father that begat me!
Everyman. Ye promised otherwise, pardie.
Fellowship. I wot well I said so, truly;
And yet if thou wilt eat, and drink, and make some good cheer,
Or haunt to women the lusty company,
I would not forsake you while the day is clear,
Trust me verily!
Everyman. Yea, thereto ye would be ready;
To go to mirth, solace, and play,
Your mind will sooner apply
Than to bear me company in my long journey.
Fellowship. Now, in good faith, I will not that way.
But and thou wilt murder, or any man kill,
In that I will help thee with a good will!
Everyman. O, that is a simple advice indeed!
Gentle fellow, help me in my necessity;
We have loved long, and now I need,
And now, gentle Fellowship, remember me.
Fellowship. Whether ye have loved me or no,
By Saint John, I will not with thee go.
Everyman. Yet, I pray thee, take the labor, and do so much for me
To bring me forward, for Saint Charity,
And comfort me till I come without the town.
Fellowship. Nay, and thou would give me a new gown,
I will not a foot with thee go;
But, and thou had tarried, I would not have left thee so.
And as now God speed thee in thy journey,
For from thee I will depart as fast as I may.
Everyman. Whither away, Fellowship? Will you forsake me?
Fellowship. Yea, by my fay, to God I betake thee.
Everyman. Farewell, good Fellowship; for thee my heart is sore;

268. **loath:** loathsome. 270. **pardie:** a mild oath. Fr. *pardieu*. 280. **will not:** have no desire. 283. **simple advice:** silly idea. 298. **fay:** faith. 298. **betake:** commend.

Adieu for ever, I shall see thee no more.
Fellowship. In faith, Everyman, farewell now at the end;
For you I will remember that parting is mourning. [*Exit.*
Everyman. Alack! shall we thus depart indeed?
Ah, Lady, help, without any more comfort,
Lo, Fellowship, forsaketh me in my most need.
For help in this world whither shall I resort?
Fellowship herebefore with me would merry make,
And now little sorrow for me doth he take.
It is said, in prosperity men friends may find,
Which in adversity be full unkind.
Now whither for succor shall I flee,
Sith that Fellowship hath forsaken me?
To my kinsmen I will, truly,
Praying them to help me in my necessity;
I believe that they will do so,
For kind will creep where it may not go.
I will go say, for yonder I see them go.
Where be ye now, my friends and kinsmen?

Enter KINDRED *and* COUSIN.

Kindred. Here we be now at your commandment.
Cousin, I pray you show us your intent
In any wise, and do not spare.
Cousin. Yea, Everyman, and to us declare
If ye be disposed to go any whither,
For wete you well, we will live and die together.
Kindred. In wealth and woe we will with you hold,
For over his kin a man may be bold.
Everyman. Gramercy, my friends and kinsmen kind.
Now shall I show you the grief of my mind.
I was commanded by a messenger
That is an high king's chief officer;
He bade me go a pilgrimage to my pain,
And I know well I shall never come again;
Also I must give a reckoning straight,
For I have a great enemy that hath me in wait,
Which intendeth me for to hinder.
Kindred. What account is that which ye must render?
That would I know.
Everyman. Of all my works I must show

303. **depart:** separate. 312. **Sith:** since. 316. **kind:** kinship. 316. **go:** walk. 317. **say:** assay, try. 320. **Cousin:** i.e., Everyman. 325. **wealth:** happiness. 334. **hath in wait:** lies in wait.

How I have lived and my days spent;
Also of ill deeds that I have used
In my time, sith life was me lent;
And of all virtues that I have refused.
Therefore I pray you go thither with me,
To help to make mine account, for Saint Charity.
Cousin. What, to go thither? Is that the matter?
Nay, Everyman, I had liefer fast bread and water
All this five year and more.
Everyman. Alas, that ever I was born!
For now shall I never be merry
If that you forsake me.
Kindred. Ah, sir, what, ye be a merry man!
Take good heart to you, and make no moan.
But one thing I warn you, by Saint Anne,
As for me, ye shall go alone.
Everyman. My Cousin, will you not with me go?
Cousin. No, by our Lady; I have the cramp in my toe.
Trust not to me, for, so God me speed,
I will deceive you in your most need.
Kindred. It availeth not us to tice.
Ye shall have my maid with all my heart;
She loveth to go to feasts, there to be nice,
And to dance, and abroad to start;
I will give her leave to help you in that journey,
If that you and she may agree.
Everyman. Now show me the very effect of your mind.
Will you go with me, or abide behind?
Kindred. Abide behind? yea, that will I and I may!
Therefore farewell till another day. [*Exit.*
Everyman. How should I be merry or glad?
For fair promises men to me make,
But when I have most need, they me forsake.
I am deceived; that maketh me sad.
Cousin. Cousin Everyman, farewell now,
For verily I will not go with you;
Also of mine own life an unready reckoning
I have to account; therefore I make tarrying.
Now, God keep thee, for now I go. [*Exit.*
Everyman. Ah, Jesus, is all come hereto?
Lo, fair words maketh fools fain;
They promise and nothing will do certain.

359. **tice:** entice. 361. **nice:** wanton; in modern slang, *gay*. 379. **fain:** eager or willing.

My kinsmen promised me faithfully
For to abide with me steadfastly,
And now fast away do they flee:
Even so Fellowship promised me.
What friend were best me of to provide?
I lose my time here longer to abide.
Yet in my mind a thing there is;
All my life I have loved riches;
If that my Good now help me might,
He would make my heart full light.
I will speak to him in this distress.
Where art thou, my Goods and riches?

GOODS *speaks from within.*

Goods. Who calleth me? Everyman? What! hast thou haste?
I lie here in corners, trussed and piled so high,
And in chests I am locked so fast,
Also sacked in bags, thou mayst see with thine eye,
I cannot stir; in packs low I lie.
What would ye have? Lightly me say.
Everyman. Come hither, Good, in all the haste thou may.
For of counsel I must desire thee.

Enter GOODS.

Goods. Sir, and ye in the world have trouble or adversity,
That can I help you to remedy shortly.
Everyman. It is another disease that grieveth me;
In this world it is not, I tell thee so.
I am sent for another way to go,
To give a strait count general
Before the highest Jupiter of all;
And all my life I have had joy and pleasure in thee.
Therefore I pray thee go with me,
For, peradventure, thou mayst before God Almighty
My reckoning help to clean and purify;
For it is said ever among,
That money maketh all right that is wrong.
Goods. Nay, Everyman, I sing another song,
I follow no man in such voyages;
For and I went with thee

389. **Good:** riches. 394. **trussed:** packed into bundles. 407. **Jupiter:** Rather oddly, he names a pagan deity for God.

Thou shouldst fare much the worse for me;
For because on me thou did set thy mind,
Thy reckoning I have made blotted and blind,
That thine account thou cannot make truly;
And that hast thou for the love of me.
Everyman. That would grieve me full sore,
When I should come to that fearful answer.
Up, let us go thither together.
Goods. Nay, not so, I am too brittle, I may not endure;
I will follow no man one foot, be ye sure.
Everyman. Alas, I have thee loved, and had great pleasure
All my life-days on goods and treasure.
Goods. That is to thy damnation without lesing,
For my love is contrary to the love everlasting.
But if thou had me loved moderately during,
As to the poor to give part of me,
Then shouldst thou not in this dolor be,
Nor in this great sorrow and care.
Everyman. Lo, now was I deceived ere I was ware,
And all I may wyte my spending of time.
Goods. What, weenest thou that I am thine?
Everyman. I had weened so.
Goods. Nay, Everyman, I say no;
As for a while I was lent thee,
A season thou hast had me in prosperity.
My condition is man's soul to kill;
If I save one, a thousand I do spill;
Weenest thou that I will follow thee?
Nay, not from this world verily.
Everyman. I had weened otherwise.
Goods. Therefore to thy soul Good is a thief;
For when thou art dead, this is my guise —
Another to deceive in the same wise
As I have done thee, and all to his soul's reprief.
Everyman. O false Good, curséd thou be!
Thou traitor to God, that hast deceived me
And caught me in thy snare.
Goods. Marry, thou brought thyself in care;
Whereof I am right glad.
I must needs laugh, I cannot be sad.
Everyman. Ah, Good, thou hast had long my hearty love;

429. **lesing:** lying. 431. **during:** for a while. 436. **wyte:** blame to. 443. **spill:** destroy. 448. **guise:** custom. 450. **reprief:** reproof, shame. 454. **Marry:** By Mary, a mild oath common in early plays. 454. **care:** trouble.

I gave thee that which should be the Lord's above.
But wilt thou not go with me indeed?
I pray thee truth to say.
Goods. No, so God me speed,
Therefore farewell, and have good day. [*Exit.*
Everyman. O, to whom shall I make my moan
For to go with me in that heavy journey?
First Fellowship said he would with me gone;
His words were very pleasant and gay,
But afterward he left me alone.
Then spake I to my kinsmen all in despair,
And also they gave me words fair,
They lacked no fair speaking,
But all forsook me in the ending.
Then went I to my Goods, that I loved best,
In hope to have comfort, but there had I least;
For my Goods sharply did me tell
That he bringeth many into hell.
Then of myself I was ashamed,
And so I am worthy to be blamed;
Thus may I well myself hate.
Of whom shall I now counsel take?
I think that I shall never speed
Till that I go to my Good Deed.
But alas! she is so weak
That she can neither go nor speak.
Yet will I venture on her now.
My Good Deeds, where be you?

GOOD DEEDS *speaks from the ground.*

Good Deeds. Here I lie cold in the ground.
Thy sins hath me sore bound,
That I cannot stir.
Everyman. O Good Deeds, I stand in fear;
I must you pray of counsel,
For help now should come right well.
Good Deeds. Everyman, I have understanding
That ye be summoned account to make
Before Messias, of Jerusalem King;
And you do by me, that journey with you will I take.
Everyman. Therefore I come to you my moan to make;
I pray you that ye will go with me.

483. **go:** walk. 486. **in:** on. 495. **do by me:** follow my advice.

Good Deeds. I would full fain, but I cannot stand, verily.
Everyman. Why, is there anything on you fall?
Good Deeds. Yea, sir, I may thank you of all;
If ye had perfectly cheered me,
Your book of count now full ready had be.
Look, the books of your works and deeds eke;
Ah, see how they lie under the feet,
To your soul's heaviness.
Everyman. Our Lord Jesus, help me!
For one letter here I can not see.
Good Deeds. There is a blind reckoning in time of distress!
Everyman. Good Deeds, I pray you, help me in this need,
Or else I am for ever damned indeed;
Therefore help me to make my reckoning
Before the redeemer of all thing,
That king is, and was, and ever shall.
Good Deeds. Everyman, I am sorry of your fall,
And fain would I help you, and I were able.
Everyman. Good Deeds, your counsel I pray you give me.
Good Deeds. That shall I do verily;
Though that on my feet I may not go,
I have a sister that shall with you also,
Called Knowledge, which shall with you abide,
To help you to make that dreadful reckoning.

Enter KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge. Everyman, I will go with thee, and be thy guide,
In thy most need to go by thy side.
Everyman. In good condition I am now in every thing,
And am wholly content with this good thing;
Thanked be God my Creator.
Good Deeds. And when he hath brought thee there,
Where thou shalt heal thee of thy smart,
Then go you with your reckoning and your Good Deeds together
For to make you joyful at heart
Before the blesséd Trinity.
Everyman. My Good Deeds, gramercy;
I am well content, certainly,
With your words sweet.
Knowledge. Now go we together lovingly

500. **of all:** for everything. 501. **cheered:** cherished. 503. **eke:** also.

To Confession, that cleansing river.
Everyman. For joy I weep; I would we were there;
But, I pray you, give me cognition
Where dwelleth that holy man, Confession.
Knowledge. In the house of salvation;
We shall find him in that place,
That shall us comfort by God's grace.

Enter CONFESSION.

Lo, this is Confession. Kneel down and ask mercy,
For he is in good conceit with God almighty.
Everyman. O glorious fountain, that all uncleanness doth clarify,
Wash from me the spots of vice unclean,
That on me no sin may be seen.
I come with Knowledge for my redemption,
Redempt with hearty and full contrition;
For I am commanded a pilgrimage to take,
And great accounts before God to make.
Now, I pray you, Shrift, mother of salvation,
Help my good deeds for my piteous exclamation.
Confession. I know your sorrow well, Everyman.
Because with Knowledge ye come to me,
I will you comfort as well as I can,
And a precious jewel I will give thee,
Called penance, voider of adversity;
Therewith shall your body chastised be,
With abstinence, and perseverance in God's service.
Here shall you receive that scourge of me,
[*Gives Everyman a scourge.*
Which is penance strong, that ye must endure
To remember thy Savior was scourged for thee
With sharp scourges, and suffered it patiently;
So must thou, ere thou 'scape that painful pilgrimage.
Knowledge, keep him in this voyage,
And by that time Good Deeds will be with thee.
But in any wise be seeker of mercy,
For your time draweth fast, and ye will saved be;
Ask God mercy, and He will grant truly;
When with the scourge of penance man doth him bind,
The oil of forgiveness then shall he find. [*Exit.*
Everyman. Thanked be God for his gracious work!

538. **cognition:** information. 544. **conceit:** favor. 552. **Shrift:** absolution.

For now I will my penance begin;
This hath rejoiced and lighted my heart,
Though the knots be painful and hard within.
Knowledge. Everyman, look your penance that ye fulfil,
What pain that ever it to you be,
And Knowledge shall give you counsel at will
How your account ye shall make clearly.

EVERYMAN *kneels.*

Everyman. O eternal God, O heavenly figure,
O way of righteousness, O goodly vision,
Which descended down in a virgin pure
Because he would Everyman redeem,
Which Adam forfeited by his disobedience.
O blesséd Godhead, elect and high divine,
Forgive me my grievous offence;
Here I cry thee mercy in this presence.
O ghostly treasure, O ransomer and redeemer,
Of all the world hope and conductor,
Mirror of joy, and founder of mercy,
Which illumineth heaven and earth thereby,
Hear my clamorous complaint, though it late be.
Receive my prayers; unworthy in this heavy life
Though I be, a sinner most abominable,
Yet let my name be written in Moses' table.
O Mary, pray to the Maker of all thing,
Me for to help at my ending,
And save me from the power of my enemy,
For Death assaileth me strongly.
And, Lady, that I may by means of thy prayer
Of your Son's glory to be partner,
By the means of his passion I it crave;
I beseech you, help my soul to save. [*He rises.*
Knowledge, give me the scourge of penance.
My flesh therewith shall give a quittance.
I will now begin, if God give me grace.
Knowledge. Everyman, God give you time and space.
Thus I bequeath you in the hands of our Savior,
Now may you make your reckoning sure.
Everyman. In the name of the Holy Trinity,
My body sore punished shall be.
[*Scourges himself.*

589. **ghostly:** spiritual.

Take this, body, for the sin of the flesh;
Also thou delightest to go gay and fresh,
And in the way of damnation thou did me bring;
Therefore suffer now strokes of punishing.
Now of penance I will wade the water clear,
To save me from purgatory, that sharp fire.

GOOD DEEDS *rises.*

Good Deeds. I thank God, now I can walk and go,
And am delivered of my sickness and woe.
Therefore with Everyman I will go, and not spare;
His good works I will help him to declare.
Knowledge. Now, Everyman, be merry and glad;
Your Good Deeds cometh now; ye may not be sad;
Now is your Good Deeds whole and sound,
Going upright upon the ground.
Everyman. My heart is light, and shall be evermore.
Now will I smite faster than I did before.
Good Deeds. Everyman, pilgrim, my special friend,
Blesséd be thou without end;
For thee is prepared the eternal glory.
Ye have me made whole and sound,
Therefore I will bide by thee in every stound.
Everyman. Welcome, my Good Deeds; now I hear thy voice,
I weep for very sweetness of love.
Knowledge. Be no more sad, but ever rejoice;
God seeth thy living in his throne above.
Put on this garment to thy behoof,
Which is wet with your tears,
Or else before God you may it miss,
When you to your journey's end come shall.
Everyman. Gentle Knowledge, what do ye it call?
Knowledge. It is the garment of sorrow;
From pain it will you borrow;
Contrition it is
That getteth forgiveness;
It pleaseth God passing well.
Good Deeds. Everyman, will you wear it for your heal?
Everyman. Now blesséd be Jesu, Mary's Son!
[*Puts on garment of contrition.*
For now have I on true contrition.
And let us go now without tarrying;

633. **stound:** at all times. 638. **behoof:** benefit. 644. **borrow:** redeem.

Good Deeds, have we clear our reckoning?
Good Deeds. Yea, indeed I have it here.
Everyman. Then I trust we need not fear.
Now, friends, let us not part in twain.
Knowledge. Nay, Everyman, that will we not, certain.
Good Deeds. Yet must thou lead with thee
Three persons of great might.
Everyman. Who should they be?
Good Deeds. Discretion and Strength they hight,
And thy Beauty may not abide behind.
Knowledge. Also ye must call to mind
Your Five Wits as for your counselors.
Good Deeds. You must have them ready at all hours.
Everyman. How shall I get them hither?
Knowledge. You must call them all together,
And they will hear you incontinent.
Everyman. My friends, come hither and be present;
Discretion, Strength, my Five Wits, and Beauty.

Enter Discretion, Strength, Five Wits, *and* Beauty.

Beauty. Here at your will we be all ready.
What will ye that we should do?
Good Deeds. That ye would with Everyman go,
And help him in his pilgrimage.
Advise you, will ye with him or not in that voyage?
Strength. We will bring him all thither,
To his help and comfort, ye may believe me.
Discretion. So will we go with him all together.
Everyman. Almighty God, lovéd may thou be,
I give thee laud that I have hither brought
Strength, Discretion, Beauty, and Five Wits; lack I naught;
And my Good Deeds, with Knowledge clear,
All be in company at my will here.
I desire no more to my business.
Strength. And I, Strength, will by you stand in distress,
Though thou would in battle fight on the ground.
Five Wits. And though it were through the world round,
We will not depart for sweet nor sour.
Beauty. No more will I, unto death's hour,
Whatsoever thereof befall.

660. **hight:** are called. 663. **Five Wits:** five senses. 667. **incontinent:** at once.

Discretion. Everyman, advise you first of all;
Go with a good advisement and deliberation.
We all give you a virtuous monition
That all shall be well.
Everyman. My friends, hearken what I will tell:
I pray God reward you in his heavenly sphere.
Now hearken, all that be here,
For I will make my testament
Here before you all present.
In alms half my good I will give with my hands twain
In the way of charity, with good intent,
And the other half still shall remain
In bequest to be returned there it ought to be.
This I do in despite of the fiend of hell,
To go quite out of his peril
Ever after and this day.
Knowledge. Everyman, hearken what I say;
Go to Priesthood, I you advise,
And receive of him in any wise
The holy sacrament and ointment together;
Then shortly see ye turn again hither;
We will all abide you here.
Five Wits. Yea, Everyman, hie you that ye ready were.
There is no emperor, king, duke, nor baron,
That of God hath commission
As hath the least priest in the world being;
For of the blesséd sacraments pure and benign
He beareth the keys, and thereof hath the cure
For man's redemption, it is ever sure;
Which God for our soul's medicine
Gave us out of his heart with great pain;
Here in this transitory life, for thee and me
The blesséd sacraments seven there be,
Baptism, confirmation, with priesthood good,
And the sacrament of God's precious flesh and blood,
Marriage, the holy extreme unction, and penance.
These seven be good to have in remembrance,
Gracious sacraments of high divinity.
Everyman. Fain would I receive that holy body
And meekly to my ghostly father I will go.
Five Wits. Everyman, that is the best that ye can do.
God will you to salvation bring,
For priesthood exceedeth all other thing;

715. **being:** living.

To us Holy Scripture they do teach,
And converteth man from sin heaven to reach;
God hath to them more power given,
Than to any angel that is in heaven.
With five words he may consecrate
God's body in flesh and blood to make,
And handleth his Maker between his hands.
The priest bindeth and unbindeth all bands,
Both in earth and in heaven;
Thou ministers all the sacraments seven;
Though we kist thy feet, thou wert worthy;
Thou art the surgeon that cureth sin deadly:
No remedy we find under God
But all only priesthood.
Everyman, God gave priests that dignity,
And setteth them in his stead among us to be;
Thus be they above angels in degree.

[*Everyman goes out to receive the last rites of the church.*

Knowledge. If priests be good it is so surely;
But when Jesus hanged on the cross with great smart,
There he gave out of his blesséd heart
The same sacrament in great torment.
He sold them not to us, that Lord omnipotent.
Therefore Saint Peter the apostle doth say
That Jesus' curse hath all they
Which God their Savior do buy or sell,
Or they for any money do take or tell.
Sinful priests giveth the sinners example bad;
Their children sitteth by other men's fires, I have heard;
And some haunteth women's company
With unclean life, as lusts of lechery.
These be with sin made blind.

Five Wits. I trust to God no such may we find.
Therefore let us priesthood honor,
And follow their doctrine for our souls' succor.
We be their sheep, and they shepherds be
By whom we all be kept in surety.
Peace, for yonder I see Everyman come,
Which hath made true satisfaction.

Good Deeds. Methinketh it is he indeed.

758. **tell:** count.

Re-enter EVERYMAN.

Everyman. Now Jesu be your alder speed.
I have received the sacrament for my redemption,
And then mine extreme unction.
Blesséd be all they that counseled me to take it!
And now, friends, let us go without longer respite.
I thank God that ye have tarried so long.
Now set each of you on this rod your hand,
And shortly follow me.
I go before, there I would be. God be our guide.
Strength. Everyman, we will not from you go,
Till ye have gone this voyage long.
Discretion. I, Discretion, will bide by you also.
Knowledge. And though this pilgrimage be never so strong,
I will never part you fro.
Everyman, I will be as sure by thee
As ever I did by Judas Maccabee.
[*They approach the grave.*
Everyman. Alas, I am so faint I may not stand,
My limbs under me do fold.
Friends, let us not turn again to this land,
Not for all the world's gold;
For into this cave must I creep
And turn to earth and there to sleep.
Beauty. What, into this grave? Alas!
Everyman. Yea, there shall you consume, more and less.
Beauty. And what, should I smother here?
Everyman. Yea, by my faith, and never more appear.
In this world live no more we shall,
But in heaven before the highest Lord of all.
Beauty. I cross out all this; adieu by Saint John;
I take my cap in my lap and am gone.
Everyman. What, Beauty, whither will ye?
Beauty. Peace, I am deaf. I look not behind me,
Not and thou would give me all the gold in thy chest. [*Exit.*
Everyman. Alas, whereto may I trust?
Beauty goeth fast away from me;
She promised with me to live and die.
Strength. Everyman, I will thee also forsake and deny.

772. **alder speed:** the help of you all. 778. **rod:** cross. 784. **strong:** hard. 785. **fro:** from. 801. **cap:** Some editions have *tap*, a bunch of tow for spinning.

Thy game liketh me not at all.
Everyman. Why, then ye will forsake me all!
Sweet Strength, tarry a little space.
Strength. Nay, sir, by the rood of grace,
I will hie me from thee fast,
Though thou weep till thy heart to-brast.
Everyman. Ye would ever bide by me, ye said.
Strength. Yea, I have you far enough conveyed;
Ye be old enough, I understand,
Your pilgrimage to take on hand.
I repent me that I hither came.
Everyman. Strength, you to displease I am to blame;
Will you break promise that is debt?
Strength. In faith, I care not;
Thou art but a fool to complain.
You spend your speech and waste your brain;
Go thrust thee into the ground. [*Exit.*
Everyman. I had weened surer I should you have found.
He that trusteth in his Strength
She him deceiveth at the length.
Both Strength and Beauty forsaketh me,
Yet they promised me fair and lovingly.
Discretion. Everyman, I will after Strength be gone;
As for me I will leave you alone.
Everyman. Why, Discretion, will ye forsake me?
Discretion. Yea, in faith, I will go from thee;
For when Strength goeth before
I follow after evermore.
Everyman. Yet, I pray thee, for the love of the Trinity,
Look in my grave once piteously.
Discretion. Nay, so nigh will I not come.
Farewell, every one! [*Exit.*
Everyman. O all thing faileth, save God alone;
Beauty, Strength, and Discretion;
For when Death bloweth his blast
They all run from me full fast.
Five Wits. Everyman, my leave now of thee I take;
I will follow the other, for here I thee forsake.
Everyman. Alas! then may I wail and weep,
For I took you for my best friend.
Five Wits. I will no longer thee keep;
Now farewell, and there an end. [*Exit.*
Everyman. O Jesu, help, all hath forsaken me!

814. **to-brast:** burst.

Good Deeds. Nay, Everyman, I will bide with thee,
I will not forsake thee indeed;
Thou shalt find me a good friend at need.
Everyman. Gramercy, Good Deeds; now may I true friends see;
They have forsaken me every one;
I loved them better than my Good Deeds alone.
Knowledge, will ye forsake me also?
Knowledge. Yea, Everyman, when ye to death do go;
But not yet for no manner of danger.
Everyman. Gramercy, Knowledge, with all my heart.
Knowledge. Nay, yet I will not from hence depart
Till I see where ye shall be come.
Everyman. Methinketh, alas, that I must be gone
To make my reckoning and my debts pay,
For I see my time is nigh spent away.
Take example, all ye that this do hear or see,
How they that I loved best do forsake me,
Except my Good Deeds that bideth truly.
Good Deeds. All earthly things is but vanity.
Beauty, Strength, and Discretion do man forsake,
Foolish friends and kinsmen, that fair spake,
All fleeth save Good Deeds, and that am I.
Everyman. Have mercy on me, God most mighty;
And stand by me, thou Mother and Maid, holy Mary!
Good Deeds. Fear not, I will speak for thee.
Everyman. Here I cry God mercy.
Good Deeds. Short our end, and minish our pain.
Let us go and never come again.
Everyman. Into thy hands, Lord, my soul I commend.
Receive it, Lord, that it be not lost.
As thou me boughtest, so me defend,
And save me from the fiend's boast,
That I may appear with that blesséd host
That shall be saved at the day of doom.
In manus tuas — of might's most
For ever — *commendo spiritum meum.*

[*Everyman and Good Deeds descend into the grave.*

Knowledge. Now hath he suffered that we all shall endure;
The Good Deeds shall make all sure.
Now hath he made ending.

886. ***In manus, etc.:*** "Into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Methinketh that I hear angels sing
And make great joy and melody
Where Everyman's soul received shall be.
Angel (*within*). Come, excellent elect spouse to Jesu.
Here above thou shalt go
Because of thy singular virtue.
Now the soul is taken the body fro,
Thy reckoning is crystal-clear.
Now shalt thou into the heavenly sphere,
Unto the which all ye shall come
That liveth well before the day of doom. [*Exit Knowledge.*

Enter DOCTOR *as Epilogue.*

Doctor. This moral men may have in mind;
Ye hearers, take it of worth, old and young,
And forsake pride, for he deceiveth you in the end,
And remember Beauty, Five Wits, Strength, and Discretion,
They all at the last do Everyman forsake,
Save his Good Deeds there doth he take.
But beware, and they be small
Before God he hath no help at all.
None excuse may be there for Everyman.
Alas, how shall he do then?
For after death amends may no man make,
For then mercy and pity do him forsake.
If his reckoning be not clear when he do come,
God will say — *ite maledicti in ignem æternum.*
And he that hath his account whole and sound,
High in heaven he shall be crowned.
Unto which place God bring us all thither,
That we may live body and soul together.
Thereto help the Trinity,
Amen, say ye, for Saint Charity.

THUS ENDETH THIS MORAL PLAY OF EVERYMAN.

NOTE

Everyman is not only the finest of the Moralities, it is the best of all the old religious plays, in English and every other language in which such plays were written. Although written toward the close of the

915. ***ite maledicti,*** etc.: "Go, ye accurséd, into everlasting fire."

fifteenth century, on the threshold of the Renaissance, its spirit is thoroughly medieval. In spite of its tremendous vogue, nothing definite is known of its origin except that it closely parallels the Dutch play *Elckerlijk*. As this play was printed before *Everyman* it is held by some critics that the English version is a translation or paraphrase. However, it is more likely that both plays had a common origin, for this type of Morality was exceedingly popular wherever plays were given. It is not known when or where *Everyman* was first produced in England, nor when it was first printed. That it early found favor with English readers is shown by the fact that copies of four editions printed between 1500 and 1537 are extant.

More important than this external fact is the play itself. The title indicates the universality of its theme, but in spite of its allegorical presentation of the whole of humanity under the one name, it is worth noticing how different the name *Everyman* is from that of *Mankind,* the title of another English Morality of slightly earlier date. *Everyman,* while suggesting "every man," nevertheless particularizes, while *Mankind* remains vaguely general. It is this particularization that enabled the unknown author of *Everyman* to give life to his chief character, and, indeed, to his other characters as well because they typify the most important phases of human nature. That they were conceived from the point of view of the medieval church does not affect their essential humanity. Only one other English writer has succeeded equally well in the same field, John Bunyan in *Pilgrim's Progress.*

It is customary to call *Everyman* a masterpiece of early tragedy, and such it is, the tragedy of human life — but with an unusual variation from the ordinary conception of the term "tragedy." The priest who wrote this play was aiming beyond the purpose of mere entertainment with incidental moralizing, a phase of the religious drama common enough when *Everyman* was written and produced. One wonders whether he may not have had a holy zeal to counteract the entertainment feature of the plays given in his day. He did not allow a single bit of humor to creep into the play, although the present writer recalls that when he formed a part of a college audience before which *Everyman* was played a quarter of a century ago, a distinct ripple of laughter followed Cousin's line (356) "I have the cramp in my toe," the toe being for some reason considered a "funny" member of the human anatomy. The theme of *Everyman* is not that the wages of sin is death. The priest author of this stark tragedy goes beyond that; he outlines a scheme of salvation as it was taught by the medieval Church. The sin of man has brought death into the world, but through repentance and good deeds death is but the beginning of a life of eternal glory.

The gripping power of this play is evident to all who read it, and more so to those who have been fortunate enough to see it played, for curiously enough *Everyman* has a modern stage history. About the turn of the present century Mr. Ben Greet, an Englishman enthusiastic over the dramatic possibilities of *Everyman,* produced it in England and later brought it to America, with Miss Edith Wynne Matthison in the title rôle. For several years the play was given throughout the length and breadth of this country. Eventually Mrs. Constance Crawley took the part of Everyman and large audiences were still the rule. To the jazz-ridden playgoer of today this may seem to be antediluvian stage history, but in

1927 *Everyman* was still part of the repertory of the Thomas Wood Stevens Players of the Goodman Theater in Chicago, and Mr. Stevens has had no hesitation in giving it when he and his company perform elsewhere. Incidentally, he uses a male actor in the part of Everyman.

The hold *Everyman* has on audiences today, as in the old days, is due to its universal theme, the simplicity of the story, and the straightforward English in which it is written. It is easy to forget the allegorical scheme, especially so when seeing it played. Everyman ceases to be an idea and becomes a human being the moment he enters, whether he is conceived only in the imagination of the reader or whether he is impersonated by an actor on a real stage.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE FRIAR

CHARACTERS

Robin Hood.	Robin Hood's Men.
Litte John.	Friar Tuck's Men.
Friar Tuck.	Friar Tuck's Three Dogs.
Maid Marian.	

Scene: *Somewhere in Sherwood Forest.*

Enter Robin Hood.

Robin Hood. Now stand ye forth, my merry men all,
And hark what I shall say;
Of an adventure I shall you tell,
The which befell this other day.
As I went by the highway,
With a stout friar I met,
And a quarter-staff in his hand,
Lightly to me he leapt,
And still he bade me stand.
There were strokes two or three,
But I cannot tell who had the worse,
But well I wot the whoreson leaped upon me,
And from me he took my purse.
Is there any of my merry men all
That to that friar will go,
And bring him to me forthwithal,
Whether he will or no?

Enter Little John.

Little John. Yea, master, I to God avow,
To that friar will I go,
And bring him to you
Whether he will or no.

[*Exeunt Robin Hood and Little John.*

Enter Friar Tuck, *with three dogs.*

Friar Tuck. Deus hic! Deus hic! God be here!
Is not this a holy word for a friar?

God save all this company!
But am not I a jolly friar?
For I can shoot both far and near,
And handle the sword and buckler,
And this quarter-staff also.
If I meet with a gentleman or yeoman,
I am not afraid to look him upon,
Nor boldly with him to speak;
If he speak any words to me,
He shall have stripes two or three
That shall make his body smart.
But, masters, to show you the matter
Wherefore and why I am come hither,
In faith, I will not spare.
I am come to seek a good yeoman,
In Bernisdale men say is his habitation,
His name is Robin Hood.
And if that he be better man than I,
His servant will I be and serve him truly;
But if that I be better man than he,
By my truth, my knave shall he be,
And lead these dogs all three.

ROBIN HOOD *enters and seizes him by the throat.*

Robin Hood. Yield thee, friar, in thy long coat!

Friar Tuck. I beshrew thy heart, knave; thou hurtest my throat!

Robin Hood. I trow, friar, thou beginnest to dote!
Who made thee so malapert and so bold
To come into this forest here
Among my fallow-deer?

Friar Tuck. Go louse thee, ragged knave!
If thou make many words, I will give thee on the ear,
Though I be but a poor friar.
To seek Robin Hood I am come here,
And to him my heart to unfold.

Robin Hood. Thou lousy friar, what wouldest thou with him?
He never loved friar, nor none of friar's kin.

Friar Tuck. Avaunt, ye ragged knave,
Or ye shall have it on the skin!

Robin Hood. Of all the men in the morning thou art the worst!

52. **louse:** delouse, spoken with intent to insult.

To meet with thee I have no lust.
For he that meeteth a friar or a fox in the morning,
To speed ill that day he standeth in jeopardy.
Therefore I had liefer meet with the devil of hell —
Friar, I tell thee as I think —
Than meet with a friar or a fox
In a morning ere I drink.
Friar Tuck. Avaunt, thou ragged knave! This is but a mock;
If thou make many words, thou shalt have a knock.
Robin Hood. Hark, friar, what I say here:
Over this water thou shalt me bear,
The bridge is borne away.
Friar Tuck. To say nay I will not;
To let thee of thine oath were great pity and sin;
But up upon a friar's back, and have even in!
Robin Hood. Nay, have over! [*Gets upon the friar's back.*
Friar Tuck. Now am I, friar, within, and thou, Robin, without.
To lay thee here I have no great doubt.
[*Throws Robin into the stream.*
Now am I, friar, without, and thou, Robin, within.
Lie there, knave! Choose whether thou wilt sink or swim.
Robin Hood. Why, thou lousy friar, what hast thou done!
Friar Tuck. Marry, set a knave over the shoes.
Robin Hood. And for that thou shalt suffer.
[*Runs at the friar.*
Friar Tuck. Why, wilt thou fight a bout?
Robin Hood. If God send me good luck!
Friar Tuck. Then have a stroke for Friar Tuck!
[*They fight.*
Robin Hood. Hold thy hand, friar, and hear me speak.
Friar Tuck. Say on, ragged knave,
Me seemeth ye begin to sweat.
Robin Hood. In this forest I have a hound,
I will not give him for a hundred pound.
Give me leave my horn to blow,
That my hound may know.
Friar Tuck. Blow on, ragged knave, without any doubt,
Until both thine eyes start out.
[*Robin blows; his men enter.*
Here be a sort of ragged knaves come in,
Clothed all in Kendal green,

97. **sort:** company.

And to thee they take their way now.
Robin Hood. Peradventure they do so.
Friar Tuck. I gave thee leave to blow at will,
Now give me leave to whistle my fill.
Robin Hood. Whistle, friar, evil may thou fare,
Until both thine eyes stare. [*The friar whistles; his men enter.*
Friar Tuck. Now, Cut and Bause,
Bring forth the clubs and staves,
And down with those ragged knaves!
[*They fight to a draw; Robin gives sign to stop.*
Robin Hood. How sayest thou, friar, wilt thou be my man,
To do me the best service thou can?
Thou shalt have both gold and fee;
And also here is a lady free;
[*Presents Maid Marian.*
I will give her unto thee,
And her chaplain I thee make
To serve her for my sake.
[*Friar Tuck embraces Maid Marian.*
Friar Tuck. Here is an huckle-duckle
An inch above the buckle!
[*Speaks to his men.*
Go home, ye knaves, and lay crabs in the fire,
For my lady and I will dance in the mire
For very pure joy!

Exeunt.

NOTE

Those familiar with the Robin Hood stories will at once recognize *Robin Hood and the Friar* as the dramatization of an old English ballad. These folk-plays hark back to a time long before the Miracle plays, when the people had to devise their own amusements, the most universal forms being such as involved singing and dancing. The folk-plays grew out of seasonal festivities, more especially the May games, the central feature of which was the Maypole dance. Just when or how the French stories of Robin and Marion became identified with English legends into those of Robin Hood and Maid Marian is not known, but it is obvious that the plays are taken almost literally from the ballads. With those as a basis, both the action and the dialogue were more or less improvised, never written down but handed on by word of mouth until a late date, so late that the words seem quite modern. The version here presented dates back no further than the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

It is likely that these folk-plays were originally given on May-day, but eventually the players went from house to house, gave their little play,

116. A few lines omitted. 117. **crab:** i.e., crab-apple.

exacted a drink as part of their pay, and passed the collection plate. Crude as these plays are, they can not be said to lack action. While the language is plain and direct, it was the action that counted, and a reasonably clever performer could improvise much fun as he went through his part.

Folk-plays are only a minor note in the history of the English drama, but they have their importance as representing English manners and customs, like the sword-dance, the morris-dance, and the Mummers' plays. All of them have a bearing on perpetuating English tradition, not unlike the later chronicle plays.

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

(*Oxfordshire*)

CHARACTERS

KING ALFRED.
King Alfred's Queen.
KING WILLIAM.
OLD KING COLE (with a wooden leg).
GIANT BLUNDERBORE.
LITTLE JACK, a boy.
OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.
ST. GEORGE OF ENGLAND.
The Old Dragon.
The Merry ANDREW.
OLD DOCTOR BALL.
Morris-men.

All the mummers come in singing, and walk round the place in a circle, and then stand on one side.

Enter KING ALFRED *and his Queen, arm-in-arm.*

King Alfred. I am King Alfred, and this here is my Bride.
I've a crown on my pate and a sword by my side.
[*Stands apart.*

Enter KING COLE.

King Cole. I am King Cole, and I carry my stump.
Hurrah for King Charles! Down with old Noll's Rump.
[*Stands apart.*

Enter KING WILLIAM.

King William. I am King William of blessed me-mo-ry,
Who came and pulled down the high gallows-tree,
And brought us all peace and pros-pe-ri-ty. [*Stands apart.*

Enter GIANT BLUNDERBORE.

Giant Blunderbore. I am Giant Blunderbore, fee, fi, fum,
Ready to fight ye all — so I says, "Come!"

Enter LITTLE JACK.

And this here is my little man Jack,
A thump on his rump and a whack on his back!
[*Strikes him twice.*

Enter, etc.: As indicated in the stage directions, the characters do not "enter" in the usual sense; they simply step forward or back as their parts demand.
4. **Noll's Rump:** a reference to the Rump Parliament under Cromwell.
8. **Blunderbore:** from the story of "Jack the Giant Killer."

I'll fight King Alfred. I'll fight King Cole,
I'm ready to fight any mortal soul;
So here I, Blunderbore, takes my stand,
With this little devil, Jack, at my right hand,
Ready to fight for mortal life. Fee, fi, fum.
[*The Giant and Jack stand apart.*

Enter St. George.

St. George. I am St. George of Merry Eng-land,
Bring in the morris-men, bring in our band.

Morris-men come forward and dance to a tune from fife and drum. The dance being ended, St. George continues:

St. George. These are our tricks. Ho! men, ho!
These are our sticks, whack men so!
[*Strikes the Dragon, who roars, and comes forward.*

Dragon. Stand on head, stand on feet!
Meat, meat, meat for to eat! [*Tries to bite King Alfred.*
I am the dragon, here are my jaws,
I am the dragon, here are my claws.
Meat, meat, meat for to eat!
Stand on my head, stand on my feet!
[*Turns a somersault and stands aside.*

All sing, several times repeated.

All. Ho! ho! ho!
Whack men so!

[*The drum and fife sound. They all fight, and after general disorder, fall down.*

Old Dr. Ball *comes forward.*

Dr. Ball. I am the Doctor and I cure all ills,
Only gullup my portions and swallow my pills;
I can cure the itch, the stitch, the pox, the palsy, and the gout,
All pains within and all pains without.
Up from the floor, Giant Blunderbore!
[*Gives him a pill, and he rises at once.*
Get up, King; get up, Bride;

Get up, Fool, and stand aside.
[*Gives each a pill, and they rise.*
Get up, King Cole, and tell the gentlefolks all
There never was a doctor like Mr. Doctor Ball.
Get up, St. George, old England's knight, [*Gives him a pill.*
You have wounded the Dragon and finished the fight.
[*All stand aside but the Dragon, who lies in convulsions on the floor.*
Now kill the Dragon and poison old Nick.
At Yuletide, both o' ye, cut your stick!
[*The doctor forces a large pill down the Dragon's throat, who thereupon roars, and dies in convulsions.*

Enter FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Father Christmas. I am Father Christmas! Hold, men, hold! [*Turns to the audience.*
Be there loaf in your locker, and sheep in your fold,
A fire on the hearth, and good luck for your lot,
Money in your pocket, and a pudding in the pot!

He sings.

Hold, men, hold!
Put up your sticks,
End all your tricks;
Hold, men, hold!

[*All sing in chorus while one goes round with a hat for gifts.*

Chorus. Hold, men, hold!
We are very cold,
Inside and outside,
We are very cold.
If you don't give us silver,
Then give us gold.
From the money in your pockets —
[*Some show signs of fighting again.*
Hold, men, hold! (*etc.*)

Song and chorus.

All. God A'mighty bless your hearth and fold,
Shut out the wolf and keep out the cold;

You gev' us silver, keep you the gold,
For 'tis money in your pocket. Hold, men, hold!

Repeat in chorus.

All. God A'mighty bless, &c. [*Exeunt omnes.*

NOTE

The Mummers' plays, of which the *Oxfordshire St. George* is a late example, descended directly from the sword-dance, itself a survival of an ancient ritual dance symbolic of the conflict between winter and summer. The sword-dance was one of the pagan methods of celebrating seasonal festivals, its central feature being the death of one of the main characters and his restoration to life. This idea of someone being killed and then restored to life became the chief motive of the St. George plays. They were given at Christmas because that season was established by the church as a time for giving plays, the custom being for the players to go from house to house to add jollity to the season. Mummers' plays are still performed in many rural sections of England, and there are also modern versions of the sword-dance.

In the St. George plays there are certain set conventions, such as the "presentation," where each character comes forward in turn to introduce himself; the action proper, which consists of dancing, a fight in which most or all of the main characters, including the dragon, are killed, and their revival, not including the dragon, by the Doctor; and last, the passing of the hat for a collection. There are twenty-nine such plays in existence. The selection here given was written down by Dr. Frederick G. Lee, who says, "The text of this play was taken down by myself from the lips of one of the performers in 1853." The play is crude in language and structure, as one would expect in a folk-play, but it is nevertheless interesting because it shows how persistently primitive forms of amusement tend to survive.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER

By Nicholas Udall

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.
MATHEW MERYGREEKE.
GAWIN GOODLUCK, affianced to Dame Custance.
TRISTRAM TRUSTIE, his friend.
DOBINET DOUGHTIE, boy to Roister Doister.
TOM TRUPENIE, servant to Dame Custance.
SYM SURESBY, servant to Goodluck.
SCRIVENER.
HARPAX.
DAME CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, a widow.
MARGERIE MUMBLECRUST, her nurse.
TIBET TALKAPACE, ANNOT ALYFACE } her maidens.
Musicians.

SCENE: *London.*

THE PROLOGUE

What creature is in health, either young or old,
But some mirth with modesty will be glad to use? —
As we in this interlude shall now unfold,
Wherein all scurrility we utterly refuse,
Avoiding such mirth wherein is abuse,
Knowing nothing more commendable for a man's recreation
Than mirth which is used in an honest fashion.

For mirth prolongeth life, and causeth health;
Mirth recreates our spirits and voideth pensiveness;
Mirth increaseth amity, not hindering our wealth;
Mirth is to be used both of more and less,
Being mixed with virtue in decent comeliness,
As we trust no good nature can gainsay the same;
Which mirth we intend to use, avoiding all blame.

The wise poets long time heretofore
Under merry comedies secrets did declare,
Wherein was contained very virtuous lore,

3. **interlude:** the name loosely given to plays intended mainly for entertainment at court or in court circles as distinguished from the earlier Miracle and Morality plays. But see stanzas 3 and 4. 11. **more and less:** persons of higher and lower degree. This phrase is frequently used in early plays.

With mysteries and forewarnings very rare.
Such to write neither Plautus nor Terence did spare,
Which among the learned at this day bears the bell;
These, with such other, therein did excel.

Our comedy, or interlude, which we intend to play
Is named *Roister Doister* indeed,
Which against the vainglorious doth inveigh,
Whose humor the roisting sort continually doth feed.
Thus by your patience we intend to proceed
In this our interlude by God's leave and grace;
And here I take my leave for a certain space.

ACT I

SCENE I.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE *entereth singing.*

M. Mery. As long liveth the merry man, they say,
As doth the sorry man, and longer, by a day.
Yet the grasshopper, for all his summer piping,
Starveth in winter with hungry griping.
Therefore another said saw doth men advise,
That they be together both merry and wise.
This lesson must I practice, or else ere long,
With me, Mathew Merygreeke, it will be wrong.
Indeed, men so call me, for by Him that us bought,
Whatever chance betide, I can take no thought.
Yet wisdom would that I did myself bethink
Where to be provided this day of meat and drink;
For know ye that, for all this merry note of mine,
He might appose me now that should ask where I dine.
My living lieth here and there, of God's grace,
Sometime with this good man, sometime in that place;
Sometime Lewis Loytrer biddeth me come near;
Somewhiles Watkin Waster maketh us good cheer,
Sometime Davy Diceplayer, when he hath well cast,

20. **bears the bell:** take the lead, like the bell-wether. 23. **Roister:** a blustering swaggering braggart.

1. **Merygreeke:** The word *greek* was regularly used for a cheater at cards or a tricky boon companion. Udall wisely adds the prefix *merry* to distinguish Mathew from the parasites found in Plautus and Terence. 5. **saw:** a wise saying tersely expressed. 9. **bought:** saved. 14. **appose:** pose, i.e., make it difficult. 17. **Loytrer:** idler.

Keepeth revel rout as long as it will last;
Sometime Tom Titivile maketh us a feast;
Sometime with Sir Hugh Pye I am a bidden guest;
Sometime at Nicol Neverthrive's I get a sop;
Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blinkinsoppe;
Sometime I hang on Hankyn Hoddydodie's sleeve.
But this day on Ralph Roister Doister's, by his leave.
For, truly, of all men he is my chief banker,
Both for meat and money, and my chief shoot-anchor.
For, sooth Roister Doister in that he doth say,
And, require what ye will, ye shall have no nay.
But now of Roister Doister somewhat to express,
That ye may esteem him after his worthiness,
In these twenty towns, and seek them throughout,
Is not the like stock whereon to graft a lout.
All the day long is he facing and cracking
Of his great acts in fighting and fray-making;
But when Roister Doister is put to his proof,
To keep the Queen's peace is more for his behoof.
If any woman smile, or cast on him an eye,
Up is he to the hard ears in love by and by;
And in all the hot haste must she be his wife,
Else farewell his good days, and farewell his life!
Master Ralph Roister Doister is but dead and gone
Except she on him take some compassion.
Then chief of counsel must be Mathew Merygreeke,
"What if I for marriage to such an one seek?"
Then must I sooth it, whatever it is,
For what he sayeth or doeth cannot be amiss.
Hold up his yea and nay, be his own white son,
Praise and rouse him well, and ye have his heart won;
For so well liketh he his own fond fashions
That he taketh pride of false commendations.
But such sport have I with him as I would not lese,
Though I should be bound to live with bread and cheese.
For exalt him, and have him as ye lust indeed —
Yea, to hold his finger in a hole for a need.

21. **Titivile:** a hanger-on. 22. **Pye:** from *magpie*, hence one who talks much and says little. 24. **Blinkinsoppe:** probably one who eats and drinks himself bleary. 25. **Hoddydodie:** a stolid simpleton or "fathead." 28. **shoot-anchor:** i.e., sheet-anchor, the main anchor of a ship. 29. **sooth:** flatter him by supporting him in what he says and does. 34. **lout:** bumpkin. 35. **facing and cracking:** swaggering and boasting. 40. **hard:** very. 40. **by and by:** at once. 49. **white son:** flattering boon companion. 50. **rouse:** flatter or support. 51. **fond:** foolish or silly. 53 **lese:** lose. 55. **lust:** wish.

I can with a word make him fain or loath,
I can with as much make him pleased or wroth,
I can, when I will, make him merry and glad;
I can, when me lust, make him sorry and sad,
I can set him in hope and eke in despair;
I can make him speak rough, and make him speak fair.
But I marvel I see him not all this same day;
I will seek him out. — But, lo! he cometh this way.
I have yond espied him sadly coming,
And in love, for twenty pound, by his gloming!

Scene II.

Enter Ralph Roister Doister. Mathew Merygreeke *remains.*

R. Roister. Come, death, when thou wilt, I am weary of my life.

M. Mery. I told you, I, we should woo another wife. [*Aside.*

R. Roister. Why did God make me such a goodly person?

M. Mery. He is in by the week. We shall have sport anon.

R. Roister. And where is my trusty friend, Mathew Merygreeke?

M. Mery. I will make as I saw him not. He doth me seek.

R. Roister. I have him espied me thinketh; yond is he.
Ho! Mathew Merygreeke, my friend, a word with thee.

M. Mery. I will not hear him, but make as I had haste.
Farewell all my good friends, the time away doth waste,
And the tide, they say, tarrieth for no man.

R. Roister. Thou must with thy good counsel help me if thou can.

M. Mery. God keep thee, worshipful Master Roister Doister,
And fare well thee, lusty Master Roister Doister.

R. Roister. I must needs speak with thee a word or twain.

M. Mery. Within a month or two I will be here again.
Negligence in great affairs, ye know, may mar all.

R. Roister. Attend upon me now, and well reward thee I shall.

M. Mery. I have take my leave, and the tide is well spent.

57. **fain or loath:** eager or unwilling. 61. **eke:** also. 65. **sadly:** looking serious. 66. **for twenty pound:** "I'll bet a hundred and twenty-five dollars!" 66. **gloming:** gloomy looks.

4. **by the week:** for an indefinite time.

R. Roister. I die except thou help, I pray thee be content.
Do thy part well now, and ask what thou wilt,
For without thy aid my matter is all spilt.
M. Mery. Then to serve your turn I will some pains take,
And let all mine own affairs alone, for your sake.
R. Roister. My whole hope and trust resteth only in thee.
M. Mery. Then can ye not do amiss, whatever it be.
R. Roister. Gramercies, Merygreeke, most bound to thee I am.
M. Mery. But up with that heart, and speak out like a ram!
Ye speak like a capon that had the cough now.
Be of good cheer. Anon ye shall do well enow.
R. Roister. Upon thy comfort, I will all things well handle.
M. Mery. So, lo, that is a breast to blow out a candle!
But what is this great matter, I would fain know?
We shall find remedy therefor, I trow.
Do ye lack money? Ye know mine old offers;
Ye have always a key to my purse and coffers.
R. Roister. I thank thee! Had ever man such a friend?
M. Mery. Ye give unto me; I must needs to you lend.
R. Roister. Nay, I have money plenty all things to discharge.
M. Mery. That knew I right well when I made offer so large. [*Aside.*
R. Roister. But it is no such matter.
M. Mery. What is it then?
Are ye in danger of debt to any man?
If ye be, take no thought nor be not afraid.
Let them hardly take thought how they shall be paid.
R. Roister. Tut! I owe naught.
M. Mery. What then? Fear ye imprisonment?
R. Roister. No.
M. Mery. No, I wist ye offend not so to be shent.
But if ye had, the Tower could not you so hold,
But to break out at all times ye would be bold.
What is it? Hath any man threatened you to beat?
R. Roister. What is he that durst have put me in that heat?
He that beateth me, by His arms, shall well find,

20. **content:** agreeable. 30. **enow:** enough. 44. **hardly:** boldly. 46. **shent:** disgraced. 47. **Tower:** The Tower of London was then still used as a jail. 51. **by His arms:** a mild oath.

That I will not be far from him nor run behind.
M. Mery. That thing know all men ever since ye overthrew
The fellow of the lion which Hercules slew.
But what is it then?
R. Roister. Of love I make my moan.
M. Mery. "Ah, this foolish-a love, wil't ne'er let us alone?"
But because ye were refused the last day,
Ye said ye would ne'er more be entangled that way.
"I would meddle no more, since I find all so unkind."
R. Roister. Yea, but I cannot so put love out of my mind.
M. Mery. But is your love, tell me first, in any wise,
In the way of marriage, or of merchandise?
If it may otherwise than lawful be found,
Ye get none of my help for a hundred pound.
R. Roister. No, by my troth, I would have her to my wife.
M. Mery. Then are ye a good man, and God save your life!
And what or who is she, with whom ye are in love?
R. Roister. A woman whom I know not by what means to move.
M. Mery. Who is it?
R. Roister. A woman, yond.
M. Mery. What is her name?
R. Roister. Her, yonder.
M. Mery. Whom?
R. Roister. Mistress — ah —
M. Mery. Fie, fie, for shame!
Love ye, and know not whom, — but "her yond," "a woman"?
We shall then get you a wife, I cannot tell when.
R. Roister. The fair woman that supped with us yesternight;
And I heard her name twice or thrice, and had it right.
M. Mery. Yea, ye may see ye ne'er take me to good cheer with you;
If ye had, I could have told you her name now.
R. Roister. I was to blame indeed, but the next time, perchance —
And she dwelleth in this house.
M. Mery. What! Christian Custance?
R. Roister. Except I have her to my wife, I shall run mad.
M. Mery. Nay, "unwise" perhaps, but I warrant you for "mad."

57. **last day:** yesterday. 80. **for:** against, i.e., he guarantees that Ralph is not mad.

R. Roister. I am utterly dead unless I have my desire.
M. Mery. Where be the bellows that blew this sudden fire?
R. Roister. I hear she is worth a thousand pound and more.
M. Mery. Yea, but learn this one lesson of me afore —
An hundred pound of marriage-money, doubtless,
Is ever thirty pound sterling, or somewhat less;
So that her thousand pound, if she be thrifty,
Is much near about two hundred and fifty.
Howbeit, wooers and widows are never poor.
R. Roister. Is she a widow? I love her better therefor.
M. Mery. But I hear she hath made promise to another.
R. Roister. He shall go without her, and he were my brother!
M. Mery. I have heard say, I am right well advised,
That she hath to Gawin Goodluck promised.
R. Roister. What is that Gawin Goodluck?
M. Mery. A merchant-man.
R. Roister. Shall he speed afore me? Nay, sir, by sweet Saint Anne!
Ah, sir, "'Backare,' quod Mortimer to his sow,"
I will have her mine own self, I make God avow.
For I tell thee, she is worth a thousand pound.
M. Mery. Yet a fitter wife for your maship might be found.
Such a goodly man as you might get one with land,
Besides pounds of gold a thousand and a thousand,
And a thousand, and a thousand, and a thousand,
And so to the sum of twenty hundred thousand.
Your most goodly personage is worthy of no less.
R. Roister. I am sorry God made me so comely, doubtless,
For that maketh me eachwhere so highly favored,
And all women on me so enamored.
M. Mery. "Enamored," quod you? — have ye spied out that?
Ah, sir, marry, now I see you know what is what.
"Enamored." ka? Marry, sir, say that again,
But I thought not ye had marked it so plain.
R. Roister. Yes, eachwhere they gaze all upon me and stare.
M. Mery. Yea, Malkyn, I warrant you, as much as they dare.

92. **and:** even if. 97. **Backare:** stand back! 97. **quod:** quoth. 100. **maship:** mastership. 106. Much in the following 30 lines is modeled on Plautus' *Miles Gloriosus*. 110. **marry:** by Mary, a common mild oath. 111. **ka:** quoth he. 114. **Malkyn:** an oath.

And ye will not believe what they say in the street,
When your mashíp passeth by, all such as I meet,
That sometimes I can scarce find what answer to make.
"Who is this," saith one, "Sir Launcelot du Lake?"
"Who is this — great Guy of Warwick?" saith another.
"No," say I, "it is the thirteenth Hercules' brother."
"Who is this — noble Hector of Troy?" saith the third.
"No, but of the same nest," say I, "it is a bird."
"Who is this — great Goliah, Sampson, or Colbrand?"
"No," say I, "but it is a brute of the Alie Land."
"Who is this — great Alexander, or Charle le Maigne?"
"No, it is the tenth Worthy," say I to them again.
I know not if I said well.

R. Roister. Yes, for so I am.

M. Mery. Yea, for there were but nine Worthies before ye came.

To some others, the third Cato I do you call.
And so, as well as I can, I answer them all.
"Sir, I pray you, what lord or great gentleman is this?"
"Master Ralph Roister Doister, dame," say I, "ywis."
"O Lord," saith she then, "what a goodly man it is.
Would Christ I had such a husband as he is!"
"O Lord," say some, "that the sight of his face we lack!"
"It is enough for you," say I, "to see his back.
His face is for ladies of high and noble peerages,
With whom he hardly 'scapeth great marriages";
With much more than this, and much otherwise.

R. Roister. I can thee thank that thou canst such answers devise;
But I perceive thou dost me throughly know.

M. Mery. I mark your manners for mine own learning, I trow;
But such is your beauty, and such are your acts,
Such is your personage, and such are your facts,
That all women, fair and foul, more and less,
They eye you, they lub you, they talk of you doubtless.
Your pleasant look maketh them all merry;
Ye pass not by, but they laugh till they be weary;
Yea, and money could I have, the truth to tell,
Of many, to bring you that way where they dwell.

R. Roister. Merygreeke, for this thy reporting well of me —

M. Mery. What should I else, sir? It is my duty, pardee.

124. **Alie Land:** perhaps Holy Land. 132. **ywis:** indeed. 140. **can: give.** 141. **throughly:** thoroughly. 144. **facts:** deeds. 146. **lub:** love.

R. Roister. I promise thou shalt not lack, while I have a groat.
M. Mery. Faith, sir, and I ne'er had more need of a new coat.
R. Roister. Thou shalt have one tomorrow, and gold for to spend.
M. Mery. Then I trust to bring the day to a good end;
For, as for mine own part, having money enow,
I could live only with the remembrance of you.
But now to your widow whom you love so hot.
R. Roister. By Cock, thou sayest truth! I had almost forgot.
M. Mery. What if Christian Custance will not have you, what?
R. Roister. Have me? Yes, I warrant you, never doubt of that;
I know she loveth me, but she dare not speak.
M. Mery. Indeed, meet it were some body should it break.
R. Roister. She looked on me twenty times yesternight,
And laughed so —
M. Mery. That she could not sit upright.
R. Roister. No, faith, could she not.
M. Mery. No, even such a thing I cast.
R. Roister. But for wooing, thou knowest, women are shamefast.
But, and she knew my mind, I know she would be glad,
And think it the best chance that ever she had.
M. Mery. To her, then, like a man, and be bold forth to start!
Wooers never speed well that have a false heart.
R. Roister. What may I best do?
M. Mery. Sir, remain ye awhile here.
Ere long one or other of her house will appear.
Ye know my mind.
R. Roister. Yea, now, hardly, let me alone!
M. Mery. In the meantime, sir, if you please, I will home
And call your musicians, for, in this your case,
It would set you forth, and all your wooing grace;
Ye may not lack your instruments to play and sing.
R. Roister. Thou knowest I can do that.
M. Mery. As well as anything.
Shall I go call your folks, that ye may show a cast?

158. **only:** entirely. 164. **break:** i.e., break the news. 167. **cast:** forecast. 181. **cast:** sample.

R. Roister. Yea, run, I beseech thee, in all possible haste.
M. Mery. I go. [*Exit.*
R. Roister. Yea, for I love singing out of measure;
It comforteth my spirits, and doth me great pleasure.
But who cometh forth yond from my sweetheart Custance?
My matter frameth well; this is a lucky chance.

Scene III.

Enter Madge Mumblecrust, *spinning on the distaff, and* Tibet Talkapace, *sewing.* R. Roister *remains.*

M. Mumble. If this distaff were spun, Margerie Mumblecrust —
Tib. Talk. Where good stale ale is, will drink no water, I trust.
M. Mumble. Dame Custance hath promised us good ale and white bread.
Tib. Talk. If she keep not promise I will beshrew her head;
But it will be stark night before I shall have done.
R. Roister. I will stand here awhile, and talk with them anon.
I hear them speak of Custance, which doth my heart good;
To hear her name spoken doth even comfort my blood.
M. Mumble. Sit down to your work, Tibet, like a good girl.
Tib. Talk. Nurse, meddle you with your spindle and your whirl!
No haste but, good Madge Mumblecrust, for "whip and whir,"
The old proverb doth say, "never made good fur."
M. Mumble. Well, ye will sit down to your work anon, I trust.
Tib. Talk. "Soft fire maketh sweet malt," good Madge Mumblecrust.
M. Mumble. And sweet malt maketh jolly good ale for the nones.
Tib. Talk. Which will slide down the lane without any bones. [*Sings.*
"Old brown bread crusts must have much good mumbling,
But good ale down your throat hath good easy tumbling."
R. Roister. The jolliest wench that ere I heard, little mouse!
May I not rejoice that she shall dwell in my house!
Tib. Talk. So, sirrah, now this gear beginneth for to frame.

Stage direction, **Mumblecrust:** Margerie is old and toothless. 21. **sirrah:** used for both men and women.

M. Mumble. Thanks to God, though your work stand still, your tongue is not lame.

Tib. Talk. And though your teeth be gone, both so sharp and so fine,
Yet your tongue can run on pattens as well as mine.

M. Mumble. Ye were not for naught named Tib Talkapace.

Tib. Talk. Doth my talk grieve you? Alack, God save your grace!

M. Mumble. I hold a groat ye will drink anon for this gear.

Tib. Talk. And I will pray you the stripes for me to bear.

M. Mumble. I hold a penny ye will drink without a cup.

Tib. Talk. Whereinsoe'er ye drink, I wot ye drink all up.

Enter Annot Alyface, *knitting.*

An. Alyface. By Cock, and well sewed, my good Tibet Talkapace!

Tib. Talk. And e'en as well knit, my nown Annot Alyface.

R. Roister. See what a sort she keepeth that must be my wife!
Shall not I, when I have her, lead a merry life?

Tib. Talk. Welcome, my good wench, and sit here by me just.

An. Alyface. And how doth our old beldame here, Madge Mumblecrust?

Tib. Talk. Chide, and find faults, and threaten to complain.

An. Alyface. To make us poor girls shent, to her is small gain.

M. Mumble. I did neither chide, nor complain, nor threaten.

R. Roister. It would grieve my heart to see one of them beaten.

M. Mumble. I did nothing but bid her work and hold her peace.

Tib. Talk. So would I, if you could your clattering cease:
But the devil cannot make old trot hold her tongue.

An. Alyface. Let all these matters pass, and we three sing a song,
So shall we pleasantly both the time beguile now,

24. **pattens:** i.e., make a clatter like that of wooden shoes. 27. **hold:** bet. 27. **drink:** pay for. 31. **By Cock:** a common oath softened from By God. 31. **sewed:** served, but used here in a punning sense. See *knit*, next line. 32. **my nown:** mine own. 33. **sort:** retinue. 36. **beldame:** an ugly old woman. 43. **trot:** hag.

And eke dispatch all our works ere we can tell how.
Tib. Talk. I shrew them that say nay, and that shall not be I.
M. Mumble. And I am well content.
Tib. Talk. Sing on then, by and by.
R. Roister. And I will not away, but listen to their song,
Yet Merygreeke and my folks tarry very long.
[*Tib., An., and Margerie do sing here.*

Pipe, merry Annot! etc.
Trilla, trilla; trillarie.
Work, Tibet! work, Annot! work, Margerie!
Sew, Tibet! knit, Annot! spin, Margerie!
Let us see who shall win the victory.

Tib. Talk. This sleeve is not willing to be sewed, I trow.
A small thing might make me all in the ground to throw.
[*Then they sing again.*

Pipe, merry Annot! etc.
Trilla, trilla, trillarie.
What, Tibet! what, Annot! what, Margerie!
Ye sleep, but we do not, that shall we try.
Your fingers be numbed, our work will not lie.

Tib. Talk. If ye do so again, well, I would advise you nay.
In good sooth, one stop more, and I make holiday.
[*They sing the third time.*

Pipe, merry Annot! etc.
Trilla, trilla, trillarie.
Now, Tibet! now, Annot! now, Margerie!
Now whippet apace for the maistry,
But it will not be, our mouth is so dry.

Tib. Talk. Ah, each finger is a thumb today, methink;
I care not to let all alone, choose it swim or sink.
[*They sing the fourth time.*

Pipe, merry Annot! etc.
Trilla, trilla, trillarie.
When, Tibet? when, Annot? when, Margerie?

47. **shrew:** curse. 51. **etc.:** This means that the first two words are to be repeated with the name of each of the women. 57. **in:** on. 68. **whippet . . . maistry:** hurry as fast as you can.

I will not, I cannot, no more can I.
Then give we all over, and there let it lie.
[*Let Tibet cast down her work.*

Tib. Talk. There it lieth; the worst is but a curried coat — Tut, I am used thereto; I care not a groat!

An. Alyface. Have we done singing since? Then will I in again.

Here I found you, and here I leave both twain. [*Exit.*

M. Mumble. And I will not be long after — Tib Talkapace!

Tib. Talk. What is the matter?

M. Mumble. Yond stood a man all this space,
And hath heard all that ever we spake together.

Tib. Talk. Marry, the more lout he for his coming hither,
And the less good he can to listen maidens talk.
I care not and I go bid him hence for to walk;
It were well done to know what he maketh hereaway.

R. Roister. Now might I speak to them, if I wist what to say.

M. Mumble. Nay, we will go both off, and see what he is.

R. Roister. One that hath heard all your talk and singing, ywis.

Tib. Talk. The more to blame you! A good thrifty husband
Would elsewhere have had some better matters in hand.

R. Roister. I did it for no harm, but for good love I bear
To your dame, mistress Custance, I did your talk hear.
And, mistress nurse, I will kiss you for acquaintance.

M. Mumble. I come anon, sir.

Tib. Talk. Faith, I would our dame Custance
Saw this gear.

M. Mumble. I must first wipe all clean, yea, I must.

Tib. Talk. Ill chieve it, doting fool, but it must be cust.

M. Mumble. God yield you, sir; chad not so much, ichotte not when —
Ne'er since chwas bore, — chwine — of such a gay gentleman.

R. Roister. I will kiss you too, maiden, for the good will I bear you.

Tib. Talk. No, forsooth, by your leave, ye shall not kiss me.

77. **curried coat:** a beating. 79. **since:** already. 85. **can:** knows. 86. **and:** if. 91. **husband:** thrifty manager. 96. **anon:** right away. 98. **chieve:** succeed, here equivalent to "Bad luck to her." 98. **cust:** kissed. 99. **chad, ichotte:** i.e., ich (I) had, ich wot (I know). Words of this kind indicated rustic dialect. 100. **chwas, chwine:** I was, I ween (know).

R. Roister. Yes, be not afeard, I do not disdain you a whit.
Tib. Talk. Why should I fear you? I have not so little wit —
Ye are but a man, I know very well.
R. Roister. Why then?
Tib. Talk. Forsooth, for I will not! I use not to kiss men.
R. Roister. I would fain kiss you too, good maiden, if I might.
Tib. Talk. What should that need?
R. Roister. But to honor you, by this light.
I use to kiss all them that I love, to God I vow.
Tib. Talk. Yea, sir, I pray you, when did ye last kiss your cow?
R. Roister. Ye might be proud to kiss me, if ye were wise.
Tib. Talk. What promotion were therein?
R. Roister. Nurse is not so nice.
Tib. Talk. Well, I have not been taught to kissing and licking.
R. Roister. Yet I thank you, mistress nurse, ye made no sticking.
M. Mumble. I will not stick for a kiss with such a man as you.
Tib. Talk. They that lust — ! I will again to my sewing now.

Enter Annot.

An. Alyface. Tidings, ho! tidings! dame Custance greeteth you well.
R. Roister. Whom? me?
An. Alyface. You, sir? No, sir! I do no such tale tell.
R. Roister. But and she knew me here —
An. Alyface. Tibet Talkapace,
Your mistress Custance and mine, must speak with your grace.
Tib. Talk. With me?
An. Alyface. Ye must come in to her out of all doubts.
Tib. Talk. And my work not half done? A mischief on all louts. [*Exeunt both.*
R. Roister. Ah, good sweet nurse!
M. Mumble. Ah, good sweet gentleman!
R. Roister. What?
M. Mumble. Nay, I cannot tell, sir, but what thing would you?

112. **nice:** coy.

R. Roister. How doth sweet Custance, my heart of gold, tell me how?

M. Mumble. She doth very well, sir, and commends me to you.

R. Roister. To me?

M. Mumble. Yea, to you, sir.

R. Roister. To me? Nurse, tell me plain, To me?

M. Mumble. Ye.

R. Roister. That word maketh me alive again.

M. Mumble. She commend me to one, last day, whoe'er it was.

R. Roister. That was e'en to me and none other, by the Mass.

M. Mumble. I cannot tell you surely, but one it was.

R. Roister. It was I and none other; this cometh to good pass.
I promise thee, nurse, I favor her.

M. Mumble. E'en so, sir.

R. Roister. Bid her sue to me for marriage.

M. Mumble. E'en so, sir.

R. Roister. And surely for thy sake she shall speed.

M. Mumble. E'en so, sir.

R. Roister. I shall be contented to take her.

M. Mumble. E'en so, sir.

R. Roister. But at thy request and for thy sake.

M. Mumble. E'en so, sir.

R. Roister. And come — hark in thine ear what to say.

M. Mumble. E'en so, sir.

[*Here let him tell her a great long tale in her ear.*

Scene IV.

Enter Mathew Merygreeke, Dobinet Doughtie, Harpax, *and Musicians.* Ralph Roister *and* Margerie Mumblecrust *remain.*

M. Mery. Come on, sirs, apace, and quit yourselves like men;
Your pains shall be rewarded.

D. Dough. But I wot not when.

M. Mery. Do your master worship as ye have done in time past.

126. **commends:** gives her kind regards to you.

D. Dough. Speak to them; of mine office he shall have a cast.
M. Mery. Harpax, look that thou do well too, and thy fellow.
Harpax. I warrant, if he will mine example follow.
M. Mery. Curtsy, whoresons, duck you, and crouch at every word.
D. Dough. Yes, whether our master speak earnest or bord.
M. Mery. For this lieth upon his preferment indeed.
D. Dough. Oft is he a wooer, but never doth he speed.
M. Mery. But with whom is he now so sadly rounding yond?
D. Dough. With "*Nobs, nicebecetur, miserere*" fond.
M. Mery. (*To Ralph.*) God be at your wedding. Be ye sped already?
I did not suppose that your love was so greedy.
I perceive now ye have chose of devotion,
And joy have ye, lady, of your promotion.
R. Roister. Tush, fool, thou art deceived; this is not she.
M. Mery. Well, mock much of her, and keep her well, I 'vise ye.
I will take no charge of such a fair piece' keeping.
M. Mumble. What aileth this fellow? He driveth me to weeping.
M. Mery. What, weep on the wedding day? Be merry, woman,
Though I say it, ye have chose a good gentleman.
R. Roister. Cocks nownes! what meanest thou, man? tut-a-whistle!
M. Mery. Ah, sir, be good to her; she is but a gristle.
Ah, sweet lamb and coney!
R. Roister. Tut, thou art deceived.
M. Mery. Weep no more, lady, ye shall be well received.
Up with some merry noise, sirs, to bring home the bride.
R. Roister. Gogs arms, knave, art thou mad? I tell thee thou art wide.
M. Mery. Then ye intend by night to have her home brought.
R. Roister. I tell thee, no!
M. Mery. How then?
R. Roister. 'T is neither meant ne thought.

8. **bord:** jest. 9. **lieth upon:** is essential for. 11. **rounding:** whispering. 12. ***Nobs*, etc.:** Made-up Latin, perhaps from half-remembered church phrases. It seems to mean "Dear dainty one, have pity." 18. **mock:** make. 23. **Cocks nownes:** God's wounds, an oath. 24. **gristle:** young girl. 25. **coney:** rabbit, often used as a term of endearment. 28. **Gogs arms:** God's arms, an oath.

M. Mery. What shall we then do with her?
R. Roister. Ah, foolish harebrain,
This is not she.
M. Mery. No is! Why then, unsaid again!
And what young girl is this with your maship so bold?
R. Roister. A girl?
M. Mery. Yea — I dare say, scarce yet three score year old.
R. Roister. This same is the fair widow's nurse, of whom ye wot.
M. Mery. Is she but a nurse of a house? Hence home, old trot,
Hence at once!
R. Roister. No, no.
M. Mery. What, an please your maship,
A nurse talk so homely with one of your worship?
R. Roister. I will have it so: it is my pleasure and will.
M. Mery. Then I am content. Nurse, come again; tarry still.
R. Roister. What, she will help forward this my suit for her part.
M. Mery. Then is't mine own pigsney, and blessing on my heart.
R. Roister. This is our best friend, man.
M. Mery. Then teach her what to say.
M. Mumble. I am taught already.
M. Mery. Then go, make no delay.
R. Roister. Yet hark, one word in thine ear
[*Whispers to Madge.*
M. Mery. Back, sirs, from his tail.
[*Pushes musicians on Ralph.*
R. Roister. Back, villains, will ye be privy of my counsel?
M. Mery. Back, sirs, so; I told you afore ye would be shent.
[*Pushes them back.*
R. Roister. She shall have the first day a whole peck of argent.
M. Mumble. A peck! *Nomine Patris,* have ye so much spare?
R. Roister. Yea, and a cart-load thereto, or else were it bare,
Besides other moveables, household stuff, and land.
M. Mumble. Have ye lands too?
R. Roister. An hundred marks.

38. **homely:** intimately. 42. **pigsney:** pig's eye, a term of endearment. 48. **argent:** silver, i.e., money.

M. Mery. Yea, a thousand.
M. Mumble. And have ye cattle too? and sheep too?
R. Roister. Yea, a few.
M. Mery. He is ashamed the number of them to shew.
E'en round about him, as many thousand sheep goes,
As he and thou, and I too, have fingers and toes.
M. Mumble. And how many years old be you?
R. Roister. Forty at least.
M. Mery. Yea, and thrice forty to them.
R. Roister. Nay, now thou dost jest.
I am not so old; thou misreckonest my years.
M. Mery. I know that; but my mind was on bullocks and steers.
M. Mumble. And what shall I show her your mastership's name is?
R. Roister. Nay, she shall make suit ere she know that, ywis.
M. Mumble. Yet let me somewhat know.
M. Mery. This is he, understand,
That killed the Blue Spider in Blanchepowder land.
M. Mumble. Yea, Jesus! William! Zee law! did he zo? Law!
M. Mery. Yea, and the last elephant that ever he saw,
As the beast passed by, he start out of a busk,
And e'en with pure strength of arms plucked out his great tusk.
M. Mumble. Jesus! *Nomine Patris,* what a thing was that!
R. Roister. Yea, but, Merygreeke, one thing thou hast forgot.
M. Mery. What?
R. Roister. Of th' other elephant.
M. Mery. Oh, him that fled away.
R. Roister. Yea.
M. Mery. Yea, he knew that his match was in place that day.
Tut, he bet the King of Crickets on Christmas day,
That he crept in a hole, and not a word to say.
M. Mumble. A sore man, by zembletee.
M. Mery. Why, he wrung a club
Once in a fray out of the hand of Belzebub.

64. **Blanchepowder:** a mixture of spices. The exploit is part of Mathew's sheer nonsense. 66. **elephant:** There is a famous elephant episode in *Miles Gloriosus,* by Plautus. The whole passage is in the manner of the Latin author. 75. **sore:** bold. 75. **zembletee:** Madge becomes vividly colloquial when excited. Her words are in the main dialectic and their meaning not exactly known.

R. Roister. And how when Mumfision — ?
M. Mery. Oh, your custreling
Bore the lantern a-field so before the gosling —
Nay, that is too long a matter now to be told.
Never ask his name, nurse, I warrant thee, be bold.
He conquered in one day from Rome to Naples,
And won towns, nurse, as fast as thou canst make apples.
M. Mumble. O Lord, my heart quaketh for fear: he is too sore.
R. Roister. Thou makest her too much afeard. Merygreeke, no more.
This tale would fear my sweetheart Custance right evil.
M. Mery. Nay, let her take him, nurse, and fear not the devil.
But thus is our song dashed. Sirs, ye may home again.
R. Roister. No, shall they not. I charge you all here to remain.
The villain slaves, a whole day ere they can be found.
M. Mery. Couch on your marybones, whoresons, down to the ground.
Was it meet he should tarry so long in one place
Without harmony of music, or some solace?
Whoso hath such bees as your master in his head
Had need to have his spirits with music to be fed.
By your mastership's licence —
[*Picks something from his coat.*
R. Roister. What is that? a mote?
M. Mery. No, it was a fowl's feather had light on your coat.
R. Roister. I was nigh no feathers since I came from my bed.
M. Mery. No, sir, it was a hair that was fall from your head.
R. Roister. My men come when it please them.
M. Mery. By your leave —
[*Brushes something from his gown.*
R. Roister. What is that?
M. Mery. Your gown was foul spotted with the foot of a gnat.
R. Roister. Their master to offend they are nothing afeared —
[*Mathew picks something from Ralph's doublet.*
What now?
M. Mery. A lousy hair from your mastership's beard.

77. **custreling:** diminutive of *custrel*, a groom. 90. **marybones:** marrow-bones, here the knees.

All the servants. And, sir, for nurse's sake, pardon this one offence.
We shall not after this show the like negligence.
R. Roister. I pardon you this once, and come, sing ne'er the worse.
M. Mery. How like you the goodness of this gentleman, nurse?
M. Mumble. God save his mastership that so can his men forgive!
And I will hear them sing ere I go, by his leave.
R. Roister. Marry, and thou shalt, wench. Come, we two will dance!
M. Mumble. Nay, I will by mine own self foot the song, perchance.
R. Roister. Go to it, sirs, lustily.
M. Mumble. Pipe up a merry note,
Let me hear it played, I will foot it for a groat.

[*They sing and Margerie dances.*

Whoso to marry a minion wife
Hath had good chance and hap,
Must love her and cherish her all his life,
And dandle her in his lap.

If she will fare well, if she will go gay,
A good husband ever still,
Whatever she lust to do, or to say,
Must let her have her own will.

About what affairs soever he go,
He must show her all his mind.
None of his counsel she may be kept fro,
Else is he a man unkind.

R. Roister. Now, nurse, take this same letter here to thy mistress,
And as my trust is in thee, ply my business.
M. Mumble. It shall be done.
M. Mery. Who made it?
R. Roister. I wrote it, each whit.
M. Mery. Then needs it no mending.
R. Roister. No, no.

113. In most editions the incidental songs are printed at the end of the play. It has seemed more logical to the present editor to give them in their proper context.

M. Mery. No, I know your wit.
I warrant it well.
M. Mumble. It shall be delivered.
But, if ye speed, shall I be considered?
M. Mery. Whough! dost thou doubt of that?
M. Mumble. What shall I have?
M. Mery. An hundred times more than thou canst devise to crave.
M. Mumble. Shall I have some new gear? — for my old is all spent.
M. Mery. The worst kitchen wench shall go in ladies' raiment.
M. Mumble. Yea?
M. Mery. And the worst drudge in the house shall go better
Than your mistress doth now.
M. Mumble. Then I trudge with your letter. [*Exit.*
R. Roister. Now may I repose me — Custance is mine own.
Let us sing and play homeward that it may be known.
M. Mery. But are you sure that your letter is well enough?
R. Roister. I wrote it myself.
M. Mery. Then sing we to dinner.
[*Here they sing, and go out singing.*

Scene V.

Enter Christian Custance *and* Margerie Mumblecrust.

C. Custance. Who took thee this letter, Margerie Mumblecrust?
M. Mumble. A lusty gay bachelor took it me of trust,
And if ye seek to him he will allow your doing.
C. Custance. Yea, but where learned he that manner of wooing?
M. Mumble. If to sue to him you will any pains take,
He will have you to his wife, he saith, for my sake.
C. Custance. Some wise gentleman, belike. I am bespoken;
And I thought verily this had been some token
From my dear spouse, Gawin Goodluck, whom when him please,
God luckily send home to both our hearts' ease.
M. Mumble. A joyly man it is, I wot well by report,
And would have you to him for marriage resort.

131. **Whough:** How! 133. **gear:** clothes.
1. **took:** gave. 7. **bespoken:** promised. 9. **spouse:** fiancé.

Best open the writing, and see what it doth speak.
C. Custance. At this time, nurse, I will neither read ne break.
M. Mumble. He promised to give you a whole peck of gold.
C. Custance. Perchance lack of a pint, when it shall be all told.
M. Mumble. I would take a gay rich husband, and I were you.
C. Custance. In good sooth, Madge, e'en so would I, if I were thou.
But no more of this fond talk now — let us go in,
And see thou no more move me folly to begin;
Nor bring me no more letters for no man's pleasure,
But thou know from whom.
M. Mumble. I warrant ye shall be sure.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

Scene I.

Enter Dobinet Doughtie, Ralph's page.

D. Dough. Where is the house I go to, before or behind?
I know not where nor when nor how I shall it find.
If I had ten men's bodies and legs and strength,
This trotting that I have must needs lame me at length.
And now that my master is new set on wooing,
I trust there shall none of us find lack of doing.
Two pair of shoes a day will now be too little
To serve me, I must trot to and fro so mickle.
" Go bear me this token," " carry me this letter,"
" Now this is the best way, now that way is better."
" Up before day, sirs, I charge you, an hour or twain,"
" Trudge," " do me this message, and bring word quick again."
If one miss but a minute, then, " His arms and wounds,
I would not have slacked for ten thousand pounds!
Nay, see, I beseech you, if my most trusty page
Go not now about to hinder my marriage! "
So fervent hot wooing, and so far from wiving,
I trow, never was any creature living.

Note: A night has passed since the action of Act I. This monologue is similar to many in the Latin comedies.
8. **mickle:** much.

With every woman is he in some love's pang,
Then up to our lute at midnight, twangledom twang,
Then twang with our sonnets, and twang with our dumps,
And heigho from our heart, as heavy as lead lumps;
Then to our recorder with toodleloodle poop,
As the howlet out of an ivy bush should whoop.
Anon to our gittern, thrumpledum, thrumpledum thrum,
Thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrum.
Of songs and ballads also he is a maker,
And that can he as finely do as Jack Raker;
Yea, and extempore will he ditties compose,
Foolish Marsyas ne'er made the like, I suppose;
Yet must we sing them, as good stuff, I undertake,
As for such a pen-man is well fitting to make.
" Ah, for these long nights! heigho! when will it be day?
I fear ere I come she will be wooed away."
Then when answer is made that it may not be,
" O death, why comest thou not by and by? " saith he.
But then, from his heart to put away sorrow,
He is as far in with some new love next morrow.
But in the mean season we trudge and we trot.
From dayspring to midnight I sit not nor rest not.
And now am I sent to dame Christian Custance,
But I fear it will end with a mock for pastance.
I bring her a ring, with a token in a clout,
And, by all guess, this same is her house out of doubt.
I know it now perfect, I am in my right way.
And, lo! yond the old nurse that was with us last day.

Scene II.

Enter Madge Mumblecrust. Dobinet Doughtie *remains.*

M. Mumble. I was ne'er so shoke up afore, since I was born.
That our mistress could not have chid, I would have sworn —
And I pray God I die if I meant any harm,

21. **sonnets:** love songs. 21. **dumps:** doleful songs. 23. **recorder:** an instrument with a sound like a flute but played like a clarinet. 25. **gittern:** a stringed instrument much like a guitar. 28. **Jack Raker:** a maker of notoriously poor verses. 30. **Marsyas:** in his contest with Apollo. It was Apollo, however, who added words to his music. 42. **pastance:** pastime. 43. **clout:** cloth.

But for my life-time this shall be to me a charm.
D. Dough. God you save and see, nurse; and how is it with you?
M. Mumble. Marry, a great deal the worse it is for such as thou.
D. Dough. For me? Why so?
M. Mumble. Why, were not thou one of them, say,
That sang and played here with the gentleman last day?
D. Dough. Yes, and he would know if you have for him spoken.
And prays you to deliver this ring and token.
M. Mumble. Now by the token that God tokened, brother,
I will deliver no token, one nor other.
I have once been so shent for your master's pleasure
As I will not be again for all his treasure.
D. Dough. He will thank you, woman.
M. Mumble. I will none of his thank. [*Exit.*
D. Dough. I ween I am a prophet, this gear will prove blank.
But what, should I home again without answer go?
It were better go to Rome on my head than so.
I will tarry here this month but some of the house
Shall take it of me, and then I care not a louse.
But yonder cometh forth a wench, or a lad,
If he have not one Lombard's touch, my luck is bad.

Scene III.

Enter Trupenie. D. Doughtie *remains.*

Trupenie. I am clean lost for lack of merry company,
We 'gree not half well within, our wenches and I.
They will command like mistresses; they will forbid;
If they be not served, Trupenie must be chid.
Let them be as merry now as ye can desire,
With turning of a hand our mirth lieth in the mire.
I cannot skill of such changeable mettle,
There is nothing with them but " in dock, out nettle."

4. **charm:** a warning. 8. **last day:** yesterday. 16. **ween:** think. 16. **gear:** matter. 16. **blank:** unsuccessful. 22. **Lombard's touch:** The Lombards were famous as bankers and suspected of being crafty and deceptive. *Touch* may mean a trait of character, or a touchstone used by bankers to test gold and silver.
7. **skill:** manage. 8. **in dock, etc.:** a proverb signifying instability.

D. Dough. Whether is it better that I speak to him first,
Or he first to me? It is good to cast the worst.
If I begin first, he will smell all my purpose;
Otherwise, I shall not need anything to disclose.
Trupenie. What boy have we yonder? I will see what he is.
D. Dough. He cometh to me. It is hereabout, ywis.
Trupenie. Wouldest thou aught, friend, that thou lookest so about?
D. Dough. Yea, but whether ye can help me or no, I doubt.
I seek to one mistress Custance house, here dwelling.
Trupenie. It is my mistress ye seek to, by your telling.
D. Dough. Is there any of that name here but she?
Trupenie. Not one in all the whole town that I know, pardee.
D. Dough. A widow she is, I trow.
Trupenie. And what and she be?
D. Dough. But ensured to an husband.
Trupenie. Yea, so think we.
D. Dough. And I dwell with her husband that trusteth to be.
Trupenie. In faith, then must thou needs be welcome to me.
Let us for acquaintance shake hands together,
And whate'er thou be, heartily welcome hither.

Enter Tibet *and* Annot.

Tib. Talk. Well, Trupenie, never but flinging?
An. Alyface. And frisking?
Trupenie. Well, Tibet and Annot, still swinging and whisking?
Tib. Talk. But ye roil abroad.
An. Alyface. In the street, everywhere.
Trupenie. Where are ye twain — in chambers — when ye meet me there?
But come hither, fools, I have one now by the hand,
Servant to him that must be our mistress' husband.
Bid him welcome.
An. Alyface. To me truly is he welcome.
Tib. Talk. Forsooth, and as I may say, heartily welcome.
D. Dough. I thank you, mistress maids.
An. Alyface. I hope we shall better know.
Tib. Talk. And when will our new master come?
D. Dough. Shortly, I trow.

27. **flinging:** running about. 29. **roil:** gad about. 30. **in chambers:** i.e., "Are you in rooms when you meet me on the street?"

Tib. Talk. I would it were tomorrow; for till he resort,
Our mistress, being a widow, hath small comfort.
And I heard our nurse speak of an husband today
Ready for our mistress, a rich man and a gay.
And we shall go in our French hoods every day,
In our silk cassocks, I warrant you, fresh and gay,
In our trick ferdegews and biliments of gold;
Brave in our suits of change seven double fold.
Then shall ye see Tibet, sirs, tread the moss so trim —
Nay, why said I "tread"? — ye shall see her glide and swim,
Not lumperdee, clumperdee, like our spaniel Rig. [*She struts.*

Trupenie. Marry, then, prick-me-dainty, come toast me a fig!
Who shall then know our Tib Talkapace, trow ye?

An. Alyface. And why not Annot Alyface as fine as she?

Trupenie. And what! had Tom Trupenie a father, or none?

An. Alyface. Then our pretty new-come man will look to be one.

Trupenie. We four, I trust, shall be a joyly merry knot.
Shall we sing a fit to welcome our friend, Annot?

An. Alyface. Perchance he cannot sing.

D. Dough. I am at all assays.

Tib. Talk. By Cock, and the better welcome to us always.
[*Here they sing.*

A thing very fit
For them that have wit,
And are fellows knit,
Servants in one house to be,
Is fast for to sit,
And not oft to flit,
Nor vary a whit,
But lovingly to agree.

No man complaining,
No other disdaining,
For loss or for gaining,
But fellows or friends to be.
No grudge remaining,
No work refraining,
Nor help restraining,
But lovingly to agree.

37. **resort:** come. 42. **cassock:** outer long cloak. 43. **trick ferdegews:** trim farthingales or hoop skirts. 43. **biliments:** head-dresses. 44. **Brave:** goodlooking. 47. **Rig:** probably a dog trained to dance. 48. **prick-me-dainty:** one finical in matters of dress or bearing. 53. **knot:** crowd, group. 55. **assays:** attempts, i.e., "I'll try anything."

No man for despite,
By word or by write
His fellow to twite,
But further in honesty;
No good turns entwite,
Nor old sores recite,
But let all go quite,
And lovingly to agree.

After drudgery,
When they be weary,
Then to be merry,
To laugh and sing they be free;
With chip and cherry,
Heigh derry derry,
Trill on the berry,
And lovingly to agree.
Finis.

Tib. Talk. Will you now in with us unto our mistress go?
D. Dough. I have first for my master an errand or two.
But I have here from him a token and a ring;
They shall have most thank of her that first doth it bring.
Tib. Talk. Marry, that will I!
Trupenie. See and Tibet snatch not now.
Tib. Talk. And why may not I, sir, get thanks as well as you? [*Exit.*
An. Alyface. Yet get ye not all; we will go with you both,
And have part of your thanks, be ye never so loath.
[*Exeunt Trupenie, Annot, and Tibet.*
D. Dough. So my hands are rid of it, I care for no more.
I may now return home, so durst I not afore. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Enter C. Custance, Tibet, Annot Alyface, *and* Trupenie.

C. Custance. Nay, come forth all three; and come hither, pretty maid.
Will not so many forewarnings make you afraid?

75. **twite:** find fault with. 77. **entwite:** rebuke. 87. **berry:** a hillock. 93. **and:** if.

Tib. Talk. Yes, forsooth.
C. Custance. But still be a runner up and down,
Still be a bringer of tidings and tokens to town.
Tib. Talk. No, forsooth, mistress.
C. Custance. Is all your delight and joy
In whisking and ramping abroad like a tomboy?
Tib. Talk. Forsooth, these were there too, Annot and Trupenie.
Trupenie. Yea, but ye alone took it, ye cannot deny.
An. Alyface. Yea, that ye did.
Tibet. But if I had not, ye twain would.
C. Custance. You great calf, ye should have more wit, so ye should;
But why should any of you take such things in hand?
Tibet. Because it came from him that must be your husband.
C. Custance. How do ye know that?
Tibet. Forsooth, the boy did say so.
C. Custance. What was his name?
An. Alyface. We asked not.
C. Custance. No?
An. Alyface. He is not far gone, of likelihood.
Trupenie. I will see.
C. Custance. If thou canst find him in the street, bring him to me.
Trupenie. Yes. [*Exit.*
C. Custance. Well, ye naughty girls, if ever I perceive
That henceforth you do letters or tokens receive,
To bring unto me from any person or place,
Except ye first show me the party face to face,
Either thou, or thou, full truly abide thou shalt.
Tibet. Pardon this, and the next time powder me in salt.
C. Custance. I shall make all girls by you twain to beware.
Tibet. If ever I offend again, do not me spare!
But if ever I see that false boy any more,
By your mistresship's licence, I tell you afore,
I will rather have my coat twenty times swinged,
Than on the naughty wag not to be avenged.
C. Custance. Good wenches would not so ramp abroad idly.
But keep within doors, and ply their work earnestly.
If one would speak with me that is a man likely,
Ye shall have right good thank to bring me word quickly.

10. **wit:** sense. 22. **powder me in salt:** preserve me by sprinkling me with salt. 27. **swinged:** beaten. 31. **a man likely:** a likely man.

But otherwise with messages to come in post
From henceforth, I promise you, shall be to your cost.
Get you in to your work.
Tibet. Yes, forsooth.
C. Custance. Hence, both twain.
And let me see you play me such a part again!
[*Exeunt Tibet and Annot.*

Re-enter Trupenie.

Trupenie. Mistress, I have run past the far end of the street,
Yet can I not yonder crafty boy see nor meet.
C. Custance. No?
Trupenie. Yet I looked as far beyond the people,
As one may see out of the top of Paul's steeple.
C. Custance. Hence, in at doors, and let me no more be vexed.
Trupenie. Forgive me this one fault, and lay on for the next. [*Exit.*
C. Custance. Now will I in too, for I think, so God me mend,
This will prove some foolish matter in the end.
[*Exit.*

ACT III

Scene I.

Enter Mathew Merygreeke.

M. Mery. Now say this again — he hath somewhat to doing
Which followeth the trace of one that is wooing,
Specially that hath no more wit in his head,
Than my cousin Roister Doister withal is led.
I am sent in all haste to espy and to mark
How our letters and tokens are likely to work.
Master Roister Doister must have answer in haste,
For he loveth not to spend much labor in waste.
Now as for Christian Custance, by this light,
Though she had not her troth to Gawin Goodluck plight,
Yet rather than with such a loutish dolt to marry,
I daresay would live a poor life solitary.
But fain would I speak with Custance, if I wist how,
To laugh at the matter. Yond cometh one forth now.

14. **To laugh, etc.:** This touch of the "humor of the thing" saves Mathew from being a mere selfish parasite; it also saves the play from being a slavish imitation of Latin comedy.

Scene II.

Enter Tibet. M. Merygreeke *remains.*

Tib. Talk. Ah, that I might but once in my life have a sight
Of him that made us all so ill shent, by this light,
He should never escape if I had him by the ear,
But even from his head I would it bite or tear!
Yea, and if one of them were not enow,
I would bite them both off, I make God avow!
M. Mery. What is he whom this little mouse doth so threaten?
Tib. Talk. I would teach him, I trow, to make girls shent or beaten!
M. Mery. I will call her. Maid, with whom are ye so hasty?
Tib. Talk. Not with you, sir, but with a little wagpasty,
A deceiver of folks by subtle craft and guile.
M. Mery. I know where she is — Dobinet hath wrought some wile.
Tib. Talk. He brought a ring and token which he said was sent
From our dame's husband; but I wot well I was shent —
For it liked her as well, to tell you no lies,
As water in her ship, or salt cast in her eyes;
And yet whence it came neither we nor she can tell.
M. Mery. We shall have sport anon — I like this very well!
And dwell ye here with mistress Custance, fair maid?
Tib. Talk. Yea, marry do I, sir. What would ye have said?
M. Mery. A little message unto her by word of mouth.
Tib. Talk. No messages, by your leave, nor tokens forsooth.
M. Mery. Then help me to speak with her.
Tib. Talk. With a good will that.
Here she cometh forth. Now speak, ye know best what.
[*Enter Custance.*
C. Custance. None other life with you, maid, but abroad to skip?
Tib. Talk. Forsooth, here is one would speak with your mistresship.
C. Custance. Ah, have ye been learning of mo messages now?

10. **wagpasty:** idle scamp. 12. **where she is:** what she means. 27. **mo:** more.

Tib. Talk. I would not hear his mind, but bade him show it to you.
C. Custance. In at doors.
Tib. Talk. I am gone. [*Exit.*
M. Mery. Dame Custance, God ye save.
C. Custance. Welcome, friend Merygreeke — and what thing would ye have?
M. Mery. I am come to you a little matter to break.
C. Custance. But see it be honest, else better not to speak.
M. Mery. How feel ye yourself affected here of late?
C. Custance. I feel no manner change but after the old rate.
But whereby do ye mean?
M. Mery. Concerning marriage.
Doth not love lade you?
C. Custance. I feel no such carriage.
M. Mery. Do ye feel no pangs of dotage? Answer me right.
C. Custance. I dote so that I make but one sleep all the night.
But what need all these words?
M. Mery. Oh, Jesus, will ye see
What dissembling creatures these same women be?
The gentleman ye wot of, whom ye do so love
That ye would fain marry him, if ye durst it move,
Among other rich widows, which are of him glad,
Lest ye, for losing of him, perchance might run mad,
Is now contented that, upon your suit-making,
Ye be as one in election of taking.
C. Custance. What a tale is this? "That I wot of?" "Whom I love?"
M. Mery. Yea, and he is as loving as a worm, again, as a dove.
E'en of very pity he is willing you to take,
Because ye shall not destroy yourself for his sake.
C. Custance. Marry, God yield his mashiip. Whatever he be,
It is gentmanly spoken.
M. Mery. Is it not, trow ye?
If ye have the grace now to offer yourself, ye speed.
C. Custance. As much as though I did, this time it shall not need.
But what gentman is it, I pray you tell me plain,
That wooeth so finely?

36. **lade:** load. 36. **carriage:** burden. 37. **dotage:** extreme love. 51. **yield:** reward.

M. Mery. Lo, where ye be again,
As though ye knew him not.
C. Custance. Tush, ye speak in jest.
M. Mery. Nay sure, the party is in good knacking earnest,
And have you he will, he saith, and have you he must.
C. Custance. I am promised during my life; that is just.
M. Mery. Marry so thinketh he, unto him alone.
C. Custance. No creature hath my faith and troth but one,
That is Gawin Goodluck, and, if it be not he,
He hath no title this way, whatever he be,
Nor I know none to whom I have such word spoken.
M. Mery. Ye know him not, you, by his letter and token?
C. Custance. Indeed, true it is, that a letter I have,
But I never read it yet, as God me save.
M. Mery. Ye a woman, and your letter so long unread?
C. Custance. Ye may thereby know what haste I have to wed.
But now who it is for my hand, I know by guess.
M. Mery. Ah well, I say!
C. Custance. It is Roister Doister, doubtless.
M. Mery. Will ye never leave this dissimulation?
Ye know him not?
C. Custance. But by imagination;
For no man there is but a very dolt and lout
That to woo a widow would so go about.
He shall never have me his wife while he do live.
M. Mery. Then will he have you if he may, so may I thrive;
And he biddeth you send him word by me
That ye humbly beseech him, ye may his wife be;
And that there shall be no let in you nor mistrust,
But to be wedded on Sunday next, if he lust,
And biddeth you to look for him.
C. Custance. Doth he bid so?
M. Mery. When he cometh, ask him whether he did or no.
C. Custance. Go, say that I bid him keep him warm at home,
For if he come abroad, he shall cough me a mome;
My mind was vexed, I shrew his head; sottish dolt!
M. Mery. He hath in his head —
C. Custance. As much brain as a burbolt.

58. **knacking:** downright. 60. **just:** settled. 74. **imagination:** an idea of what he is like. 81. **let:** hindrance. 82. **lust:** please. 86. **mome:** i.e., make a fool of himself. 88. **burbolt:** bird-bolt, a blunt arrow for shooting small birds.

M. Mery. Well, dame Custance, if he hear you thus play
choploge —
C. Custance. What will he?
M. Mery. Play the devil in the horologe.
C. Custance. I defy him, lout.
M. Mery. Shall I tell him what ye say?
C. Custance. Yea, and add whatsoever thou canst, I thee
pray.
And I will avouch it, whatsoever it be.
M. Mery. Then let me alone — we will laugh well, ye shall
see;
It will not be long ere he will hither resort.
C. Custance. Let him come when him lust, I wish no better
sport.
Fare ye well. I will in and read my great letter.
I shall to my wooer make answer the better.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.

Mathew Merygreeke *remains.*

M. Mery. Now that the whole answer in my device doth
rest,
I shall paint out our wooer in colors of the best,
And all that I say shall be on Custance's mouth;
She is author of all that I shall speak forsooth.
But yond cometh Roister Doister now in a trance.

[*Enter* Ralph.

R. Roister. Juno send me this day good luck and good
chance!
I cannot but come see how Merygreeke doth speed.
M. Mery. I will not see him, but give him a jut indeed.

[*Runs into him.*

I cry your mastership mercy.
R. Roister. And whither now?
M. Mery. As fast as I could run, sir, in post against you.
But why speak ye so faintly, or why are ye so sad?
R. Roister. Thou knowest the proverb — because I cannot
be had.
Hast thou spoken with this woman?

89. **choploge:** chop-logic, quibbling. 90. **devil, etc.:** upset the works in a clock, hence create confusion. The idea is borrowed from an old proverb. 93. **avouch:** stand by it.
8. **jut:** jolt.

M. Mery. Yea, that I have.
R. Roister. And what, will this gear be?
M. Mery. No, so God me save.
R. Roister. Hast thou a flat answer?
M. Mery. Nay, a sharp answer.
R. Roister. What?
M. Mery. Ye shall not, she saith, by her will marry her cat.
Ye are such a calf, such an ass, such a block,
Such a lilburn, such a hoball, such a lobcock!
And because ye should come to her at no season,
She despised your mashiip out of all reason.
" Bawawe what ye say," ko I, " of such a gentman."
" Nay, I fear him not," ko she, " do the best he can.
He vaunteth himself for a man of prowess great,
Whereas, a good gander, I daresay, may him beat.
And where he is louted and laughed to scorn,
For the veriest dolt that ever was born,
And veriest lover, sloven, and beast,
Living in this world from the west to the east,
Yet of himself hath he such opinion,
That in all the world is not the like minion,
He thinketh each woman to be brought in dotage
With the only sight of his goodly personage.
Yet none that will have him. We do him lout and flock,
And make him among us our common sporting stock.
And so would I now," ko she, " save only because."
" Better nay," ko I, " I lust not meddle with daws.
Ye are happy," ko I, " that ye are a woman.
This would cost you your life in case ye were a man."
R. Roister. Yea, an hundred thousand pound should not save her life!
M. Mery. No, but that ye woo her to have her to your wife —
But I could not stop her mouth.
R. Roister. Heigho, alas!
M. Mery. Be of good cheer, man, and let the world pass.
R. Roister. What shall I do or say, now that it will not be?
M. Mery. Ye shall have choice of a thousand as good as she,
And ye must pardon her; it is for lack of wit.
R. Roister. Yea, for were not I an husband for her fit?

18. **lilburn, hoball, lobcock:** blockhead, stupid fool, lubber. 21. **Bawawe:** probably a misprint for *beware*. 21. **ko:** quoth. 33. **flock:** flout, mock.

Well, what should I now do?
M. Mery. In faith I cannot tell.
R. Roister. I will go home and die.
M. Mery. Then shall I bid toll the bell?
R. Roister. No.
M. Mery. God have mercy on your soul, ah, good gentleman,
That e'er ye should thus die for an unkind woman.
Will ye drink once ere ye go?
R. Roister. No, no, I will none.
M. Mery. How feel your soul to God?
R. Roister. I am nigh gone.
M. Mery. And shall we hence straight?
R. Roister. Yea.
M. Mery. *Placebo dilexi.*
Master Roister Doister will straight go home and die.

Our Lord Jesus Christ his soul have mercy upon:
Thus you see today a man, tomorrow John.
Yet saving for a woman's extreme cruelty,
He might have lived yet a month or two or three.

R. Roister. Heigho! Alas, the pangs of death my heart do break!
M. Mery. Hold your peace! For shame, sir, a dead man may not speak!
Nequando. — What mourners and what torches shall we have?
R. Roister. None.
M. Mery. *Dirige.* He will go darkling to his grave,
Neque lux, neque crux, neque mourners, *neque* clink,
He will steal to heaven, unknowing to God, I think,
A porta inferi. Who shall your goods possess?
R. Roister. Thou shall be my sectour, and have all, more and less.
M. Mery. *Requiem æternam.* — Now, God reward your mastership.
And I will cry halfpenny-dole for your worship.
Come forth, sirs, hear the doleful news I shall you tell.
[*He calls in Ralph's servants.*
Our good master here will no longer with us dwell,

51. **drink:** Persons about to be executed were offered a drink. 53. ***Placebo dilexi:*** What follows is a mock requiem parodying the Catholic service. This was frequently done and seemingly not considered sacrilegious. 63. **clink:** the clinking of a bell, supposed to drive away evil spirits. 66. **sectour:** executor. 68. **halfpenny-dole:** as alms for the dead.

But in spite of Custance, which hath him wearied,
Let us see his mashipsolemnly buried.
And, while some piece of his soul is yet him within,
Some part of his funerals let us here begin.
Audivi vocem. All men, take heed by this one gentleman,
How you set your love upon an unkind woman.
For these women be all such mad peevish elves,
They will not be won except it please themselves.
But in faith, Custance, if ever ye come in hell,
Master Roister Doister shall serve you as well!
And will ye needs go from us thus in very deed?
R. Roister. Yea, in good sadness.
M. Mery. Now, Jesus Christ be your speed.
Good-night, Roger, old knave! farewell, Roger, old knave!
Good-night, Roger, old knave! knave, knap!
Nequando. Audivi vocem Requiem æternam.
Pray for the late master Roister Doister's soul,
And come forth, parish clerk, let the passing bell toll.
[*Enter the Parish Clerk. Speaks to servants.*
Pray for your master, sirs, and for him ring a peal.
He was your right good master while he was in heal.

The peal of bells rung by the parish clerk and Roister Doister's four men.

The first Bell a Triple. When died he? when died he?
The second. We have him, we have him.
The third. Roister Doister, Roister Doister.
The fourth Bell. He cometh, he cometh.
The great Bell. Our own, our own.
M. Mery. Qui Lazarum.
R. Roister. Heigho!
M. Mery. Dead men go not so fast
In Paradisum.
R. Roister. Heigho!
M. Mery. Soft, hear what I have cast.
R. Roister. I will hear nothing, I am past.
M. Mery. Whough, wellaway!
Ye may tarry one hour, and hear what I shall say.
Ye were best, sir, for a while to revive again,
And quite them ere ye go.

84. **knap:** may be intended to imitate the driving of a nail in the coffin-lid. 89. **heal:** health. 96. **cast:** planned. 100. **quite them:** get even with them, i.e., Custance and her servants.

R. Roister. Trowest thou so?
M. Mery. Yea, plain!
R. Roister. How may I revive, being now so far past?
M. Mery. I will rub your temples, and fet you again at last.
R. Roister. It will not be possible.
M. Mery. Yes, for twenty pound.
[*Rubs Ralph's head violently.*
R. Roister. Arms! what dost thou?
M. Mery. Fet you again out of your sound.
By this cross, ye were nigh gone indeed, I might feel
Your soul departing within an inch of your heel.
Now follow my counsel.
R. Roister. What is it?
M. Mery. If I were you,
Custance should eft seek to me, ere I would bow.
R. Roister. Well, as thou wilt have me, even so will I do.
M. Mery. Then shall ye revive again for an hour or two?
R. Roister. As thou wilt; I am content for a little space.
M. Mery. "Good hap is not hasty, yet in space cometh grace."
To speak with Custance yourself should be very well;
What good thereof may come, nor I nor you can tell.
But now the matter standeth upon your marriage,
Ye must now take unto you a lusty courage.
Ye may not speak with a faint heart to Custance,
But with a lusty breast and countenance,
That she may know she hath to answer to a man.
R. Roister. Yes, I can do that as well as any can.
M. Mery. Then, because ye must Custance face to face woo,
Let us see how to behave yourself ye can do.
Ye must have a portly brag, after your estate.
R. Roister. Tush, I can handle that after the best rate.
[*Ralph struts.*
M. Mery. Well done! So, lo; up, man, with your head and chin,
Up with that snout, man! So, lo, now ye begin!
So, that is something like — but, pranky cote, nay, when!
That is a lusty brute — hands under your side, man!
So, lo! Now is it even as it should be —
That is somewhat like, for a man of your degree.

101. **past:** dead. 102. **fet:** fetch. 104. **Arms:** God's arms, an oath. 104. **sound:** swound, swoon. 108. **eft:** again. 123. **portly brag etc.:** in a pompous manner as befits your rank. 127. **pranky cote:** i.e., make your coat do pranks. See line 132.

Then must ye stately go, jetting up and down.
Tut, can ye no better shake the tail of your gown?
There, lo, such a lusty brag it is ye must make.
R. Roister. To come behind, and make curtsy, thou must some pains take.
M. Mery. Else were I much to blame, I thank your mastership. [*Makes a curtsy.*
The Lord one day all-to-begrime you with worship!
Back, Sir Sauce, let gentlefolks have elbow room,
Void, sirs, see ye not master Roister Doister come?
[*Gestures to imaginary persons.*
Make place, my masters. [*Bumps Ralph.*
R. Roister. Thou jostlest now too nigh.
M. Mery. Back, all rude louts! [*Bumps him again.*
R. Roister. Tush!
M. Mery. I cry your mashiip mercy.
Heyday — if fair fine mistress Custance saw you now,
Ralph Roister Doister were her own, I warrant you.
R. Roister. Ne'er an M. by your girdle?
M. Mery. Your Good Mastership's
Mastership were her own Mistresship's mistresship!
Ye were take up for hawks, ye were gone, ye were gone!
But now one other thing more yet I think upon.
R. Roister. Show what it is.
M. Mery. A wooer, be he never so poor,
Must play and sing before his best-belovéd's door,
How much more, then, you?
R. Roister. Thou speakest well, out of doubt.
M. Mery. And perchance that would make her the sooner come out.
R. Roister. Go call my musicians; bid them hie apace.
M. Mery. I will be here with them ere ye can say trey ace.
[*Exit.*
R. Roister. This was well said of Merygreeke. I 'low his wit.
Before my sweetheart's door we will have a fit,
That, if my love come forth that I may with her talk,
I doubt not but this gear shall on my side walk.
But, lo, how well Merygreeke is returned since.
[*Re-enter Merygreeke with Musicians.*

131. **jetting:** strutting. 143. **M.:** show proper respect by addressing him as Mastership. Mathew makes up for it in the next lines. 145. **hawks:** i.e., hawk's meat. The term *hawk* was also used for officers who pounced on criminals. 152. **trey ace:** an expression used in shooting dice, *three ones*. Here it is like our "in a trice." 154. **fit:** a few strains of music.

M. Mery. There hath grown no grass on my heel since I went hence,
Lo, here have I brought that shall make you pastance.
R. Roister. Come, sirs, let us sing to win my dear love Custance. [*They sing.*

I mun be married a Sunday;
I mun be married a Sunday;
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Roister Doister is my name,
Roister Doister is my name;
A lusty brute, I am the same;
I mun be married a Sunday.

Christian Custance have I found,
Christian Custance have I found,
A widow worth a thousand pound;
I mun be married a Sunday.

Custance is as sweet as honey,
Custance is as sweet as honey;
I her lamb and she my coney;
I mun be married a Sunday.

When we shall make our wedding feast,
When we shall make our wedding feast,
There shall be cheer for man and beast;
I mun be married a Sunday.
I mun be married a Sunday, etc.

M. Mery. Lo, where she cometh; some countenance to her make,
And ye shall hear me be plain with her for your sake.

Scene IV.

Enter Custance. Merygreeke *and* Roister Doister *remain.*

C. Custance. What gauding and fooling is this afore my door?
M. Mery. May not folks be honest, pray you, though they be poor?

159. **that:** what. 159. **pastance:** pastime. 161. **mun:** must. 175. **coney:** rabbit, a term of endearment. 182. **countenance:** bold expression on his face. 1. **gauding:** merry-making.

C. Custance. As that thing may be true, so rich folks may be fools.

R. Roister. Her talk is as fine as she had learned in schools.

M. Mery. (*Aside to Ralph.*) Look partly toward her, and draw a little near.

C. Custance. Get ye home, idle folks!

M. Mery. Why, may not we be here?
Nay, and ye will ha'ze, ha'ze — otherwise, I tell you plain,
And ye will not ha'ze, then give us our gear again.

C. Custance. Indeed I have of yours much gay things, God save all.

R. Roister. (*Aside to Mathew.*) Speak gently unto her, and let her take all.

M. Mery. Ye are too tender-hearted; shall she make us daws?
Nay, dame, I will be plain with you in my friend's cause.

R. Roister. Let all this pass, sweetheart, and accept my service.

C. Custance. I will not be served with a fool in no wise.
When I choose an husband I hope to take a man.

M. Mery. And where will ye find one which can do that he can?
Now this man toward you being so kind,
You not to make him an answer somewhat to his mind!

C. Custance. I sent him a full answer by you, did I not?

M. Mery. And I reported it.

C. Custance. Nay, I must speak it again.

R. Roister. No, no, he told it all.

M. Mery. Was I not meetly plain?

R. Roister. Yes.

M. Mery. But I would not tell all; for faith, if I had,
With you, dame Custance, ere this hour it had been bad,
And not without cause — for this goodly personage
Meant no less than to join with you in marriage.

C. Custance. Let him waste no more labor nor suit about me.

M. Mery. Ye know not where your preferment lieth, I see,
He sending you such a token, ring and letter.

C. Custance. Marry, here it is; ye never saw a better.

M. Mery. Let us see your letter.

C. Custance. Hold, read it if ye can,
And see what letter it is to win a woman.

7. **ha'ze:** have us. 11. **daws:** fools. 21. **meetly plain:** plain enough. 30. **Hold:** take it.

M. Mery. "To mine own dear coney-bird, sweetheart, and pigsney,
Good Mistress Custance, present these by and by."
Of this supersciption do ye blame the style?
C. Custance. With the rest as good stuff as ye read a great while.
M. Mery. "Sweet mistress, where as I love you nothing at all —
Regarding your substance and riches chief of all —
For your personage, beauty, demeanor, and wit,
I commend me unto you never a whit.
Sorry to hear report of your good welfare,
For (as I hear say) such your conditions are,
That ye be worthy favor of no living man,
To be abhorred of every honest man,
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice;
Nothing at all to virtue giving her due price.
Wherefore, concerning marriage, ye are thought
Such a fine paragon, as ne'er honest man bought.
And now by these presents I do you advertise
That I am minded to marry you in no wise.
For your goods and substance, I could be content
To take you as ye are. If ye mind to be my wife,
Ye shall be assured, for the time of my life,
I will keep you right well from good raiment and fare;
Ye shall not be kept but in sorrow and care.
Ye shall in no wise live at your own liberty.
Do and say what ye lust, ye shall never please me;
But when ye are merry, I will be all sad;
When ye are sorry, I will be very glad;
When ye seek your heart's ease, I will be unkind;
At no time in me shall ye much gentleness find;
But all things contrary to your will and mind,
Shall be done — otherwise I will not be behind
To speak. And as for all them that would do you wrong,
I will so help and maintain, ye shall not live long,
Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you but I.
I, whoe'er say nay, will stick by you till I die.
Thus, good mistress Custance, the Lord you save and keep
From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or sleep —
Who favoreth you no less, ye may be bold,
Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold."

32. **pigsney:** pig's eye, a term of endearment. 36. The following letter is here punctuated as Merygreeke read it. The original as well as Ralph's copy was punctuated as it appears later, sc. v, 49.

C. Custance. How by this letter of love? Is it not fine?
R. Roister. By the arms of Caleys, it is none of mine.
M. Mery. Fie, you are foul to blame, this is your own hand!
C. Custance. Might not a woman be proud of such an husband?
M. Mery. Ah, that ye would in a letter show such despite!
R. Roister. Oh, I would I had him here, the which did it endite!
M. Mery. Why, ye made it yourself, ye told me, by this light.
R. Roister. Yea, I meant I wrote it mine own self yesternight.
C. Custance. Ywis, sir, I would not have sent you such a mock.
R. Roister. Ye may so take it, but I meant it not so, by Cock.
M. Mery. Who can blame this woman to fume and fret and rage?
Tut, tut! yourself now have marred your own marriage.
Well, yet mistress Custance, if ye can this remit,
This gentleman otherwise may your love requit.
C. Custance. No! God be with you both, and seek no more to me. [*Exit.*
R. Roister. Wough! she is gone forever, I shall her no more see.
M. Mery. What, weep? Fie, for shame! And blubber? For manhood's sake,
Never let your foe so much pleasure of you take.
Rather play the man's part, and do love refrain.
If she despise you, e'en despise ye her again.
R. Roister. By Goss, and for thy sake I defy her indeed.
M. Mery. Yea, and perchance that way ye shall much sooner speed,
For one mad property these women have, in fey,
When ye will, they will not, will not ye, then will they.
Ah, foolish woman! ah, most unlucky Custance!
Ah, unfortunate woman! ah, peevish Custance!
Art thou to thine harms so obstinately bent,
That thou canst not see where lieth thine high preferment?
Canst thou not lub dis man, which could lub dee so well?
Art thou so much thine own foe?

72. **Caleys:** Calais, but no reasonable explanation of this oath has yet been offered. 75. **despite:** contempt. 93. **fey:** faith. 99. **lub:** love.

R. Roister. Thou dost the truth tell.
M. Mery. Well, I lament.
R. Roister. So do I.
M. Mery. Wherefore?
R. Roister. For this thing.
Because she is gone.
M. Mery. I mourn for another thing.
R. Roister. What is it, Merygreeke, wherefore thou dost grief take?
M. Mery. That I am not a woman myself for your sake.
I would have you myself, and a straw for yond Gill,
And mock much of you, though it were against my will.
I would not, I warrant you, fall in such a rage,
As so to refuse such a goodly personage.
R. Roister. In faith, I heartily thank thee, Merygreeke.
M. Mery. And I were a woman —
R. Roister. Thou wouldst to me seek.
M. Mery. For, though I say it, a goodly person ye be.
R. Roister. No, no.
M. Mery. Yes, a goodly man as e'er I did see.
R. Roister. No, I am a poor homely man, as God made me.
M. Mery. By the faith that I owe to God, sir, but ye be!
Would I might for your sake spend a thousand pound land.
R. Roister. I dare say thou wouldest have me to thy husband.
M. Mery. Yea, and I were the fairest lady in the shire,
And knew you as I know you, and see you now here —
Well, I say no more.
R. Roister. Gramercies, with all my heart!
M. Mery. But since that cannot be, will ye play a wise part?
R. Roister. How should I?
M. Mery. Refrain from Custance a while now,
And I warrant her soon right glad to seek to you.
Ye shall see her anon come on her knees creeping,
And pray you to be good to her, salt tears weeping.
R. Roister. But what and she come not?
M. Mery. In faith, then, farewell she.
Or else if ye be wroth, ye may avenged be.
R. Roister. By Cock's precious potstick, and e'en so I shall.
I will utterly destroy her, and house, and all.

105. **Gill:** a name often used for *wench*. 106. **mock:** make. 115. **land:** estate. 127. **potstick:** a stick used to stir a pot. The oath is like most of Ralph's, meaningless.

But I would be avenged, in the mean space,
On that vile scribbler, that did my wooing disgrace.
M. Mery. "Scribbler," ko you, indeed he is worthy no less.
I will call him to you and ye bid me, doubtless.
R. Roister. Yes, for although he had as many lives
As a thousand widows, and a thousand wives,
As a thousand lions, and a thousand rats,
A thousand wolves, and a thousand cats,
A thousand bulls, and a thousand calves,
And a thousand legions divided in halves,
He shall never 'scape death on my sword's point,
Though I should be torn therefor joint by joint.
M. Mery. Nay, if ye will kill him, I will not fet him,
I will not in so much extremity set him;
He may yet amend, sir, and be an honest man,
Therefore pardon him, good soul, as much as ye can.
R. Roister. Well, for thy sake, this once with his life he shall pass,
But I will hew him all to pieces, by the Mass.
M. Mery. Nay, faith, ye shall promise that he shall no harm have,
Else I will not fet him.
R. Roister. I shall, so God me save —
But I may chide him a-good.
M. Mery. Yea, that do, hardily.
R. Roister. Go, then.
M. Mery. I return, and bring him to you by and by.
[*Exit.*

Scene V.

Roister Doister *remains.*

R. Roister. What is a gentleman but his word and his promise?
I must now save this villain's life in any wise,
And yet at him already my hands do tickle;
I shall uneth hold them, they will be so fickle.
But, lo, and Merygreeke have not brought him sence.
[*Enter Merygreeke and Scrivener at a distance.*
M. Mery. Nay, I would I had of my purse paid forty pence.

131. **scribbler:** scrivener.
4. **uneth:** hardly. 4. **fickle:** unreliable. 5. **sence:** already.

Scrivener. So would I too; but it needed not, that stound.
M. Mery. But the gentman had rather spent five thousand pound,
For it disgraced him at least five times so much.
Scrivener. He disgraced himself, his loutishness is such.
R. Roister. How long they stand prating! Why comest thou not away?
M. Mery. Come now to himself, and hark what he will say.
Scrivener. I am not afraid in his presence to appear.
R. Roister. Art thou come, fellow?
Scrivener. How think you? Am I not here?
R. Roister. What hindrance hast thou done me, and what villainy?
Scrivener. It hath come of thyself, if thou hast had any.
R. Roister. All the stock thou comest of later or rather,
From thy first father's grandfather's father's father,
Nor all that shall come of thee to the world's end,
Though to threescore generations they descend,
Can be able to make me a just recompense,
For this trespass of thine and this one offence.
Scrivener. Wherein?
R. Roister. Did not you make me a letter, brother?
Scrivener. Pay the like hire, I will make you such another.
R. Roister. Nay, see and these whoreson Pharisees and Scribes
Do not get their living by polling and bribes!
If it were not for shame — [*Pretends to strike.*
Scrivener. Nay, hold thy hands still.
M. Mery. Why, did ye not promise that ye would not him spill?
Scrivener. Let him not spare me. [*Strikes Ralph.*
R. Roister. Why, wilt thou strike me again?
Scrivener. Ye shall have as good as ye bring of me, that is plain.
M. Mery. I cannot blame him, sir, though your blows would him grieve.
For he knoweth present death to ensue of all you give.
R. Roister. Well, this man for once hath purchased thy pardon.
Scrivener. And what say ye to me? or else I will be gone.
R. Roister. I say the letter thou madest me was not good.

7. **stound:** time. 17. **rather:** earlier. There used to be a *rathe* and *rathest* as well as *rather*. 26. **polling and bribes:** swindling and robbing. 28. **spill:** kill.

Scrivener. Then did ye wrong copy it, of likelihood.
R. Roister. Yes, out of thy copy word for word I wrote.
Scrivener. Then was it as ye prayed to have it, I wot,
But in reading and pointing there was made some fault.
R. Roister. I wot not, but it made all my matter to halt.
[*Ralph produces his copy and the Scrivener's original.*
Scrivener. How say you, is this mine original or no?
R. Roister. The self same that I wrote out of, so mote I go!
Scrivener. Look you on your own fist, and I will look on this,
And let this man be judge whether I read amiss.
"To mine own dear coney-bird, sweetheart, and pigsney,
Good Mistress Custance, present these by and by."
How now? doth not this superscription agree?
R. Roister. Read that is within, and there ye shall the fault see.
Scrivener. "Sweet mistress, whereas I love you nothing at all
Regarding your richesse and substance — chief of all
For your personage, beauty, demeanor, and wit
I commend me unto you. — Never a whit
Sorry to hear report of your good welfare,
For (as I hear say) such your conditions are,
That ye be worthy favor; of no living man
To be abhorred; of every honest man
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice
Nothing at all; to virtue giving her due price.
Wherefore concerning marriage, ye are thought
Such a fine paragon, as ne'er honest man bought.
And now by these presents I do you advertise,
That I am minded to marry you —in no wise
For your goods and substance — I can be content
To take you as you are. If ye will be my wife,
Ye shall be assured for the time of my life,
I will keep you right well; from good raiment and fare,
Ye shall not be kept; but in sorrow and care
Ye shall in no wise live; at your own liberty,
Do and say what ye lust; ye shall never please me
But when ye are merry; I will be all sad
When ye are sorry; I will be very glad
When ye seek your heart's ease; I will be unkind

43. **own fist:** i.e., the one Ralph wrote. Several editors gleefully point out the author's apparent slip in Ralph having his letter back from Custance, but it was Mathew who had it last.

At no time; in me shall ye much gentleness find.
But all things contrary to your will and mind
Shall be done otherwise; I will not be behind
To speak. And as for all them that would do you wrong —
I will so help and maintain ye — shall not live long.
Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you, but I,
I, whoe'er say nay, will stick by you till I die.
Thus, good mistress Custance, the Lord you save and keep.
From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or sleep,
Who favoreth you no less, ye may be bold,
Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold."
Now, sir, what default can ye find in this letter?

R. Roister. Of truth, in my mind there cannot be a better.

Scrivener. Then was the fault in the reading, and not in the writing,
No, nor, I dare say, in the form of enditing.
But who read this letter, that it sounded so naught?

M. Mery. I read it, indeed.

Scrivener. Ye read it not as ye ought.

R. Roister. Why, thou wretched villain, was all this same fault in thee?

M. Mery. I knock your costard if ye offer to strike me!

[*Strikes him.*

R. Roister. Strikest thou, indeed? and I offer but in jest?

M. Mery. Yea, and rap you again except ye can sit in rest.
And I will no longer tarry here, me believe!

R. Roister. What, wilt thou be angry, and I do thee forgive?
Fare thou well, scribbler, I cry thee mercy indeed.

Scrivener. Fare ye well, bibbler, and worthily may ye speed! [*Exit.*

R. Roister. If it were another but thou, it were a knave.

M. Mery. Ye are another yourself, sir, the Lord us both save.
Albeit in this matter I must your pardon crave.
Alas, would ye wish in me the wit that ye have?
But as for my fault I can quickly amend,
I will show Custance it was I that did offend.

R. Roister. By so doing her anger may be reformed.

M. Mery. But if by no entreaty she will be turned,

91. **costard:** slang for *head*. Today Mathew would say "I'll knock your block off!"

Then set light by her and be as testy as she,
And do your force upon her with extremity.
R. Roister. Come on, therefore, let us go home in sadness.
M. Mery. That if force shall need all may be in a readiness.
And as for this letter, hardily, let all go.
We will know where she refuse you for that or no.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.

Enter SYM SURESBY, *servant of Gawin Goodluck.*

Sym Sure. Is there any man but I, Sym Suresby, alone,
That would have taken such an enterprise him upon,
In such an outrageous tempest as this was,
Such a dangerous gulf of the sea to pass?
I think, verily, Neptune's mighty godship
Was angry with some that was in our ship;
And but for the honesty which in me he found,
I think for the others' sake we had been drowned.
But fie on that servant which for his master's wealth
Will stick for to hazard both his life and his health.
My master, Gawin Goodluck, after me a day,
Because of the weather, thought best his ship to stay,
And now that I have the rough surges so well past,
God grant I may find all things safe here at last.
Then will I think all my travail well spent.
Now the first point wherefore my master hath me sent
Is to salute dame Christian Custance, his wife
Espoused, whom he tendereth no less than his life.
I must see how it is with her, well or wrong,
And whether for him she doth not now think long.
Then to other friends I have a message or tway,
And then so to return and meet him on the way.
Now will I go knock that I may dispatch with speed,
But lo, forth cometh herself happily indeed.

106. **testy:** touchy. 111. **where:** whether.
18. **tendereth:** cherishes.

Scene II.

Enter Christian Custance. Sym Suresby *remains.*

C. Custance. I come to see if any more stirring be here.
But what stranger is this which doth to me appear?
Sym Sure. I will speak to her. Dame, the Lord you save and see.
C. Custance. What, friend Sym Suresby? Forsooth, right welcome ye be!
How doth mine own Gawin Goodluck, I pray thee tell?
Sym Sure. When he knoweth of your health he will be perfect well.
C. Custance. If he have perfect health, I am as I would be.
Sym Sure. Such news will please him well; this is as it should be.
C. Custance. I think now long for him.
Sym Sure. And he as long for you.
C. Custance. When will he be at home?
Sym Sure. His heart is here e'en now,
His body cometh after.
C. Custance. I would see that fain.
Sym Sure. As fast as wind and sail can carry it amain.
But what two men are yond coming hitherward?
C. Custance. Now I shrew their best Christmas cheeks both togetherward.

Scene III.

Christian Custance *and* Sym Suresby *remain.* Ralph Roister *and* Mathew Merygreeke *at a distance.*

C. Custance. (*Aside.*) What mean these lewd fellows thus to trouble me still?
Sym Suresby here perchance shall thereof deem some ill,
And shall suspect in me some point of naughtiness —
And they come hitherward!
Sym Sure. What is their business?
C. Custance. I have naught to them; nor they to me, in sadness.
Sym Sure. Let us harken them. (*Aside.*) Somewhat there is, I fear it.

14. **Christmas:** adds to the superlative. Custance was no trifler when she chose to swear.
1. **lewd:** crude, low.

R. Roister. I will speak out aloud, I care not who hear it.
M. Mery. Nay, alas, ye may so fear her out of her wit.
R. Roister. By the cross of my sword, I will hurt her no whit.
M. Mery. Will ye do no harm indeed? Shall I trust your word?
R. Roister. By Roister Doister's faith, I will speak but in bord.
Sym Sure. Let us hearken them; (*aside*) somewhat there is, I fear it.
R. Roister. I will speak out aloud, I care not who hear it.
[*Pretends to speak to servants within.*
Sirs, see that my harness, my target, and my shield,
Be made as bright now, as when I was last in field,
As white as I should to war again tomorrow;
For sick shall I be, but I work some folk sorrow.
Therefore see that all shine as bright as Saint George,
Or as doth a key newly come from the smith's forge.
I would have my sword and harness to shine so bright,
That I might therewith dim mine enemies' sight;
I would have it cast beams as fast, I tell you plain,
As doth the glittering grass after a shower of rain.
And see that in case I should need to come to arming,
All things may be ready at a minute's warning,
For such chance may chance in an hour, do ye hear?
M. Mery. As perchance shall not chance again in seven year.
R. Roister. Now draw we near to her, and hear what shall be said.
M. Mery. But I would not have you make her too much afraid.
R. Roister. Well found, sweet wife, I trust, for all this your sour look.
C. Custance. "Wife" — why call ye me wife?
Sym Sure. (*Aside.*) "Wife?" This gear goeth a-crook.
M. Mery. Nay, mistress Custance, I warrant you, our letter
Is not as we read e'en now, but much better;
And where ye half stomached this gentleman afore
For this same letter, ye will love him now therefor.
Nor it is not this letter, though ye were a queen,

8. **fear:** scare. 11. **bord:** jest. 12, 13. These two lines repeat 6 and 7, probably a printer's error. 14–23. This part is closely modeled upon a similar passage in the *Miles Gloriosus*, I, i. 32. **gear:** matter, affair. 34. **stomached:** were offended at.

That should break marriage between you twain, I ween.
C. Custance. I did not refuse him for the letter's sake.
R. Roister. Then ye are content me for your husband to take?
C. Custance. You for my husband to take? nothing less, truly.
R. Roister. Yea, say so, sweet spouse, afore strangers hardily.
M. Mery. And though I have here his letter of love with me,
Yet his ring and tokens he sent, keep safe with ye.
C. Custance. A mischief take his tokens, and him and thee too!
But what prate I with fools? Have I naught else to do?
Come in with me, Sym Suresby, to take some repast.
Sym Sure. I must ere I drink, by your leave, go in all haste
To a place or two, with earnest letters of his.
C. Custance. Then come drink here with me.
Sym Sure. I thank you!
C. Custance. Do not miss.
You shall have a token to your master with you.
Sym Sure. No tokens this time, gramercies, God be with you. [*Exit.*
C. Custance. Surely this fellow misdeemeth some ill in me,
Which thing but God help, will go near to spill me.
R. Roister. Yea, farewell, fellow, and tell thy master Good-luck,
That he cometh too late of this blossom to pluck.
Let him keep him there still, or at leastwise make no haste,
As for his labor hither he shall spend in waste.
His betters be in place now.
M. Mery. (*Aside.*) As long as it will hold.
C. Custance. I will be even with thee, thou beast, thou mayst be bold!
R. Roister. Will ye have us then?
C. Custance. I will never have thee!
R. Roister. Then will I have you.
C. Custance. No, the devil shall have thee!
I have gotten this hour more shame and harm by thee,
Than all thy life days thou canst do me honesty.
M. Mery. Why, now may ye see what it cometh to, in the end,

37. **ween:** trust. 41. **hardily:** i.e., without being bashful. 48. **earnest:** important. 53. **spill:** kill. 59. **bold:** i.e., you may be sure of that!

To make a deadly foe of your most loving friend;
And, ywis, this letter, if ye would hear it now —
C. Custance. I will hear none of it.
M. Mery. In faith, would ravish you.
C. Custance. He hath stained my name forever, this is clear.
R. Roister. I can make all as well in an hour.
M. Mery. As ten year.
How say ye, will ye have him?
C. Custance. No.
M. Mery. Will ye take him?
C. Custance. I defy him.
M. Mery. At my word?
C. Custance. A shame take him.
Waste no more wind, for it will never be.
M. Mery. This one fault with twain shall be mended, ye shall see.
Gentle Mistress Custance now, good Mistress Custance!
Honey Mistress Custance now, sweet Mistress Custance!
Golden Mistress Custance now, white Mistress Custance!
Silken Mistress Custance now, fair Mistress Custance!
C. Custance. Faith, rather than to marry with such a doltish lout,
I would match myself with a beggar, out of doubt.
M. Mery. Then I can say no more; to speed we are not like,
Except ye rap out a rag of your rhetoric.
C. Custance. Speak not of winning me, for it shall never be so!
R. Roister. Yes, dame, I will have you, whether ye will or no.
I command you to love me; wherefore should ye not?
Is not my love to you chafing and burning hot?
M. Mery. To her! That is well said.
R. Roister. Shall I so break my brain
To dote upon you, and ye not love us again?
M. Mery. Well said yet!
C. Custance. Go to, you goose!
R. Roister. I say, Kit Custance,
In case ye will not ha'ze, — well, better "yes," perchance!
C. Custance. Avaunt, losel! Pick thee hence.
M. Mery. Well, sir, ye perceive,

76. **white:** a term of endearment. 81. **rap out, etc.:** an invitation to Ralph to "spout" some more. 89. **ha'ze:** have us. At this point Ralph's "rhetoric" gave out. 90. **losel:** scoundrel. 90. **Pick:** "Get out!" as we would say.

For all your kind offer, she will not you receive.
R. Roister. Then a straw for her, and a straw for her again,
She shall not be my wife, would she never so fain —
No, and though she would be at ten thousand pound cost!
M. Mery. Lo, dame, ye may see what an husband you have lost.
C. Custance. Yea, no force, a jewel much better lost than found.
M. Mery. Ah, ye will not believe how this doth my heart wound.
How should a marriage between you be toward,
If both parties draw back, and become so froward?
R. Roister. Nay, dame, I will fire thee out of thy house,
And destroy thee and all thine, and that by and by!
M. Mery. Nay, for the passion of God, sir, do not so.
R. Roister. Yes, except she will say yea to that she said no.
C. Custance. And what — be there no officers, trow we, in town
To check idle loiterers, bragging up and down?
Where be they by whom vagabonds should be repressed,
That poor silly widows might live in peace and rest?
Shall I never rid thee out of my company?
I will call for help. What ho, come forth, Trupenie!
[*Enter Trupenie.*
Trupenie. Anon. What is your will, mistress? Did you call me?
C. Custance. Yea. Go run apace, and as fast as may be,
Pray Tristram Trustie, my most assured friend,
To be here by and by, that he may me defend.
Trupenie. That message so quickly shall be done, by God's grace,
That at my return ye shall say, I went apace.
[*Exit.*
C. Custance. Then shall we see, I trow, whether ye shall do me harm.
R. Roister. Yes, in faith, Kit, I shall thee and thine so charm,
That all women incarnate by thee may beware.
C. Custance. Nay, as for charming me, come hither if thou dare,
I shall clout thee till thou stink, both thee and thy train,

96. **no force:** no matter. 99. **froward:** stubborn. 100. **fire:** Originally this no doubt was meant literally, but here it evidently is like our own slang in the sense of ejecting by force. 107. **silly:** helpless. 117. **charm:** subdue. 120. **clout:** beat.

And coil thee mine own hands, and send thee home again.
R. Roister. Yea, sayest thou me that, dame? Dost thou me threaten?
Go we, I still see whether I shall be beaten!
M. Mery. Nay, for the pashe of God, let me now treat peace,
For bloodshed will there be in case this strife increase.
Ah, good dame Custance, take better way with you.
C. Custance. Let him do his worst.
[*Ralph advances; Custance beats him.*
M. Mery. Yield in time.
R. Roister. Come hence, thou.
[*Exeunt Roister and Mathew.*

Scene IV.

Christian Custance *remains.* Annot Alyface, Tibet T., *and* M. Mumblecrust *enter later.*

C. Custance. So, sirrah, if I should not with him take this way,
I should not be rid of him, I think, till doom's day.
I will call forth my folks, that, without any mocks,
If he come again we may give him raps and knocks.
Madge Mumblecrust, come forth, and Tibet Talkapace.
Yea, and come forth too, Mistress Annot Alyface.
An. Alyface. I come.
Tibet. And I am here.
M. Mumble. And I am here too, at length.
C. Custance. Like warriors, if need be, ye must show your strength.
The man that this day hath thus beguiled you,
Is Ralph Roister Doister, whom ye know well enow,
The most lout and dastard that ever on ground trod.
Tib. Talk. I see all folk mock him when he goeth abroad.
C. Custance. What, pretty maid, will ye talk when I speak?
Tib. Talk. No, forsooth, good mistress!
C. Custance. Will ye my tale break?
He threateneth to come hither with all his force to fight;
I charge you, if he come, on him with all your might.
M. Mumble. I with my distaff will reach him one rap.

121. **coil:** thrash. 124. **pashe:** passion, part of the oath. 124. **treat:** entreat.

Tib. Talk. And I with my new broom will sweep him one swap,
And then with our great club I will reach him one rap.
An. Alyface. And I with our skimmer will fling him one flap.
Tib. Talk. Then Trupenie's firefork will him shrewdly fray,
And you with the spit may drive him quite away.
C. Custance. Go, make all ready, that it may be even so.
Tib. Talk. For my part I shrew them that last about it go.
[*Exeunt servants.*

Scene V.

Christian Custance *remains.* Trupenie *and* Tristram Trustie *enter later.*

C. Custance. Trupenie did promise me to run a great pace,
My friend Tristram Trustie to fet into this place.
Indeed he dwelleth hence a good start, I confess;
But yet a quick messenger might twice since, as I guess,
Have gone and come again. Ah, yond I spy him now!
Trupenie. Ye are a slow goer, sir, I make God avow.
My Mistress Custance will in me put all the blame,
Your legs be longer than mine — come apace, for shame!
C. Custance. I can thee thank, Trupenie, thou hast done right well.
Trupenie. Mistress, since I went no grass hath grown on my heel,
But Master Tristram Trustie here maketh no speed.
C. Custance. That he came at all, I thank him in very deed,
For now have I need of the help of some wise man.
T. Trustie. Then may I be gone again, for none such I am.
Trupenie. Ye may be by your going — for no Alderman
Can go, I dare say, a sadder pace than ye can.
C. Custance. Trupenie, get thee in. Thou shalt among them know,
How to use thyself like a proper man, I trow.
Trupenie. I go. [*Exit.*
C. Custance. Now, Tristram Trustie, I thank you right much;

18. **swap:** blow, about in the sense of our "swat." 20. **flap:** blow. 21. **firefork:** iron fork for stirring a fire. 21. **fray:** frighten. 24. **shrew:** curse.
3. **start:** distance. 15. **going:** pace.

For, at my first sending, to come ye never grutch.
T. Trustie. Dame Custance, God ye save, and while my life shall last,
For my friend Goodluck's sake ye shall not send in waste.
C. Custance. He shall give you thanks.
T. Trustie. I will do much for his sake.
C. Custance. But alack, I fear, great displeasure shall be take.
T. Trustie. Wherefore?
C. Custance. For a foolish matter.
T. Trustie. What is your cause?
C. Custance. I am ill accombred with a couple of daws.
T. Trustie. Nay, weep not, woman, but tell me what your cause is.
As concerning my friend is anything amiss?
C. Custance. No, not on my part; but here was Sym Suresby —
T. Trustie. He was with me and told me so.
C. Custance. And he stood by
While Ralph Roister Doister, with help of Merygreeke,
For promise of marriage did unto me seek.
T. Trustie. And had ye made any promise before them twain?
C. Custance. No, I had rather be torn in pieces and slain.
No man hath my faith and troth, but Gawin Goodluck,
And that before Suresby did I say, and there stuck,
But of certain letters there were such words spoken —
T. Trustie. He told me that too.
C. Custance. And of a ring and token,
That Suresby I spied did more than half suspect,
That I my faith to Gawin Goodluck did reject.
T. Trustie. But there was no such matter, dame Custance, indeed?
C. Custance. If ever my head thought it, God send me ill speed!
Wherefore, I beseech you, with me to be a witness,
That in all my life I never intended thing less.
And what a brainsick fool Ralph Roister Doister is,
Yourself know well enough.
T. Trustie. Ye say full true, ywis.
C. Custance. Because to be his wife I ne grant nor apply,
Hither will he come, he sweareth, by and by,
To kill both me and mine, and beat down my house flat.

20. **grutch:** grudge. 22. **waste:** vain. 47. **apply:** think of it.

Therefore I pray your aid.
T. Trustie. I warrant you that.
C. Custance. Have I so many years lived a sober life,
And showed myself honest, maid, widow, and wife,
And now to be abused in such a vile sort?
Ye see how poor widows live all void of comfort.
T. Trustie. I warrant him do you no harm nor wrong at all.
C. Custance. No, but Mathew Merygreeke doth me most appal,
That he would join himself with such a wretched lout.
T. Trustie. He doth it for a jest; I know him out of doubt.
And here cometh Merygreeke.
C. Custance. Then shall we hear his mind.

Scene VI.

Enter Merygreeke. Christian Custance *and* Tristram Trustie *remain.*

M. Merygreeke. Custance and Trustie both, I do you here well find.
C. Custance. Ah, Mathew Merygreeke, ye have used me well.
M. Mery. Now for altogether ye must your answer tell.
Will ye have this man, woman, or else will ye not?
Else will he come, never boar so brim nor toast so hot.
Tris. and Cus. But why join ye with him?
T. Trustie. For mirth?
C. Custance. Or else in sadness?
M. Mery. The more fond of you both! Hardily the matter guess.
T. Trustie. Lo, how say ye, dame?
M. Mery. Why do ye think, dame Custance,
That in this wooing I have meant aught but pastance?
C. Custance. Much things ye spake, I wot, to maintain his dotage.
M. Mery. But well might ye judge I spake it all in mockage.
For why? Is Roister Doister a fit husband for you?
T. Trustie. I daresay ye never thought it.
M. Mery. No, to God I vow.
And did not I know afore of the insurance

5. **brim:** furious. 7. **fond:** foolish. 9. **pastance:** pastime. 10. **dotage:** foolish passion. 14. **insurance:** betrothal.

Between Gawin Goodluck and Christian Custance?
And did not I for the nonce, by my conveyance,
Read his letter in a wrong sense for dalliance?
That if you could have take it up at the first bound,
We should thereat such a sport and pastime have found,
That all the whole town should have been the merrier.
C. Custance. Ill ache your heads both! I was never wearier,
Nor never more vexed since the first day I was born!
T. Trustie. But very well I wist he here did all in scorn.
C. Custance. But I feared thereof to take dishonesty.
M. Mery. This should both have made sport and showed your honesty,
And Goodluck, I dare swear, your wit therein would 'low.
T. Trustie. Yea, being no worse than we know it to be now.
M. Mery. And nothing yet too late; for when I come to him,
Hither will he repair with a sheep's look full grim,
By plain force and violence to drive you to yield.
C. Custance. If ye two bid me, we will with him pitch a field,
I and my maids together.
M. Mery. Let us see! be bold.
C. Custance. Ye shall see women's war!
T. Trustie. That fight will I behold!
M. Mery. If occasion serve, taking his part full brim,
I will strike at you, but the rap shall light on him.
When we first appear —
C. Custance. Then will I run away
As though I were afeared.
T. Trustie. Do you that part well play;
And I will sue for peace.
M. Mery. And I will set him on.
Then will he look as fierce as a Cotsold lion.
T. Trustie. But when goest thou for him?
M. Mery. That do I very now.
C. Custance. Ye shall find us here.
M. Mery. Well, God have mercy on you!
[*Exit.*
T. Trustie. There is no cause of fear; the least boy in the street —

17. **dalliance:** the fun of it. 24. **dishonesty:** dishonor. 32. **bold:** sure. 34. **brim:** fiercely. 39. **Cotsold lion:** Cotswold lion, a comic term for *sheep.*

C. Custance. Nay, the least girl I have will make him take his feet. [*Sound of a drum within.*

But hark! methink they make preparation.

T. Trustie. No force, it will be a good recreation!

C. Custance. I will stand within, and step forth speedily,

And so make as though I ran away dreadfully.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Enter R. Roister, M. Merygreeke, D. Doughtie, *and* Harpax.

R. Roister. Now, sirs, keep your ray, and see your hearts be stout.

But where be these caitiffs? methink they dare not rout!

How sayest thou, Merygreeke? What doth Kit Custance say?

M. Mery. I am loath to tell you.

R. Roister. Tush, speak, man — yea or nay?

M. Mery. Forsooth, sir, I have spoken for you all that I can,

But if ye win her, ye must e'en play the man;

E'en to fight it out, ye must a man's heart take.

R. Roister. Yes, they shall know, and thou knowest, I have a stomach.

M. Mery. "A stomach," quod you, yea, as good as e'er man had!

R. Roister. I trow they shall find and feel that I am a lad.

M. Mery. By this cross, I have seen you eat your meat as well

As any that e'er I have seen of or heard tell.

"A stomach," quod you? He that will that deny,

I know, was never at dinner in your company.

R. Roister. Nay, the stomach of a man it is that I mean.

M. Mery. Nay, the stomach of a horse or a dog, I ween.

R. Roister. Nay, a man's stomach with a weapon, mean I.

M. Mery. Ten men can scarce match you with a spoon in a pie.

R. Roister. Nay, the stomach of a man to try in strife.

45. **No force:** no matter. 47. **dreadfully:** in fear.
1. **ray:** array. 2. **rout:** come forth in a company. 8. **stomach:** courage.

M. Mery. I never saw your stomach cloyed yet in my life.

R. Roister. Tush, I mean in strife or fighting to try.

M. Mery. We shall see how ye will strike now, being angry.

R. Roister. Have at thy pate then, and save thy head if thou may. [*Strikes at him.*

M. Mery. Nay, then have at your pate again by this day. [*Strikes Ralph.*

R. Roister. Nay, thou mayst not strike at me again in no wise.

M. Mery. I cannot in fight make to you such warrantise;
But as for your foes, here let them the bargain bie.

R. Roister. Nay, as for they, shall every mother's child die.
And in this my fume a little thing might make me
To beat down house and all, and else the devil take me!

M. Mery. If I were as ye be, by Gog's dear mother,
I would not leave one stone upon another,
Though she would redeem it with twenty thousand pounds.

R. Roister. It shall be even so, by His lily wounds.

M. Mery. Be not at one with her upon any amends.

R. Roister. No, though she make to me never so many friends,
Nor if all the world for her would undertake;
No, not God himself neither, shall not her peace make.
On, therefore, march forward! — Soft, stay a while yet.

M. Mery. On.

R. Roister. Tarry.

M. Mery. Forth.

R. Roister. Back.

M. Mery. On.

R. Roister. Soft! Now forward set! [*Enter Custance.*

C. Custance. What business have we here? Out! alas, alas! [*Flees as though scared.*

R. Roister. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Didst thou see that, Merygreeke, how afraid she was?
Didst thou see how she fled apace out of my sight?
Ah, good sweet Custance, I pity her, by this light.

M. Mery. That tender heart of yours will mar altogether.
Thus will ye be turned with wagging of a feather.

20. **cloyed:** stuffed. 26. **warrantise:** guarantee. 27. **bie:** abide, pay for. 29. **fume:** passion. 34. **lily:** lovely. 35. **at one:** reconciled. 37. **undertake:** intercede.

R. Roister. On, sirs, keep your ray.
M. Mery. On, forth, while this gear is hot!
R. Roister. Soft! The arms of Caleys, I have one thing forgot!
M. Mery. What lack we now?
R. Roister. Retire, or else we be all slain!
M. Mery. Back, for the pashe of God! Back, sirs, back again!
What is the great matter?
R. Roister. This hasty forthgoing
Had almost brought us all to utter undoing,
It made me forget a thing most necessary.
M. Mery. Well remembered of a captain, by Saint Mary.
R. Roister. It is a thing must be had.
M. Mery. Let us have it then.
R. Roister. But I wot not where nor how.
M. Mery. Then wot not I when.
But what is it?
R. Roister. Of a chief thing I am to seek.
M. Mery. Tut, so will ye be, when ye have studied a week.
But tell me what it is?
R. Roister. I lack yet an headpiece.
M. Mery. The kitchen collocavit, the best hens to grease,
Run, fet it, Dobinet, and come at once withal,
And bring with thee my pot-gun, hanging by the wall.
[*Exit Dobinet.*
I have seen your head with it full many a time,
Covered as safe as it had been with a skrine;
And I warrant it save your head from any stroke,
Except perchance to be amazed with the smoke.
I warrant your head therewith, except for the mist,
As safe as if it were fast locked up in a chest.
And lo, here our Dobinet cometh with it now.
[*Re-enter Dobinet.*
D. Doughtie. It will cover me to the shoulders well enow.
M. Mery. Let me see it on.
R. Roister. In faith, it doth metely well.
M. Mery. There can be no fitter thing. Now ye must us tell

60. **headpiece:** helmet. 61. **collocavit:** evidently a kitchen utensil, either a large pot or a bucket. The precise meaning has not been established. 61. **hens to grease:** Whatever the "collocavit" was, it helped to fatten (grease) hens. Another interpretation is that the phrase should be "hence to Greece," i.e., the utensil was the best helmet between here and Greece. 63. **pot-gun:** a large pistol. 65. **skrine:** a strong-box. 67. **amazed:** dazed. 67. **smoke:** fumes.

What to do.

R. Roister. Now forth in ray, sirs, and stop no more!

M. Mery. Now, Saint George to borrow, drum dub-a-dub afore!

[*Enter Trustie.*

T. Trustie. What mean you to do, sir, commit manslaughter?

R. Roister. To kill forty such as a matter of laughter.

T. Trustie. And who is it, sir, whom ye intend thus to spill?

R. Roister. Foolish Custance here forceth me against my will.

T. Trustie. And is there no mean your extreme wrath to slake?

She shall some amends unto your good maship make.

R. Roister. I will none amends.

T. Trustie. Is her offence so sore?

M. Mery. And he were a lout she could have done no more.
She hath called him fool, and dressed him like a fool,
Mocked him like a fool, used him like a fool.

T. Trustie. Well, yet the sheriff, the justice, or constable,
Her misdemeanor to punish might be able.

R. Roister. No, sir, I mine own self will, in this present cause,
Be sheriff, and justice, and whole judge of the laws;
This matter to amend, all officers be I shall,
Constable, bailiff, sergeant.

M. Mery. And hangman and all.

T. Trustie. Yet a noble courage, and the heart of a man,
Should more honor win by bearing with a woman.
Therefore take the law, and let her answer thereto.

R. Roister. Merygreeke, the best way were even so to do.
What honor should it be with a woman to fight?

M. Mery. And what then, will ye thus forgo and lose your right?

R. Roister. Nay, I will take the law on her withouten grace.

T. Trustie. Or, if your maship could pardon this one trespass,
I pray you forgive her!

R. Roister. Ho!

M. Mery. Tush, tush, sir, do not!

75. **to borrow:** be with us. 84. **dressed:** treated. 87. **misdemeanor:** i.e., for calling him names.

T. Trustie. Be good, master, to her.
R. Roister. Hoh!
M. Mery. Tush, I say, do not.
And what! shall your people here return straight home?
R. Roister. Yea, levy the camp, sirs, and hence again each one.
But be still in readiness, if I hap to call.
I cannot tell what sudden chance may befall.
M. Mery. Do not off your harness, sirs, I you advise,
At the least for this fortnight in no manner wise.
Perchance in an hour, when all ye think least,
Our master's appetite to fight will be best.
But soft, ere ye go, have once at Custance' house.
R. Roister. Soft, what wilt thou do?
M. Mery. Once discharge my harquebouse,
And, for my heart's ease, have once more with my pot-gun.
R. Roister. Hold thy hands, else is all our purpose clean fordone.
M. Mery. And it cost me my life!
R. Roister. I say, thou shalt not.
M. Mery. By the Matte, but I will. [*Shoots the gun.*
Have once more with hail shot. [*Shoots the pistol.*
I will have some pennyworth; I will not lose all.

Scene VIII.

Enter Custance. M. Merygreeke, T. Trustie, R. Roister, Dobinet Doughtie, *and* Harpax *remain. Two drums with their ensigns.*

C. Custance. What caitiffs are those that so shake my house wall?
M. Mery. Ah, sirrah! now, Custance, if ye had so much wit,
I would see you ask pardon, and yourselves submit.
C. Custance. Have I still this ado with a couple of fools?
M. Mery. Hear ye what she saith?
C. Custance. Maidens, come forth with your tools!
Enter Tib. Talk., An. Alyface, M. Mumblecrust, *and* Trupenie.
R. Roister. In array!

102. **levy the camp:** gather the forces together. 105. **harness:** armor. 110. **harquebouse:** harquebus, an old-fashioned gun. 114. **Matte:** mass.
Stage direction, Two drums, etc.: each side had one drum and one flag.

M. Mery. Dubbadub, sirrah!
R. Roister. In array!
They come suddenly on us.
M. Mery. Dubbadub!
R. Roister. In array!
That ever I was born! We are taken tardy.
M. Mery. Now, sirs, quit ourselves like tall men and hardy!
C. Custance. On afore, Trupenie! Hold thine own, Annot!
On toward them, Tibet! for 'scape us they cannot!
Come forth, Madge Mumblecrust, to stand fast together!
M. Mery. God send us a fair day!
R. Roister. See, they march on hither!
Tib. Talk. But, mistress ——
C. Custance. What sayest thou?
Tib. Talk. Shall I go fet our goose?
C. Custance. What to do?
Tib. Talk. To yonder captain I will turn her loose,
And she gape and hiss at him, as she doth at me,
I durst jeopard my hand she will make him flee.
C. Custance. On! Forward!
R. Roister. They come!
M. Mery. Stand!
R. Roister. Hold!
M. Mery. Keep!
R. Roister. There!
M. Mery. Strike!
R. Roister. Take heed!
C. Custance. Well said, Trupenie!
Trupenie. Ah, whoresons!
C. Custance. Well done, indeed.
M. Mery. Hold thine own, Harpax! Down with them, Dobinet!
C. Custance. Now, Madge; there, Annot! Now stick them, Tibet!
Tib. Talk. All my chief quarrel is to this same little knave,
That beguiled me last day — nothing shall him save.
D. Doughtie. Down with this little quean, that hath at me such spite!
Save you from her, master — it is a very sprite!
C. Custance. I myself will Mounsire Grand Captain undertake.
R. Roister. They win ground!

9. **tall:** brave.

M. Mery. Save yourself, sir, for God's sake!
[*Hits Ralph.*
R. Roister. Out, alas! I am slain! Help!
M. Mery. Save yourself!
R. Roister. Alas!
M. Mery. Nay, then, have at you, mistress!
[*Aims at Custance but hits Ralph.*
R. Roister. Thou hittest me, alas!
M. Mery. I will strike at Custance here. [*Hits him again.*
R. Roister. Thou hittest me!
M. Mery. So I will!
Nay, mistress Custance! [*Hits him again.*
R. Roister. Alas! thou hittest me still.
Hold.
M. Mery. Save yourself, sir.
R. Roister. Help! Out, alas! I am slain!
M. Mery. Truce, hold your hands, truce for a pissing while or twain!
Nay, how say you, Custance, for saving of your life,
Will ye yield and grant to be this gentman's wife?
C. Custance. Ye told me he loved me. Call ye this love?
M. Mery. He loved a while even like a turtle-dove.
C. Custance. Gay love, God save it! — so soon hot, so soon cold.
M. Mery. I am sorry for you; he could love you yet, so he could.
R. Roister. Nay, by Cock's precious, she shall be none of mine!
M. Mery. Why so?
R. Roister. Come away! By the Matte, she is mankine.
I durst adventure the loss of my right hand
If she did not slee her other husband.
And see if she prepare not again to fight!
M. Mery. What then? Saint George to borrow, our ladies' knight!
R. Roister. Slee else whom she will, by Gog, she shall not slee me!
M. Mery. How then?
R. Roister. Rather than to be slain, I will flee.
C. Custance. To it again, my knightesses! Down with them all! [*The fight begins again.*
R. Roister. Away, away, away! She will else kill us all.

41. **mankine:** wildly angry. 43. **slee:** slay.

M. Mery. Nay, stick to it, like an hardy man and a tall.
[*Hits him.*
R. Roister. Oh bones, thou hittest me! Away, or else die we shall.
M. Mery. Away, for the pashe of our sweet Lord Jesus Christ.
C. Custance. Away, lout and lubber, or I shall be thy priest.
[*Ralph and his men run away.*
So this field is ours, we have driven them all away.
Tib. Talk. Thanks to God, mistress, ye have had a fair day.
C. Custance. Well, now go ye in, and make yourself some good cheer.
All. We go. [*Maids and Trupenie go.*
T. Trustie. Ah, sir, what a field we have had here!
C. Custance. Friend Tristram, I pray you be a witness with me.
T. Trustie. Dame Custance, I shall depose for your honesty,
And now fare ye well, except something else ye would.
C. Custance. Not now, but when I need to send I will be bold. [*Exit Tristram.*
I thank you for these pains. And now I will get me in.
Now Roister Doister will no more wooing begin. [*Exit.*

ACT V

Scene I.

Enter Gawin Goodluck *and* Sym Suresby, *in front of Custance's house.*

G. Good. Sym Suresby, my trusty man, now advise thee well,
And see that no false surmises thou me tell.
Was there such ado about Custance, of a truth?
Sym Sure. To report that I heard and saw, to me is ruth,
But both my duty and name and property
Warneth me to you to show fidelity.
It may be well enough, and I wish it so to be;
She may herself discharge, and try her honesty.
Yet their claim to her methought was very large,

5. **property:** a sense of the fitness of things. 8. **try:** prove.

For with letters, rings and tokens, they did her charge,
Which when I heard and saw I would none to you bring.
G. Good. No, by Saint Marie, I allow thee in that thing.
Ah, sirrah, now I see truth in the proverb old!
All things that shineth is not by and by pure gold!
If any do live a woman of honesty,
I would have sworn Christian Custance had been she.
Sym Sure. Sir, though I to you be a servant true and just,
Yet do not ye therefore your faithful spouse mistrust.
But examine the matter, and if ye shall it find
To be all well, be not ye for my words unkind.
G. Good. I shall do that is right, and as I see cause why;
But here cometh Custance forth, we shall know by and by.

Scene II.

Enter C. Custance. Gawin Goodluck *and* Sym Suresby *remain.*

C. Custance. I come forth to see and hearken for news good,
For about this hour is the time, of likelihood,
That Gawin Goodluck by the sayings of Suresby
Would be at home, and lo, yond I see him, I!
What! Gawin Goodluck, the only hope of my life!
Welcome home, and kiss me, your true espoused wife.
G. Good. Nay, soft, dame Custance; I must first, by your licence,
See whether all things be clear in your conscience.
I hear of your doings to me very strange.
C. Custance. What! fear ye that my faith towards you should change?
G. Good. I must needs mistrust ye be elsewhere entangled,
For I hear that certain men with you have wrangled
About the promise of marriage by you to them made.
C. Custance. Could any man's report your mind therein persuade?
G. Good. Well, ye must therein declare yourself to stand clear,
Else I and you, dame Custance, may not join this year.
C. Custance. Then would I were dead, and fair laid in my grave!
Ah, Suresby, is this the honesty that ye have,

11. **none:** i.e., no letter or token. 12. **allow thee:** that you were right. 14. **by and by:** therefore.

To hurt me with your report, not knowing the thing?
Sym Sure. If ye be honest, my words can hurt you nothing,
But what I heard and saw, I might not but report.
C. Custance. Ah, Lord, help poor widows, destitute of comfort!
Truly, most dear spouse, naught was done but for pastance.
G. Good. But such kind of sporting is homely dalliance.
C. Custance. If ye knew the truth, ye would take all in good part.
G. Good. By your leave, I am not half well skilled in that art.
C. Custance. It was none but Roister Doister, that foolish mome.
G. Good. Yea, Custance, better, they say, a bad 'scuse than none.
C. Custance. Why, Tristram Trustie, sir, your true and faithful friend,
Was privy both to the beginning and the end.
Let him be the judge and for me testify.
G. Good. I will the more credit that he shall verify,
And because I will the truth know e'en as it is,
I will to him myself, and know all without miss.
Come on, Sym Suresby, that before my friend thou may
Avouch the same words, which thou didst to me say.
[*Exeunt Goodluck and Suresby.*

Scene III.

Christian Custance *remains.*

C. Custance. O Lord! how necessary it is now of days
That each body live uprightly all manner ways;
For let never so little a gap be open,
And be sure of this, the worst shall be spoken.
How innocent stand I in this for deed or thought,
And yet see what mistrust towards me it hath wrought!
But thou, Lord, knowest all folks' thoughts and eke intents,
And thou art the deliverer of all innocents.
Thou didst help the adulteress, that she might be amended,
Much more then help, Lord, that never ill intended.
Thou didst help Susanna, wrongfully accused,

24. **homely dalliance:** a pastime not in good taste. 27. **mome:** blockhead.
1. **now of days:** nowadays.

And no less dost thou see, Lord, how I am now abused.
Thou didst help Hester, when she should have died,
Help, also, good Lord, that my truth may be tried.
Yet if Gawin Goodluck with Tristram Trustie speak,
I trust of ill report the force shall be but weak.
And lo, yond they come, sadly talking together,
I will abide, and not shrink for their coming hither.

Scene IV.

Enter Gawin Goodluck, Tristram Trustie, *and* Sym Suresby. C. Custance *remains.*

G. Good. And was it none other than ye to me report?
Tristram. No, and here were ye wished to have seen the sport.
G. Good. Would I had, rather than half of that in my purse!
Sym Sure. And I do much rejoice the matter was no worse,
And like as to open it I was to you faithful.
So of dame Custance' honest truth I am joyful,
For God forfend that I should hurt her by false report.
G. Good. Well, I will no longer hold her in discomfort.
C. Custance. Now come they hitherward, I trust all shall be well.
G. Good. Sweet Custance, neither heart can think nor tongue tell,
How much I joy in your constant fidelity!
Come now, kiss me, the pearl of perfect honesty.
C. Custance. God let me no longer to continue in life,
Than I shall towards you continue a true wife.
G. Good. Well, now to make you for this some part of amends,
I shall desire first you, and then such of our friends
As shall to you seem best, to sup at home with me,
Where at your fought field we shall laugh and merry be.
Sym Sure. And mistress, I beseech you, take with me no grief;
I did a true man's part, not wishing you reprief.
C. Custance. Though hasty reports, through surmises growing,
May of poor innocents be utter overthrowing,
Yet because to thy master thou hast a true heart,

18. **abide:** stay.
7. **forfend:** forbid. 20. **reprief:** reproof, harm or blame.

And I know mine own truth, I forgive thee for my part.
G. Good. Go we all to my house, and of this gear no more.
Go, prepare all things, Sym Suresby; hence, run afore.
Sym Sure. I go. [*Exit.*
G. Good. But who cometh yond? M. Merygreeke?
C. Custance. Roister Doister's champion, I shrew his best cheek!
T. Trustie. Roister Doister self, your wooer, is with him too.
Surely some thing there is with us they have to do.

Scene V.

Enter M. Merygreeke *and* Ralph Roister. Gawin Goodluck, Tristram Trustie, *and* C. Custance *remain.*

M. Mery. Yond I see Gawin Goodluck, to whom lieth my message;
I will first salute him after his long voyage,
And then make all things well concerning your behalf.
R. Roister. Yea, for the pashe of God.
M. Mery. Hence out of sight, ye calf,
Till I have spoken with them, and then I will you fet.
R. Roister. In God's name! [*Exit R. Roister.*
M. Mery. What, master Gawin Goodluck, well met!
And from your long voyage I bid you right welcome home.
G. Good. I thank you.
M. Mery. I come to you from an honest mome.
G. Good. Who is that?
M. Mery. Roister Doister, that doughty kite.
C. Custance. Fie! I can scarce abide ye should his name recite.
M. Mery. Ye must take him to favor, and pardon all past;
He heareth of your return, and is full ill aghast.
G. Good. I am right well content he have with us some cheer.
C. Custance. Fie upon him, beast! Then will not I be there.
G. Good. Why, Custance, do ye hate him more than ye love me?

5. **fet:** fetch. 8. **mome:** fool. 9. **kite:** a bird, here used as a term of contempt.

C. Custance. But for your mind, sir, where he were would I not be.
T. Trustie. He would make us all laugh.
M. Mery. Ye ne'er had better sport.
G. Good. I pray you, sweet Custance, let him to us resort.
C. Custance. To your will I assent.
M. Mery. Why, such a fool it is,
As no man for good pastime would forgo or miss.
G. Good. Fet him to go with us.
M. Mery. He will be a glad man. [*Exit.*
T. Trustie. We must to make us mirth, maintain him all we can.
And lo, yond he cometh, and Merygreeke with him.
C. Custance. At his first entrance ye shall see I will him trim.
But first let us hearken the gentleman's wise talk.
T. Trustie. I pray you, mark, if ever ye saw crane so stalk.

Scene VI.

Enter R. Roister, M. Merygreeke, D. Doughtie, *and* Harpax. C. Custance, G. Goodluck, *and* T. Trustie *remain.*

R. Roister. May I then be bold?
M. Mery. I warrant you, on my word,
They say they shall be sick but ye be at their board.
R. Roister. They were not angry, then?
M. Mery. Yes, at first, and made strange;
But when I said your anger to favor should change,
And therewith had commended you accordingly,
They were all in love with your maship by and by,
And cried you mercy that they had done you wrong.
R. Roister. For why no man, woman, nor child can hate me long.
M. Mery. "We fear," quod they, "he will be avenged one day;
Then for a penny give all our lives we may."
R. Roister. Said they so indeed?
M. Mery. Did they? yea, even with one voice —
"He will forgive all," quod I. Oh, how they did rejoice!

22. **maintain him:** play up to him by encouraging his braggadocio tendencies. 3. **made strange:** acted distantly, stand-offish. 7. **cried you mercy:** begged pardon. 8. **For why:** because.

R. Roister. Ha, ha, ha!
M. Mery. "Go fet him," say they, "while he is in good mood,
For, have his anger who lust, we will not, by the rood."
R. Roister. I pray God that it be all true, that thou hast me told,
And that she fight no more.
M. Mery. I warrant you, be bold.
To them, and salute them!
R. Roister. Sirs, I greet you all well!
All. Your mastership is welcome.
C. Custance. Saving my quarrel —
For sure I will put you up into the Exchequer.
M. Mery. Why so? better nay. Wherefore?
C. Custance. For an usurer.
R. Roister. I am no usurer, good mistress, by His arms!
M. Mery. When took he gain of money to any man's harms?
C. Custance. Yes, a foul usurer he is, ye shall see else.
R. Roister. Didst not thou promise she would pick no mo quarrels?
C. Custance. He will lend no blows, but he have in recompense
Fifteen for one, which is too much of conscience.
R. Roister. Ah, dame, by the ancient law of arms, a man
Hath no honor to foil his hands on a woman.
C. Custance. And where other usurers take their gains yearly,
This man is angry but he have his by and by.
G. Good. Sir, do not for her sake bear me your displeasure.
M. Mery. Well, he shall with you talk thereof more at leisure.
Upon your good usage, he will now shake your hand.
R. Roister. And much heartily welcome from a strange land.
M. Mery. Be not afeard, Gawin, to let him shake your fist.
G. Good. Oh, the most honest gentleman that e'er I wist.
[*They shake hands.*
I beseech your maship to take pain to sup with us.
M. Mery. He shall not say you nay; and I too, by Jesus,
Because ye shall be friends, and let all quarrels pass.
R. Roister. I will be as good friends with them as ere I was.

15. **rood:** cross, a common oath. 20. **Exchequer:** an office in England that has to do with money matters. 29. **foil:** soil or defile. 37. **wist:** knew.

M. Mery. Then let me fet your choir that we may have a song.
R. Roister. Go. [*Exit M. Mery.*
G. Good. I have heard no melody all this year long.

Re-enter M. Merygreeke *with the Musicians.*

M. Mery. Come on, sirs, quickly.
R. Roister. Sing on, sirs, for my friends' sake.
D. Dough. Call ye these your friends?
R. Roister. Sing on, and no mo words make. 45
[*Here they sing.*

All kneel.

G. Good. The Lord preserve our most noble Queen of renown,
And her virtues reward with the heavenly crown.
C. Custance. The Lord strengthen her most excellent Majesty,
Long to reign over us in all prosperity.
T. Trustie. That her godly proceedings the faith to defend, 50
He may 'stablish and maintain through to the end.
M. Mery. God grant her, as she doth, the Gospel to protect,
Learning and virtue to advance, and vice to correct.
R. Roister. God grant her loving subjects both the mind and grace,
Her most godly proceedings worthily to embrace. 55
Harpax. Her highness' most worthy counselors, God prosper
With honor and love of all men to minister.
All. God grant the nobility her to serve and love,
With all the whole commonalty as doth them behove.

Amen.

45. *Stage direction:* The song is missing. 45. *Second stage direction:* In early plays it was the custom for the actors, at the end of a play, to offer a conventional prayer for the sovereign. 46. **Queen:** probably Elizabeth, although Udall wrote the play during Mary Tudor's reign. It was first played under Edward VI, and printed under Elizabeth.

NOTE

Whether *Ralph Roister Doister* was produced in 1541 or in 1553 matters little. It still remains the first regular English comedy. It was written by a schoolmaster to be given by the boys of his school. As a school play it definitely broke away from the custom that had hitherto prevailed, that of giving plays in Latin or, at best, translations from the Latin. There is no record of original English plays given in schools prior to the production of *Ralph Roister Doister*.

Nicholas Udall was an accomplished Latin scholar, with particular interest in Plautus and Terence. It is natural, therefore, that he should write his plays in imitation of those authors. At this time there was no accepted theory of drama except that of imitation of classical models. There were garbled versions of Aristotle, but his theory had no special bearing on comedy. The Renaissance accepted Plautus and Terence wholeheartedly and was fully satisfied with those authors as models. The play that Udall followed rather closely was the *Miles Gloriosus* (*The Boastful Soldier*), by Plautus, but it would be unfair to say that he deliberately carried most of that play over into English. There is a striking similarity in the chief characteristic of the two protagonists, that of vainglory, and a careful reading of the two plays brings out a number of parallelisms, but on the whole it is safer to say that Udall was so thoroughly saturated with the Plautine method as well as subject matter that his work could not help being technically Latin in construction. He wanted it that way.

In reading *Ralph Roister Doister* after the *Miles Gloriosus,* the difference that stands out conspicuously is one of spirit. One shows ancient Rome, the other sixteenth century London, and it is the second part of that statement that makes Udall's play important historically. No one had imagined that an interesting play could be laid so near home, with character types familiar to everyone, however exaggerated for the purpose of the comedy.

Ralph himself is the first of those gulls that dramatists found so convenient as fun-makers. A stupid blockhead obsessed with an idea of his own greatness is sure to do things that will amuse an audience. It takes no great art to portray so obvious a character, but to make him do absurdly ridiculous acts, get him involved in one major transaction of utter stupidity, cure him of that, and at the same time save his self-respect — that is something different, and that is exactly what Udall succeeded in doing. What is more, the reader, or spectator, who has laughed himself sore over the antics into which Ralph is led by Merygreeke, at the end is glad that Goodluck is willing to overlook matters and invite the culprit to supper. After all, Ralph was guilty of no greater crime than trying to marry a widow because she was worth a thousand pounds! The reader of Plautus will know how different was the aim of the hero or villain of the *Miles Gloriosus,* but he too was cured effectually.

Udall follows his master in portraying types, as the names of his characters clearly indicate, but they are far less stereotyped than those of Plautus. This fact comes out best in Mathew Merygreeke, the parasite.

In Roman comedy most of the action is directed by a parasite, and Udall carried that idea over, but in no Latin play is there a parasite like Merygreeke. Outwardly he resembles his prototypes. He distinctly declares his vocation in the opening soliloquy. He is out to make his living at the cost of others. And why shouldn't he? He is clever, entertaining, not bad at heart, and, above all else, he has a genuine sense of humor. For him the keenest satisfaction is derived in gulling others for the fun he himself gets out of it, not for the material things he receives. Ralph is really almost too easy picking, but Merygreeke does manage to get several hilarious days out of Ralph's love-sickness. Of all his outrageous devices, the trick letter is the outstanding feature, especially so because through it he is able to drag in Dame Custance.

One may imagine Ralph himself as a big, burly, awkward, helpless sort of fellow, whose physical proportions might have made him imposing but whose low mentality at once labels his braggadocio as sheer harmless bunk. There is a slightly pathetic touch to Ralph's character, that so robust a specimen of manhood should not recognize what a fool figure he cut before the world. In a general way, Ralph resembles Pyrgopolinices, the hero of Plautus's play. Both seem to have been born with more money than sense, both are vainglorious, both have a woman complex, the feeling that woman has only to look at them to fall in love. Ralph sees nothing funny in loving the widow because he hears that "she is worth a thousand pound and more." It is a type of woman complex that thrives in all ages. It is worth noting that however absurdly he woos, he woos honorably. In the Latin play the story is vastly different, and it is greatly to the credit of Udall that he kept his play free from vulgarity and decent in plot when it would have been easy to do otherwise without any reflection on him.

Ralph being what he was, nobody took him seriously — except the widow Custance. It was necessary that she should be serious and without a sense of humor; otherwise she would have laughed Ralph off the boards at once. But she is not strikingly interesting; her problem is not exacting; and the reader is sure that her lover will appear, though late. Udall showed good dramatic sense in keeping Gawin Goodluck out of the action until the last, for he had no place for a third or fourth important character. Like the other minor characters, he is of small consequence except as a convenience in gracefully finishing off the final scene.

GORBODUC; OR, FERREX AND PORREX

By Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Gorboduc, King of Great Britain.
Videna, Queen, and wife of King Gorboduc.
Ferrex, Elder son to King Gorboduc.
Porrex, Younger son to King Gorboduc.
Clotyn, Duke of Cornwall.
Fergus, Duke of Albany.
Mandud, Duke of Loegris.
Gwenard, Duke of Cumberland.
Eubulus, Secretary to the King.
Arostus, a Counselor to the King.
Dordan, a Counselor assigned by the King to his eldest son, Ferrex.
Philander, a Counselor assigned by the King to his youngest son, Porrex.
Both being of the old king's council before.
Hermon, a Parasite remaining with Ferrex.
Tyndar, a Parasite remaining with Porrex.
Nuntius, a Messenger of the elder brother's death.
Nuntius, a Messenger of Duke Fergus rising in arms.
Marcella, a Lady of the Queen's privy-chamber.
Chorus, four ancient and sage men of Britain.

Scene: *Britain.*

The Argument

Gorboduc, King of Britain, divided his realm in his lifetime to his sons, Ferrex and Porrex. The sons fell to dissension. The younger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger. The people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobility assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwards, for want of issue of the Prince, whereby the succession of the crown became uncertain, they fell to civil war, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

The Order of the Dumb Show Before the First Act, and the Signification Thereof.

First, the music of violins began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wild men, clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare on his neck a fagot of small sticks, which they all, both severally and together, assayed with all their strength to break; but it could not be broken by them. At the length, one of them pulled out one of the sticks, and

brake it: and the rest plucking out all the other sticks, one after another, did easily break them, the same being severed; which being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the music ceased. Hereby was signified that a state knit in unity doth continue strong against all force, but being divided, is easily destroyed; as befell upon Duke Gorboduc dividing his land to his two sons, which he before held in monarchy; and upon the dissension of the brethren, to whom it was divided.

ACT I

SCENE I. *Palace of* KING GORBODUC.

Enter VIDENA *and* FERREX.

Videna. The silent night that brings the quiet pause,
From painful travails of the weary day,
Prolongs my careful thoughts, and makes me blame
The slow Aurore, that so for love or shame
Doth long delay to show her blushing face,
And now the day renews my griefful plaint.
Fer. My gracious lady, and my mother dear,
Pardon my grief for your so grievéd mind
To ask what cause tormenteth so your heart.
Vid. So great a wrong and so unjust despite,
Without all cause against all course of kind!
Fer. Such causeless wrong, and so unjust despite,
May have redress, or, at the least, revenge.
Vid. Neither, my son; such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mishap and thine.
Fer. Mine know I none, but grief for your distress.
Vid. Yes; mine for thine, my son. A father? No;
In kind a father, not in kindliness.
Fer. My father? Why, I know nothing at all,
Wherein I have misdone unto his grace.
Vid. Therefore, the more unkind to thee and me.
For, knowing well, my son, the tender love
That I have ever borne, and bear to thee;
He grieved thereat, is not content alone,
To spoil thee of my sight, my chiefest joy,
But thee, of thy birthright and heritage,

11. **kind:** nature.

Causeless, unkindly, and in wrongful wise,
Against all law and right, he will bereave.
Half of his kingdom he will give away.
Fer. To whom?
Vid. Even to Porrex, his younger son;
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,
That, being raised to equal rule with thee,
Methinks I see his envious heart to swell,
Filled with disdain and with ambitious hope.
The end the gods do know, whose altars I
Full oft have made in vain of cattle slain
To send the sacred smoke to Heaven's throne,
For thee, my son, if things do so succeed,
As now my jealous mind misdeemeth sore.
Fer. Madam, leave care and careful plaint for me.
Just hath my father been to every wight.
His first injustice he will not extend
To me, I trust, that give no cause thereof;
My brother's pride shall hurt himself, not me.
Vid. So grant the gods! But yet, thy father so
Hath firmly fixéd his unmovéd mind,
That plaints and prayers can no whit avail;
For those have I assayed, but even this day
He will endeavor to procure assent
Of all his council to his fond devise.
Fer. Their ancestors from race to race have borne
True faith to my forefathers and their seed;
I trust they eke will bear the like to me.
Vid. There resteth all. But if they fail thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill success,
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
And so I pray the gods requite it them;
And so they will, for so is wont to be,
When lords and trusted rulers under kings,
To please the present fancy of the prince,
With wrong transpose the course of governance,
Murders, mischief, and civil sword at length,
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,
When right succeeding line returns again,
By Jove's just judgment and deservéd wrath,
Brings them to cruel and reproachful death,
And roots their names and kindreds from the earth.

38. **succeed:** come out. 48. **assayed:** tried. 50. **fond:** foolish. 53. **eke:** also. 57. **requite:** pay back.

Fer. Mother, content you, you shall see the end.
Vid. The end! Thy end I fear; Jove end me first!

Scene II. *Court of* Gorboduc.

Enter Gorboduc, Arostus *and* Philander, *his counselors, and* Eubulus, *his secretary.*

Gor. My lords, whose grave advice and faithful aid
Have long upheld my honor and my realm,
And brought me to this age from tender years,
Guiding so great estate with great renown;
Now more importeth me, than erst to use
Your faith and wisdom, whereby yet I reign;
That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
The kingdom yet may with unbroken course
Have certain prince, by whose undoubted right
Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay;
And eke that they, whom nature hath prepared,
In time to take my place in princely seat,
While in their father's time their pliant youth
Yields to the frame of skilful governance,
May so be taught and trained in noble arts.
As what their fathers, which have reigned before,
Have with great fame derivéd down to them,
With honor they may leave unto their seed;
And not be thought, for their unworthy life,
And for their lawless swerving out of kind.
Worthy to lose what law and kind them gave;
But that they may preserve the common peace,
The cause that first began and still maintains
The lineal course of kings' inheritance,
For me, for mine, for you, and for the state
Whereof both I and you have charge and care.
Thus do I mean to use your wonted faith
To me and mine, and to your native land.
My lords, be plain without all wry respect,
Or poisonous craft to speak in pleasing wise,
Lest as the blame of ill-succeeding things
Shall light on you, so light the harms also.
Aros. Your good acceptance so, most noble king,
Of such our faithfulness, as heretofore
We have employed in duties to your grace,

5. **erst:** formerly. 10. **stay:** condition. 17. **derivéd:** passed.

And to this realm, whose worthy head you are,
Well proves, that neither you mistrust at all,
Nor we shall need in boasting wise to show
Our truth to you, nor yet our wakeful care
For you, for yours, and for our native land.
Wherefore, O king, I speak as one for all,
Sith all as one do bear you equal faith.
Doubt not to use our counsels and our aids,
Whose honors, goods, and lives are whole avowed,
To serve, to aid, and to defend your grace.
Gor. My lords, I thank you all. This is the case:
Ye know, the gods, who have the sovereign care
For kings, for kingdoms, and for common weals,
Gave me two sons in my more lusty age,
Who now, in my decaying years, are grown
Well towards riper state of mind and strength,
To take in hand some greater princely charge.
As yet they live and spend their hopeful days
With me, and with their mother, here in court.
Their age now asketh other place and trade,
And mine also doth ask another change,
Theirs to more travail, mine to greater ease.
When fatal death shall end my mortal life,
My purpose is to leave unto them twain,
The realm divided in two sundry parts:
The one, Ferrex, mine elder son, shall have,
The other, shall the younger, Porrex, rule.
That both my purpose may more firmly stand,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I mean forthwith to place them in the same;
That in my life they may both learn to rule,
And I may joy to see their ruling well.
This is, in sum, what I would have you weigh:
First, whether ye allow my whole devise,
And think it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our country, mother of us all.
And if ye like it and allow it well,
Then, for their guiding and their governance,
Show forth such means of circumstance,
As ye think meet to be both known and kept.
Lo, this is all; now tell me your advice.
Aros. And this is much, and asketh great advice;
But for my part, my sovereign lord and king,

69. **devise**: plan.

This do I think: Your majesty doth know,
How under you, in justice and in peace,
Great wealth and honor long we have enjoyed,
So as we cannot seem with greedy minds
To wish for change of prince or governance;
But if we like your purpose and devise,
Our liking must be deeméd to proceed
Of rightful reason, and of heedful care,
Not for ourselves, but for the common state,
Sith our own state doth need no better change.
I think in all as erst your grace hath said:
First, when you shall unload your agéd mind
Of heavy care and troubles manifold,
And lay the same upon my lords, your sons,
Whose growing years may bear the burden long,
(And long I pray the gods to grant it so)
And in your life, while you shall so behold
Their rule, their virtues, and their noble deeds,
Such as their kind behighteth to us all,
Great be the profits that shall grow thereof;
Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
Your lasting age shall be their longer stay.
For cares of kings, that rule as you have ruled,
For public wealth, and not for private joy,
Do waste man's life and hasten crooked age,
With furrowed face, and with enfeebled limbs,
To draw on creeping death a swifter pace.
They two, yet young, shall bear the parted reign
With greater ease than one, now old, alone
Can wield the whole, for whom much harder is
With lessened strength the double weight to bear.
Your eye, your counsel, and the grave regard
Of father, yea, of such a father's name,
Now at beginning of their sundered reign,
When is the hazard of their whole success,
Shall bridle so their force of youthful heats,
And so restrain the rage of insolence,
Which most assails the young and noble minds,
And so shall guide and train in tempered stay
Their yet green bending wits with reverend awe,
As now inured with virtues at the first,
Custom, O king, shall bring delightfulness,

97. **kind behighteth:** as their nature promises. 100. **stay:** support. 102. **wealth:** well-being.

By use of virtue, vice shall grow in hate.
But if you so dispose it, that the day
Which ends your life, shall first begin their reign,
Great is the peril what will be the end,
When such beginning of such liberties,
Void of such stays as in your life do lie,
Shall leave them free to random of their will,
An open prey to traitorous flattery,
The greatest pestilence of noble youth;
Which peril shall be past, if in your life,
Their tempered youth with agéd father's awe
Be brought in ure of skilful stayédness;
And in your life, their lives disposéd so
Shall length your noble life in joyfulness.
Thus think I that your grace hath wisely thought,
And that your tender care of common weal
Hath bred this thought, so to divide your land,
And plant your sons to bear the present rule,
While you yet live to see their ruling well,
That you may longer live by joy therein.
What further means behooveful are and meet,
At greater leisure may your grace devise,
When all have said, and when we be agreed
If this be best, to part the realm in twain,
And place your sons in present government;
Whereof, as I have plainly said my mind,
So would I hear the rest of all my lords.

Phil. In part I think as hath been said before;
In part, again, my mind is otherwise.
As for dividing of this realm in twain,
And lotting out the same in equal parts
To either of my lords, your grace's sons,
That think I best for this your realm's behoof,
For profit and advancement of your sons,
And for your comfort and your honor eke.
But so to place them while your life do last,
To yield to them your royal governance,
To be above them only in the name
Of father, not in kingly state also,
I think not good for you, for them, nor us.
This kingdom, since the bloody civil field
Where Morgan slain did yield his conquered part

127. **random:** to act without restraint. 132. **ure:** use, practice. 151. **lotting:** allotting.

Unto his cousin's sword in Camberland,
Containeth all that whilom did suffice
Three noble sons of your forefather Brute;
So your two sons it may suffice also,
The more the stronger, if they 'gree in one.
The smaller compass that the realm doth hold,
The easier is the sway thereof to wield,
The nearer justice to the wrongéd poor,
The smaller charge, and yet enough for one.
And when the region is divided so
That brethren be the lords of either part,
Such strength doth nature knit between them both,
In sundry bodies by conjoinéd love,
That, not as two, but one of doubled force,
Each is to other as a sure defence.
The nobleness and glory of the one
Doth sharp the courage of the other's mind,
With virtuous envy to contend for praise.
And such an equalness hath nature made
Between the brethren of one father's seed,
As an unkindly wrong it seems to be,
To throw the brother subject under feet
Of him, whose peer he is by course of kind;
And Nature, that did make this equalness,
Oft so repineth at so great a wrong,
That oft she raiseth up a grudging grief
In younger brethren at the elder's state;
Whereby both towns and kingdoms have been rased,
And famous stocks of royal blood destroyed.
The brother, that should be the brother's aid,
And have a wakeful care for his defence,
Gapes for his death, and blames the lingering years
That draw not forth his end with faster course;
And, oft impatient of so long delays,
With hateful slaughter he prevents the fates,
And heaps a just reward for brother's blood,
With endless vengeance on his stock for aye.
Such mischiefs here are wisely met withal;
If equal state may nourish equal love,
Where none hath cause to grudge at other's good.
But now the head to stoop beneath them both,
Ne kind, ne reason, ne good order bears.

163. **Camberland:** This event is recorded in the history of Geoffrey of Monmouth. 165. **Brute:** Brutus, grandson to Aeneas, and mythical founder of Britain.

And oft it hath been seen, where nature's course
Hath been perverted in disordered wise,
When fathers cease to know that they should rule,
The children cease to know they should obey;
And often overkindly tenderness
Is mother of unkindly stubbornness.
I speak not this in envy or reproach,
As if I grudged the glory of your sons,
Whose honor I beseech the gods increase;
Nor yet as if I thought there did remain
So filthy cankers in their noble breasts,
Whom I esteem (which is their greatest praise)
Undoubted children of so good a king.
Only I mean to show by certain rules,
Which kind hath graft within the mind of man,
That Nature hath her order and her course,
Which (being broken) doth corrupt the state
Of minds and things, ev'n in the best of all.
My lords, your sons, may learn to rule of you,
Your own example in your noble court
Is fittest guider of their youthful years.
If you desire to see some present joy
By sight of their well ruling in your life,
See them obey, so shall you see them rule;
Who so obeyeth not with humbleness
Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
Long may they rule, I do beseech the gods,
Long may they learn, ere they begin to rule.
If kind and fates would suffer, I would wish
Them agéd princes, and immortal kings.
Wherefore, most noble king, I well assent
Between your sons that you divide your realm,
And as in kind, so match them in degree.
But while the gods prolong your royal life,
Prolong your reign; for thereto live you here,
And therefore have the gods so long forborne
To join you to themselves, that still you might
Be prince and father of our common weal.
They, when they see your children ripe to rule,
Will make them room, and will remove you hence,
That yours, in right ensuing of your life,
May rightly honor your immortal name.

Eub. Your wonted true regard of faithful hearts
Makes me, O king, the bolder to presume

To speak what I conceive within my breast;
Although the same do not agree at all
With that which other here my lords have said,
Nor which yourself have seeméd best to like.
Pardon I crave, and that my words be deemed
To flow from hearty zeal unto your grace,
And to the safety of your common weal.
To part your realm unto my lords, your sons,
I think not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worst of all for this our native land.
Within one land one single rule is best;
Divided reigns do make divided hearts;
But peace preserves the country and the prince.
Such is in man the greedy mind to reign,
So great is his desire to climb aloft,
In worldly stage the stateliest parts to bear,
That faith and justice and all kindly love
Do yield unto desire of sovereignty,
Where equal state doth raise an equal hope
To win the thing that either would attain.
Your grace remembereth how in passéd years,
The mighty Brute, first prince of all this land,
Possessed the same, and ruled it well in one;
He, thinking that the compass did suffice
For his three sons three kingdoms eke to make,
Cut it in three, as you would now in twain.
But how much British blood hath since been spilt,
To join again the sundered unity!
What princes slain before their timely hour!
What waste of towns and people in the land!
What treasons heaped on murders and on spoils!
Whose just revenge ev'n yet is scarcely ceased,
Ruthful remembrance is yet raw in mind.
The gods forbid the like to chance again.
And you, O king, give not the cause thereof.
My lord Ferrex, your elder son, perhaps
(Whom kind and custom gives a rightful hope
To be your heir, and to succeed your reign)
Shall think that he doth suffer greater wrong
Than he perchance will bear, if power serve.
Porrex, the younger, so upraised in state,
Perhaps in courage will be raised also.
If flattery then, which fails not to assail

270. **land:** according to Geoffrey of Monmouth. 272. **compass:** extent.

The tender minds of yet unskilful youth,
In one shall kindle and increase disdain,
And envy in the other's heart inflame;
This fire shall waste their love, their lives, their land,
And ruthful ruin shall destroy them both.
I wish not this, O king, so to befall,
But fear the thing that I do most abhor.
Give no beginning to so dreadful end.
Keep them in order and obedience,
And let them both by now obeying you,
Learn such behavior as beseems their state;
The elder, mildness in his governance,
The younger, a yielding contentedness.
And keep them near unto your presence still,
That they, restrainéd by the awe of you,
May live in compass of well tempered stay,
And pass the perils of their youthful years.
Your agéd life draws on to feebler time,
Wherein you shall less able be to bear
The travails that in youth you have sustained,
Both in your person's and your realm's defence.
If planting now your sons in further parts,
You send them further from your present reach,
Less shall you know how they themselves demean.
Traitorous corrupters of their pliant youth
Shall have, unspied, a much more free access;
And if ambition and inflamed disdain
Shall arm the one, the other, or them both,
To civil war or to usurping pride,
Late shall you rue that you ne recked before.
Good is, I grant, of all to hope the best,
But not to live still dreadless of the worst.
So trust the one that th' other be foreseen.
Arm not unskilfulness with princely power.
But you that long have wisely ruled the reins
Of royalty within your noble realm,
So hold them, while the gods, for our avails,
Shall stretch the thread of your prolongéd days.
Too soon he clomb into the flaming car,
Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire.
Time, and example of your noble Grace,
Shall teach your sons both to obey and rule.
When time hath taught them, time shall make them place,

321. **recked:** heeded.

The place that now is full; and so I pray
Long it remain, to comfort of us all.
Gor. I take your faithful hearts in thankful part;
But sith I see no cause to draw my mind
To fear the nature of my loving sons,
Or to misdeem that envy or disdain
Can there work hate where nature planteth love;
In one self purpose do I still abide.
My love extendeth equally to both,
My land sufficeth for them both also.
Humber shall part the marches of their realms.
The southern part the elder shall possess,
The northern shall Porrex, the younger, rule.
In quiet I will pass mine agéd days,
Free from the travail, and the painful cares,
That hasten age upon the worthiest kings.
But, lest the fraud that ye do seem to fear
Of flattering tongues corrupt their tender youth,
And writhe them to the ways of youthful lust,
To climbing pride, or to revenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their careful charge
Lewdly to live in wanton recklessness,
Or to oppressing of the rightful cause,
Or not to wreak the wrongs done to the poor,
To tread down truth, or favor false deceit,
I mean to join to either of my sons
Some one of those, whose long approvéd faith
And wisdom tried, may well assure my heart
That mining fraud shall find no way to creep
Into their fencéd ears with grave advice.
This is the end; and so I pray you all
To bear my sons the love and loyalty
That I have found within your faithful breasts.
Aros. You, nor your sons, my sovereign lord, shall want
Our faith and service, while our hearts do last. [*Exeunt.*

Chorus

When settled stay doth hold the royal throne
In steadfast place, by known and doubtless right,
And chiefly when descent on one alone
Makes single and unparted reign to light,

338. **draw:** change. 345. **marches:** boundary. 353. **writhe:** twist. 363. **mining:** undermining.

Each change of course unjoints the whole estate,
And yields it thrall to ruin by debate.

The strength that knit by fast accord in one,
Against all foreign power of mighty foes,
Could of itself defend itself alone,
Disjoinéd once, the former force doth lose.
The sticks that, sundered, brake so soon in twain,
In fagot bound attempted were in vain.

Oft tender mind that leads the partial eye
Of erring parents in their children's love,
Destroys the wrongly lovéd child thereby.
This doth the proud son of Apollo prove,
Who, rashly set in chariot of his sire,
Inflamed the parchéd earth with heaven's fire.

And this great king that doth divide his land,
And change the course of his descending crown,
And yields the reign into his children's hand,
From blissful state of joy and great renown,
A mirror shall become to princes all,
To learn to shun the cause of such a fall.

The Order and Signification of the Dumb Show Before the Second Act.

First, the music of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage a king accompanied with a number of his nobility and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chair of estate prepared for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offered up unto him a cup of wine in a glass, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lusty young gentleman, and presents the king with a cup of gold filled with poison, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell down dead upon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his lords and gentlemen, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glass by nature holdeth no poison, but is clear and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any art; so a faithful counselor holdeth no treason, but is plain and open, ne yieldeth

375. **debate:** strife.

to any indiscreet affection, but giveth wholesome counsel, which the ill advised prince refuseth. The delightful gold filled with poison betokeneth flattery, which under fair seeming of pleasant words beareth deadly poison, which destroyeth the prince that receiveth it. As befel in the two brethren, Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the wholesome advice of grave counselors, credited these young parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction thereby.

ACT II

Scene I. *The Court of* Ferrex.

Enter Ferrex, *his parasite* Hermon, *and* Dordan, *a counselor.*

Fer. I marvel much what reason led the king,
My father, thus, without all my desert,
To reave me half the kingdom, which by course
Of law and nature should remain to me.
Her. If you with stubborn and untaméd pride
Had stood against him in rebelling wise;
Or if, with grudging mind, you had envied
So slow a sliding of his agéd years,
Or sought before your time to haste the course
Of fatal death upon his royal head,
Or stained your stock with murder of your kin,
Some face of reason might perhaps have seemed
To yield some likely cause to spoil ye thus.
Fer. The wreakful gods pour on my curséd head
Eternal plagues and never-dying woes,
The hellish prince adjudged my damnéd ghost
To Tantale's thirst, or proud Ixion's wheel,
Or cruel Gripe to gnaw my growing heart,
To during torments and unquenchéd flames,
If ever I conceived so foul a thought,
To wish his end of life, or yet of reign.
Dor. Ne yet your father, O most noble prince,
Did ever think so foul a thing of you;
For he, with more than father's tender love,
While yet the Fates do lend him life to rule,
(Who long might live to see your ruling well)
To you, my lord, and to his other son,

14. **wreakful:** avenging. 18. **Gripe:** griffin, perhaps. 19. **during:** enduring.

Lo, he resigns his realm and royalty;
Which never would so wise a prince have done,
If he had once misdeemed that in your heart
There ever lodgéd so unkind a thought.
But tender love, my lord, and settled trust
Of your good nature, and your noble mind,
Made him to place you thus in royal throne,
And now to give you half this realm to guide;
Yea, and that half which, in abounding store
Of things that serve to make a wealthy realm,
In stately cities, and in fruitful soil,
In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,
In things of needful use, which friendly sea
Transports by traffic from the foreign parts,
In flowing wealth, in honor, and in force,
Doth pass the double value of the part
That Porrex hath allotted to his reign.
Such is your case, such is your father's love.
Fer. Ah love, my friends! Love wrongs not whom he loves.
Dor. Ne yet he wrongeth you, that giveth you
So large a reign, ere that the course of time
Bring you to kingdom by descended right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before.
Fer. Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me
My native right of half so great a realm,
And thus to match his younger son with me
In equal power, and in as great degree?
Yea, and what son? The son whose swelling pride
Would never yield one point of reverence,
When I the elder and apparent heir
Stood in the likelihood to possess the whole;
Yea, and that son which from his childish age
Envieth mine honor, and doth hate my life.
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,
The mindful malice of his grudging heart
Is armed with force, with wealth, and kingly state?
Her. Was this not wrong, yea, ill adviséd wrong,
To give so mad a man so sharp a sword,
To so great peril of so great mishap,
Wide open thus to set so large a way?
Dor. Alas, my lord, what griefful thing is this,
That of your brother you can think so ill?
I never saw him utter likely sign,
Whereby a man might see or once misdeem

Such nate of you, ne such unyielding pride.
Ill is their counsel, shameful be their end,
That raising such mistrustful fear in you,
Sowing the seed of such unkindly hate,
Travail by treason to destroy you both.
Wise is your brother, and of noble hope,
Worthy to wield a large and mighty realm.
So much a stronger friend have you thereby,
Whose strength is your strength if you 'gree in one.
Her. If Nature and the gods had pinchéd so
Their flowing bounty, and their noble gifts
Of princely qualities, from you, my lord,
And poured them all at once in wasteful wise
Upon your father's younger son alone,
Perhaps there be, that in your prejudice
Would say that birth should yield to worthiness.
But sith in each good gift and princely art
Ye are his match, and in the chief of all
In mildness and in sober governance
Ye far surmount; and sith there is in you
Sufficing skill and hopeful towardness
To wield the whole, and match your elder's praise,
I see no cause why ye should lose the half,
Ne would I wish you yield to such a loss,
Lest your mild sufferance of so great a wrong,
Be deeméd cowardice and simple dread,
Which shall give courage to the fiery head
Of your young brother to invade the whole.
While yet therefore sticks in the people's mind
The loathéd wrong of your disheritance;
And ere your brother have, by settled power,
By guileful cloak of an alluring show,
Got him some force and favor in the realm;
And while the noble queen, your mother, lives,
To work and practice all for your avail,
Attempt redress by arms, and wreak yourself
Upon his life that gaineth by your loss,
Who now to shame of you, and grief of us,
In your own kingdom triumphs over you.
Show now your courage meet for kingly state,
That they which have avowed to spend their goods,
Their lands, their lives and honors in your cause,
May be the bolder to maintain your part,
When they do see that coward fear in you

Shall not betray, ne fail their faithful hearts.
If once the death of Porrex end the strife,
And pay the price of his usurpéd reign,
Your mother shall persuade the angry king.
The lords, your friends, eke shall appease his rage;
For they be wise, and well they can foresee,
That ere long time your agéd father's death
Will bring a time when you shall well requite
Their friendly favor, or their hateful spite,
Yea, or their slackness to advance your cause.
" Wise men do not so hang on passing state
Of present princes, chiefly in their age,
But they will further cast their reaching eye,
To view and weigh the times and reigns to come."
Ne is it likely, though the king be wroth,
That he yet will or that the realm will bear,
Extreme revenge upon his only son;
Or, if he would, what one is he that dare
Be minister to such an enterprise?
And here you be now placéd in your own,
Amid your friends, your vassals, and your strength.
We shall defend and keep your person safe,
Till either counsel turn his tender mind,
Or age or sorrow end his weary days.
But if the fear of gods, and secret grudge
Of nature's law, repining at the fact,
Withhold your courage from so great attempt,
Know ye that lust of kingdoms hath no law.
The gods do bear and well allow in kings
The things that they abhor in rascal routs.
" When kings on slender quarrels run to wars,
And then in cruel and unkindly wise,
Command thefts, rapes, murders of innocents,
The spoil of towns, ruins of mighty realms:
Think you such princes do suppose themselves
Subject to laws of kind, and fear of gods? "
Murders and violent thefts in private men
Are heinous crimes, and full of foul reproach;
Yet none offence, but decked with glorious name
Of noble conquests, in the hands of kings.
But if you like not yet so hot devise,
Ne list to take such vantage of the time,

126. The four lines in quotation marks are so put for emphasis. 145. **routs:** crowds or mobs. 151. **kind:** nature.

But, though with peril of your own estate,
You will not be the first that shall invade,
Assemble yet your force for your defence,
And for your safety stand upon your guard.
Dor. O heaven! was there ever heard or known,
So wicked counsel to a noble prince?
Let me, my lord, disclose unto your grace
This heinous tale, what mischief it contains:
Your father's death, your brother's, and your own,
Your present murder and eternal shame.
Hear me, O king, and suffer not to sink
So high a treason in your princely breast.
Fer. The mighty gods forbid that ever I
Should once conceive such mischief in my heart.
Although my brother hath bereft my realm,
And bear, perhaps, to me an hateful mind,
Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?
Or shall I so destroy my father's life
That gave me life? The gods forbid, I say.
Cease you to speak so any more to me;
Ne you, my friend, with answer once repeat
So foul a tale. In silence let it die.
What lord or subject shall have hope at all,
That under me they safely shall enjoy
Their goods, their honors, lands, and liberties,
With whom neither one only brother dear,
Ne father dearer, could enjoy their lives?
But, sith I fear my younger brother's rage,
And sith, perhaps, some other man may give
Some like advice, to move his grudging head
At mine estate — which counsel may perchance
Take greater force with him, than this with me —
I will in secret so prepare myself,
As, if his malice or his lust to reign
Break forth in arms or sudden violence,
I may withstand his rage and keep mine own.
[*Exeunt Ferrex and Hermon.*
Dor. I fear the fatal time now draweth on,
When civil hate shall end the noble line
Of famous Brute and of his royal seed.
Great Jove, defend the mischiefs now at hand!
O that the Secretary's wise advice
Had erst been heard, when he besought the king

197. **defend:** prevent.

Not to divide his land, nor send his sons
To further parts from presence of his court,
Ne yet to yield to them his governance.
Lo, such are they now in the royal throne
As was rash Phaeton in Phœbus' car;
Ne then the fiery steeds did draw the flame
With wilder random through the kindled skies,
Than traitorous counsel now will whirl about
The youthful heads of these unskilful kings.
But I hereof their father will inform.
The reverence of him perhaps shall stay
The growing mischiefs while they yet are green.
If this help not, then woe unto themselves,
The prince, the people, the divided land! [*Exit.*

Scene II. *The court of* Porrex.

Enter Porrex, *his parasite* Tyndar, *and* Philander, *a counselor.*

Por. And is it thus? And doth he so prepare
Against his brother as his mortal foe?
And now, while yet his agéd father lives?
Neither regards he him, nor fears he me?
War would he have? And he shall have it so!
Tyn. I saw, myself, the great preparéd store
Of horse, of armor, and of weapons there;
Ne bring I to my lord reported tales,
Without the ground of seen and searchéd truth.
Lo, secret quarrels run about his court,
To bring the name of you, my lord, in hate.
Each man, almost, can now debate the cause
And ask a reason of so great a wrong,
Why he, so noble and so wise a prince,
Is, as unworthy, reft his heritage.
And why the king, misled by crafty means,
Divided thus his land from course of right.
The wiser sort hold down their griefful heads;
Each man withdraws from talk and company
Of those that have been known to favor you.
To hide the mischief of their meaning there,
Rumors are spread of your preparing here.
The rascal numbers of unskilful sort

208. **unskilful:** lacking in judgment through inexperience

Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours.
In secret I was counseled by my friends
To haste me thence, and brought you, as you know,
Letters from those that both can truly tell,
And would not write unless they knew it well.
Phil. My lord, yet ere you move unkindly war,
Send to your brother to demand the cause.
Perhaps some traitorous tales have filled his ears
With false reports against your noble grace;
Which, once disclosed, shall end the growing strife,
That else, not stayed with wise foresight in time,
Shall hazard both your kingdoms and your lives.
Send to your father eke; he shall appease
Your kindled minds, and rid you of this fear.
Por. Rid me of fear! I fear him not at all;
Ne will to him ne to my father send.
If danger were for one to tarry there,
Think ye it safety to return again?
In mischiefs, such as Ferrex now intends,
The wonted courteous laws to messengers
Are not observed, which in just war they use.
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
Shall I betray my trusty friends to him,
That have disclosed his treason unto me?
Let him entreat that fears; I fear him not.
Or shall I to the king, my father, send?
Yea, and send now, while such a mother lives,
That loves my brother and that hateth me?
Shall I give leisure, by my fond delays,
To Ferrex to oppress me all unware?
I will not; but I will invade his realm,
And seek the traitor prince within his court.
Mischief for mischief is a due reward.
His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
Of this his treason and his hate to me.
Shall I abide, and treat, and send, and pray,
And hold my yielding throat to traitor's knife,
While I, with valiant mind and conquering force,
Might rid myself of foes and win a realm?
Yet rather, when I have the wretch's head,
Then to the king, my father, will I send.
The bootless case may yet appease his wrath;
If not, I will defend me as I may.

[*Exeunt Porrex and Tyndar.*

Phil. Lo, here the end of these two youthful kings!
The father's death, the ruin of their realms!
"O most unhappy state of counselors,
That light on so unhappy lords and times,
That neither can their good advice be heard,
Yet must they bear the blames of ill success."
But I will to the king, their father, haste,
Ere this mischief come to the likely end;
That, if the mindful wrath of wreakful gods
(Since mighty Ilion's fall not yet appeased
With these poor remnants of the Trojan name)
Have not determined by unmovéd fate,
Out of this realm to raze the British line;
By good advice, by awe of father's name,
By force of wiser lords, this kindled hate
May yet be quenched ere it consume us all. [*Exit.*

Chorus.

When youth, not bridled with a guiding stay,
Is left to random of their own delight,
And wields whole realms by force of sovereign sway,
Great is the danger of unmastered might,
Lest skilless rage throw down, with headlong fall,
Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves and all.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling breast,
And greedy lust doth raise the climbing mind,
Oh, hardly may the peril be repressed.
Ne fear of angry gods, ne lawes kind,
Ne country's care can fired hearts restrain,
When force hath arméd envy and disdain.

When kings of foreset will neglect the rede
Of best advice, and yield to pleasing tales
That do their fancies' noisome humor feed,
Ne reason nor regard of right avails.
Succeeding heaps of plagues shall teach, too late,
To learn the mischiefs of misguided state.

Foul fall the traitor false that undermines
The love of brethren, to destroy them both.

77. **Trojan:** i.e., Brutus, grandson of Aeneas, a Trojan. 83. **stay:** support. 92. **lawes:** so spelled to show that it is a dissyllable. 95. **foreset:** deliberately. 95. **rede:** counsel. 98. **avails:** prevails.

Woe to the prince that pliant ear inclines,
And yields his mind to poisonous tale that floweth
From flattering mouth! And woe to wretched land,
That wastes itself with civil sword in hand!
Lo thus it is, poison in gold to take,
And wholesome drink in homely cup forsake.

The Order and Signification of the Dumb Show Before the Third Act.

First, the music of flutes began to play, during which came in upon the stage a company of mourners, all clad in black, betokening death and sorrow to ensue upon the ill-advised misgovernment and dissension of brethren, as befel upon the murder of Ferrex by his younger brother. After the mourners had passed thrice about the stage, they departed, and then the music ceased.

ACT III

Scene I. *Court of* Gorboduc.

Enter Gorboduc, *with* Eubulus, *his secretary, and* Arostus, *a counselor.*

Gor. O cruel fates, O mindful wrath of gods,
Whose vengeance neither Simois' stainéd streams
Flowing with blood of Trojan princes slain,
Nor Phrygian fields made rank with corpses dead
Of Asian kings and lords, can yet appease!
Ne slaughter of unhappy Priam's race,
Nor Ilion's fall made level with the soil,
Can yet suffice; but still continued rage
Pursues our lives, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the issues of destroyéd Troy.
"Oh, no man happy till his end be seen."
If any flowing wealth and seeming joy
In present years might make a happy wight,
Happy was Hecuba, the woeful'st wretch
That ever lived to make a mirror of;
And happy Priam with his noble sons;
And happy I, till now, alas, I see

And feel my most unhappy wretchedness.
Behold, my lords, read ye this letter here;
Lo, it contains the ruin of our realm,
If timely speed provide not hasty help.
Yet, O ye gods, if ever woeful king
Might move ye, kings of kings, wreak it on me
And on my sons, not on this guiltless realm.
Send down your wasting flames from wrathful skies,
To reave me and my sons the hateful breath.
Read, read, my lords; this is the matter why
I called ye now, to have your good advice.

Eubulus *readeth the letter from* Dordan, *the counselor of the elder Prince.*

" My Sovereign Lord, what I am loath to write,
But loathest am to see, that I am forced
By letters now to make you understand.
My lord Ferrex, your eldest son, misled
By traitorous fraud of young untempered wits,
Assembleth force against your younger son,
Ne can my counsel yet withdraw the heat
And furious pangs of his inflaméd head.
Disdain, saith he, of his disheritance
Arms him to wreak the great pretended wrong
With civil sword upon his brother's life.
If present help do not restrain this rage,
This flame will waste your sons, your land, and you.
Your Majesty's faithful
and most humble subject,
Dordan."

Aros. O king, appease your grief, and stay your plaint;
Great is the matter, and a woeful case;
But timely knowledge may bring timely help.
Send for them both unto your presence here;
The reverence of your honor, age, and state,
Your grave advice, the awe of father's name,
Shall quickly knit again this broken peace.
And if in either of my lords, your sons,
Be such untaméd and unyielding pride
As will not bend unto your noble hests;
If Ferrex, the elder son, can bear no peer,

51. **hests:** commands.

Or Porrex, not content, aspires to more
Than you him gave above his native right,
Join with the juster side. So shall you force
Them to agree, and hold the land in stay.
Eub. What meaneth this? Lo, yonder comes in haste
Philander from my lord your younger son.

Enter Philander.

Gor. The gods send joyful news!
Phil. The mighty Jove
Preserve your majesty, O noble king.
Gor. Philander, welcome; but how doth my son?
Phil. Your son, sir, lives, and healthy I him left.
But yet, O king, the want of lustful health
Could not be half so griefful to your grace,
As these most wretched tidings that I bring.
Gor. O heavens, yet more? No end of woes to me?
Phil. Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court
Of Ferrex to my lord your younger son,
And made report of great preparéd store
For war, and saith that it is wholly meant
Against Porrex, for high disdain that he
Lives now a king, and equal in degree
With him that claimeth to succeed the whole,
As by due title of descending right.
Porrex is now so set on flaming fire,
Partly with kindled rage of cruel wrath,
Partly with hope to gain a realm thereby,
That he in haste prepareth to invade
His brother's land, and with unkindly war
Threatens the murder of your elder son;
Ne could I him persuade, that first he should
Send to his brother to demand the cause,
Nor yet to you to stay this hateful strife.
Wherefore sith there no more I can be heard,
I come myself now to inform your grace,
And to beseech you, as you love the life
And safety of your children and your realm,
Now to employ your wisdom and your force
To stay this mischief ere it be too late.
Gor. Are they in arms? Would he not send to me?
Is this the honor of a father's name?
In vain we travail to assuage their minds,

As if their hearts, whom neither brother's love,
Nor father's awe, nor kingdom's cares, can move,
Our counsels could withdraw from raging heat.
Jove slay them both and end the curséd line.
For though perhaps fear of such mighty force
As I, my lords, joined with your noble aids,
May yet raise, shall repress their present heat,
The secret grudge and malice will remain.
The fire not quenched, but kept in close restraint,
Fed still within, breaks forth with double flame.
Their death and mine must 'pease the angry gods.
Phil. Yield not, O king, so much to weak despair;
Your sons yet live, and long, I trust, they shall.
If Fates had taken you from earthly life,
Before beginning of this civil strife,
Perhaps your sons in their unmastered youth,
Loose from regard of any living wight,
Would run on headlong with unbridled race,
To their own death and ruin of this realm.
But sith the gods, that have the care for kings,
Of things and times dispose the order so,
That in your life this kindled flame breaks forth,
While yet your life, your wisdom, and your power,
May stay the growing mischief, and repress
The fiery blaze of their enkindled heat;
It seems, and so ye ought to deem thereof,
That loving Jove hath tempered so the time
Of this debate to happen in your days,
That you yet living may the same appease,
And add it to the glory of your age,
And they, your sons, may learn to live in peace.
Beware, O king, the greatest harm of all,
Lest, by your wailful plaints, your hastened death
Yield larger room unto their growing rage.
Preserve your life, the only hope of stay.
And if your highness herein list to use
Wisdom or force, counsel or knightly aid,
Lo we, our persons, powers, and lives are yours;
Use us till death, O king; we are your own.
Eub. Lo, here the peril that was erst foreseen,
When you, O king, did first divide your land,
And yield your present reign unto your sons.
But now, O noble prince, now is no time

120. **debate:** strife.

To wail and plain, and waste your woeful life;
Now is the time for present good advice.
Sorrow doth dark the judgment of the wit.
" The heart unbroken, and the courage free
From feeble faintness of bootless despair,
Doth either rise to safety or renown
By noble valor of unvanquished mind,
Or yet doth perish in more happy sort."
Your grace may send to either of your sons
Some one both wise and noble personage,
Which with good counsel and with weighty name
Of father, shall present before their eyes
Your hest, your life, your safety, and their own,
The present mischief of their deadly strife.
And in the while, assemble you the force
Which your commandment and the speedy haste
Of all my lords here present can prepare.
The terror of your mighty power shall stay
The rage of both, or yet of one at least.

Enter Nuntius.

Nun. O king, the greatest grief that ever prince did hear,
That ever woeful messenger did tell,
That ever wretched land hath seen before,
I bring to you. Porrex, your younger son,
With sudden force invaded hath the land
That you to Ferrex did allot to rule;
And with his own most bloody hand he hath
His brother slain, and doth possess his realm.
Gor. O heavens, send down the flames of your revenge!
Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakful fire
The traitor son, and then the wretched sire!
But let us go, that yet perhaps I may
Die with revenge, and 'pease the hateful gods. [*Exeunt.*

Chorus.

The lust of kingdom knows no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regard of right,
No kindly love, no fear of heaven's wrath;
But with contempt of gods, and man's despite,
Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the ways

140. **bootless:** useless.

To fatal scepter and accurséd reign.
The son so loathes the father's lingering days,
Ne dreads his hand in brother's blood to stain.
O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet record
The yet fresh murders done within the land
Of thy forefathers, when the cruel sword
Bereft Morgan his life with cousin's hand?
Thus fatal plagues pursue the guilty race,
Whose murderous hand, imbrued with guiltless blood,
Asks vengeance still before the heaven's face,
With endless mischiefs on the curséd brood.
The wicked child thus brings to woeful sire
The mournful plaints to waste his very life.
Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire
Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife.
And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
The dead black streams of mourning, plaints, and woe.

The Order and Signification of the Dumb Show Before the Fourth Act.

First, the music of hautboys began to play, during which there came forth from under the stage, as though out of hell, three Furies, Alecto, Megœra, and Tisiphone, clad in black garments sprinkled with blood and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heads spread with serpents instead of hair, the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand, each driving before them a king and a queen; which, moved by Furies, unnaturally had slain their own children. The names of the kings and queens were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambyses, Althea. After that the Furies and these had passed about the stage thrice, they departed, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified the unnatural murders to follow; that is to say, Porrex slain by his own mother, and of king Gorboduc and queen Videna, killed by their own subjects.

Dumb Show, **hautboy**: a high-pitched double-reed instrument, now called *oboe*.

ACT IV

Scene I. Gorboduc's *Palace.*

Enter Videna.

Vid. Why should I live, and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distress?
O me, most woeful wight, whom no mishap
Long ere this day could have bereavéd hence.
Might not these hands, by fortune or by fate,
Have pierced this breast, and life with iron reft?
Or in this palace here, where I so long
Have spent my days, could not that happy hour
Once, once have happed in which these hugy frames
With death by fall might have oppresséd me?
Or should not this most hard and cruel soil,
So oft where I have pressed my wretched steps,
Sometime had ruth of mine accurséd life
To rend in twain, and swallow me therein?
So had my bones possesséd now in peace
Their happy grave within the closéd ground,
And greedy worms had gnawn this pinéd heart
Without my feeling pain; so should not now
This living breast remain the ruthful tomb,
Wherein my heart yielden to death is graved;
Nor dreary thoughts, with pangs of pining grief,
My doleful mind had not afflicted thus.
O my beloved son! O my sweet child!
My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight!
Is my beloved son, is my sweet child,
My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight,
Murdered with cruel death? O hateful wretch!
O heinous traitor both to heaven and earth!
Thou, Porrex, thou this damnéd deed hast wrought!
Thou, Porrex, thou shalt dearly bye the same.
Traitor to kin and kind, to sire and me,
To thine own flesh, and traitor to thyself,
The gods on thee in hell shall wreak their wrath,
And here in earth this hand shall take revenge
On thee, Porrex, thou false and caitiff wight.
If after blood so eager were thy thirst,

17. **pinéd:** wasted. 30. **bye:** abide, suffer for. 34. **in:** on.

And murderous mind had so possesséd thee,
If such hard heart of rock and stony flint
Lived in thy breast, that nothing else could like
Thy cruel tyrant's thought but death and blood,
Wild savage beasts, might not their slaughter serve
To feed thy greedy will, and in the midst
Of their entrails to stain thy deadly hands
With blood deserved, and drink thereof thy fill?
Or if naught else but death and blood of man
Might please thy lust, could none in Britain land,
Whose heart betorn out of his panting breast
With thine own hand, or work what death thou would'st,
Suffice to make a sacrifice to 'pease
That deadly mind and murderous thought in thee,
But he who in the selfsame womb was wrapped,
Where thou in dismal hour receivedst life?
Or if needs, needs thy hand must slaughter make,
Mightest thou not have reached a mortal wound,
And with thy sword have pierced this curséd womb
That the accurséd Porrex brought to light,
And given me a just reward therefor?
So Ferrex yet sweet life might have enjoyed,
And to his aged father comfort brought,
With some young son in whom they both might live.
But whereunto waste I this ruthful speech,
To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed?
Shall I still think that from this womb thou sprung?
That I thee bare? Or take thee for my son?
No, traitor, no; I thee refuse for mine!
Murderer, I thee renounce; thou art not mine.
Never, O wretch, this womb conceivéd thee,
Nor never bode I painful throws for thee.
Changeling to me thou art, and not my child,
Nor to no wight that spark of pity knew.
Ruthless, unkind, monster of nature's work,
Thou never sucked the milk of woman's breast,
But from thy birth the cruel tiger's teats
Have nursed thee; nor yet of flesh and blood
Formed is thy heart, but of hard iron wrought;
And wild and desert woods bred thee to life.
But canst thou hope to 'scape my just revenge?
Or that these hands will not be wroke on thee?
Dost thou not know that Ferrex' mother lives,

39. **like**: satisfy. 71. **unkind**: unnatural. 78. **wroke**: avenged.

That loved him more dearly than herself?
And doth she live, and is not venged on thee? [*Exit.*

Scene II. Gorboduc's *Court.*

Enter Gorboduc, *and* Arostus, *his counselor.*

Gor. We marvel much, whereto this lingering stay
Falls out so long. Porrex unto our court,
By order of our letters, is returned;
And Eubulus received from us behest,
At his arrival here, to give him charge
Before our presence straight to make repair,
And yet we have no word whereof he stays.
Aros. Lo where he comes, and Eubulus with him.

Enter Eubulus *and* Porrex.

Eub. According to your highness' hest to me,
Here have I Porrex brought, even in such sort
As from his wearied horse he did alight,
For that your grace did will such haste therein.
Gor. We like and praise this speedy will in you,
To work the thing that to your charge we gave.
Porrex, if we so far should swerve from kind,
And from those bounds which law of nature sets,
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deed,
In cruel murder of thy brother's life;
Our present hand could stay no longer time,
But straight should bathe this blade in blood of thee,
As just revenge of thy detested crime.
No; we should not offend the law of kind
If now this sword of ours did slay thee here;
For thou hast murdered him, whose heinous death
Even nature's force doth move us to revenge
By blood again; and justice forceth us
To measure death for death, thy due desert.
Yet since thou art our child, and sith as yet
In this hard case what word thou canst allege
For thy defence by us hath not been heard,
We are content to stay our will for that
Which justice bids us presently to work,
And give thee leave to use thy speech at full,
If aught thou have to lay for thine excuse.

Por. Neither, O king, I can or will deny
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath reft;
Which fact how much my doleful heart doth wail,
Oh! would it might as full appear to sight,
As inward grief doth pour it forth to me.
So yet, perhaps, if ever ruthful heart
Melting in tears within a manly breast,
Through deep repentance of his bloody fact;
If ever grief, if ever woeful man
Might move regret with sorrow of his fault,
I think the torment of my mournful case,
Known to your grace as I do feel the same,
Would force even Wrath herself to pity me.
But, as the water troubled with the mud
Shows not the face which else the eye should see,
Even so your ireful mind with stirréd thought
Cannot so perfectly discern my cause.
But this unhap, amongst so many haps,
I must content me with, most wretched man,
That to myself I must reserve my woe
In pining thoughts of mine accurséd fact;
Since I may not show here my smallest grief,
Such as it is, and as my breast endures;
Which I esteem the greatest misery
Of all mishaps that fortune now can send.
Not that I rest in hope with plaint and tears
To purchase life; for to the gods I clepe
For true record of this my faithful speech;
Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread
To die the death that by your grace's doom,
By just desert, shall be pronounced to me,
Nor never shall this tongue once spend the speech,
Pardon to crave, or seek by suit to live.
I mean not this as though I were not touched
With care of dreadful death, or that I held
Life in contempt, but that I know the mind
Stoops to no dread, although the flesh be frail.
And for my guilt, I yield the same so great
As in myself I find a fear to sue
For grant of life.

Gor. In vain, O wretch, thou showest
A woeful heart; Ferrex now lies in grave,
Slain by thy hand.

55. **fact:** deed. 61. **clepe:** call.

Por. Yet this, O father, hear;
And then I end. Your majesty well knows,
That when my brother Ferrex and myself
By your own hest were joined in governance
Of this your grace's realm of Britain land,
I never sought nor travailed for the same;
Nor by myself, nor by no friend I wrought,
But from your highness' will alone it sprung,
Of your most gracious goodness bent to me.
But how my brother's heart even then repined
With swollen disdain against mine equal rule,
Seeing that realm, which by descent should grow
Wholly to him, allotted half to me,
Even in your highness' court he now remains,
And with my brother then in nearest place,
Who can record what proof thereof was showed,
And how my brother's envious heart appeared.
Yet I that judgéd it my part to seek
His favor and good will, and loath to make
Your highness know the thing which should have brought
Grief to your grace, and your offence to him,
Hoping my earnest suit should soon have won
A loving heart within a brother's breast,
Wrought in that sort, that, for a pledge of love
And faithful heart he gave to me his hand.
This made me think that he had banished quite
All rancor from his thought, and bare to me
Such hearty love as I did owe to him.
But after once we left your grace's court,
And from your highness' presence lived apart,
This equal rule still, still did grudge him so,
That now those envious sparks which erst lay raked
In living cinders of dissembling breast,
Kindled so far within his heart disdain,
That longer could he not refrain from proof
Of secret practice to deprive me life
By poison's force; and had bereft me so,
If mine own servant hired to this fact,
And moved by truth with hate to work the same,
In time had not bewrayed it unto me.
When thus I saw the knot of love unknit,
All honest league and faithful promise broke,
The law of kind and truth thus rent in twain,

81. **travailed:** worked. 110. **proof:** attempt. 115. **bewrayed:** revealed.

His heart on mischief set, and in his breast
Black treason hid; then, then did I despair
That ever time could win him friend to me;
Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
Wrapped under cloak; then saw I deep deceit
Lurk in his face and death prepared for me!
Even nature moved me then to hold my life
More dear to me than his, and bade this hand,
Since by his life my death must needs ensue,
And by his death my life to be preserved,
To shed his blood, and seek my safety so.
And wisdom willéd me without protract
In speedy wise to put the same in ure.
Thus have I told the cause that movéd me
To work my brother's death; and so I yield
My life, my death, to judgment of your grace.
Gor. Oh cruel wight, should any cause prevail
To make thee stain thy hands with brother's blood?
But what of thee we will resolve to do
Shall yet remain unknown. Thou in the mean
Shalt from our royal presence banished be,
Until our princely pleasure further shall
To thee be showed. Depart therefore our sight,
Accurséd child! [*Exit Porrex.*] What cruel destiny,
What froward fate hath sorted us this chance,
That even in those where we should comfort find,
Where our delight now in our agéd days
Should rest and be, even there our only grief
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow?
Aros. Your grace should now, in these grave years of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys,
How short they be, how fading here in earth,
How full of change, how brittle our estate,
Of nothing sure save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last; neither shall nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays
The arméd breast where force doth light in vain.
Gor. Many can yield right sage and grave advice
Of patient spirit to others wrapped in woe,

130. **protract:** delay. 131. **ure:** practice. 143. **froward:** untoward. 143 **sorted:** decreed.

And can in speech both rule and conquer kind;
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods. But what doth mean
The sorry cheer of her that here doth come?

Enter Marcella, *lady-in-waiting to the Queen.*

Mar. Oh where is ruth? or where is pity now?
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?
Are they exiled out of our stony breasts,
Never to make return? Is all the world
Drownéd in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not, alas, within the mother's breast
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood,
If ruth be banished thence, if pity there
May have no place, if there no gentle heart
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?
Gor. Madam, alas, what means your woeful tale?
Mar. O silly woman I! why to this hour
Have kind and fortune thus deferred my breath,
That I should live to see this doleful day?
Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
Could rest within the cruel mother's breast,
With her own hand to slay her only son?
But out, alas! these eyes beheld the same;
They saw the dreary sight, and are become
Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,
And with her hand, a woeful thing to tell,
While slumbering on his careful bed he rests,
His heart, stabbed in with knife, is reft of life.
Gor. O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pierce this heart with speed! O hateful light,
O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death!
Dear Eubulus, work this, we thee beseech!
Eub. Patient your grace; perhaps he liveth yet,
With wound received, but not of certain death.
Gor. O let us then repair unto the place,
And see if Porrex live, or thus be slain.
[*Exeunt Gorboduc and Eubulus.*
Mar. Alas, he liveth not! It is too true

165. **sorry cheer:** woeful countenance. 189. **careful:** full of care, troubled.

That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twink a senseless stock I saw.
Aros. O damnéd deed!
Mar. But hear his ruthful end:
The noble prince, pierced with the sudden wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastely start,
Whose strength now failing, straight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes, ev'n new unclosed,
Beheld the queen, and cried to her for help.
We then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to cry to her for aid
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
Pitying, alas, (for naught else could we do)
His ruthful end, ran to the woeful bed,
Despoiléd straight his breast, and all we might,
Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand
The sudden streams of blood that flushéd fast
Out of the gaping wound. O what a look,
O what a ruthful steadfast eye methought
He fixed upon my face, which to my death
Will never part from me, when with a braid
A deep-fetched sigh he gave, and therewithal
Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast his sight;
And straight, pale death pressing within his face,
The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook.
Aros. Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.
Mar. O hard and cruel hap, that thus assigned
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end;
But most hard, cruel heart, that could consent
To lend the hateful destinies that hand
By which, alas, so heinous crime was wrought.
O queen of adamant! O marble breast!
If not the favor of his comely face,
If not his princely cheer and countenance,
His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
If not his fair and seemly personage,
His noble limbs in such proportion cast
As would have wrapt a silly woman's thought;
If this might not have moved thy bloody heart,

202. **with a twink:** in a twinkling. 202. **stock:** trunk. 205. **hastely start:** hastily started. 206. **overthrew:** fell down. 216. **Despoiléd:** uncovered. 222. **braid:** start.

And that most cruel hand the wretched weapon
Ev'n to let fall, and kissed him in the face,
With tears for ruth to reave such one by death;
Should nature yet consent to slay her son?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy child!
Even Jove with justice must with lightning flames
From heaven send down some strange revenge on thee.
Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
Shining in armor bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,
And charge thy staff to please thy lady's eye,
That bowed the head-piece of thy friendly foe!
How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace,
How oft in arms on foot to break the sword,
Which never now these eyes may see again!
Aros. Madam, alas, in vain these plaints are shed;
Rather with me depart, and help to 'suage
The thoughtful griefs that in the agéd king
Must needs by nature grow by death of this
His only son, whom he did hold so dear.
Mar. What wight is that which saw that I did see,
And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears?
Not I, alas! That heart is not in me.
But let us go, for I am grieved anew,
To call to mind the wretched father's woe. [*Exeunt.*

Chorus.

When greedy lust in royal seat to reign
Hath reft all care of gods and eke of men;
And cruel heart, wrath, treason, and disdain,
Within ambitious breast are lodgéd, then
Behold how mischief wide herself displays,
And with the brother's hand the brother slays.

When blood thus shed doth stain the heaven's face,
Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deed,
The mighty god ev'n moveth from his place,
With wrath to wreak. Then sends he forth with speed
The dreadful Furies, daughters of the night,
With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,
With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire.

252. **staff**: lance.

These, for revenge of wretched murder done,
Do make the mother kill her only son.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite;
Jove, by his just and everlasting doom,
Justly hath ever so requited it.
The times before record, and times to come
Shall find it true, and so doth present proof
Present before our eyes for our behoof.

Oh happy wight that suffers not the snare
Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood!
And happy he that can in time beware
By other's harms, and turn it to his good.
But woe to him that, fearing not to offend,
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

The Order and Signification of the Dumb Show Before the Fifth Act.

First, the drums and flutes began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a company of harquebussiers, and of armed men, all in order of battle. These, after their pieces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drums and flutes did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, arms, and civil wars to follow, as fell in the realm of Great Britain, which, by the space of fifty years and more, continued in civil war between the nobility after the death of king Gorboduc and of his issues, for want of certain limitation in the succession of the crown, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchy.

ACT V

Scene I. Gorboduc's *Court.*

Enter Clotyn, Mandud, Gwenard, Fergus, *dukes of Britain, and* Eubulus.

Clot. Did ever age bring forth such tyrants' hearts?
The brother hath bereft the brother's life,

291. **beware:** benefit.

The mother, she hath dyed her cruel hands
In blood of her own son; and now at last
The people, lo, forgetting truth and love,
Contemning quite both law and loyal heart,
Ev'n they have slain their sovereign lord and queen.
Man. Shall this their traitorous crime unpunished rest?
Ev'n yet they cease not, carried on with rage,
In their rebellious routs, to threaten still
A new bloodshed unto the prince's kin,
To slay them all, and to uproot the race
Both of the king and queen; so are they moved
With Porrex' death, wherein they falsely charge
The guiltless king, without desert at all,
And traitorously have murdered him therefor,
And eke the queen.
Gwen. Shall subjects dare with force
To work revenge upon their prince's fact?
Admit the worst that may, as sure in this
The deed was foul, the queen to slay her son,
Shall yet the subject seek to take the sword,
Arise against his lord, and slay his king?
O wretched state, where those rebellious hearts
Are not rent out ev'n from their living breasts,
And with the body thrown unto the fowls
As carrion food, for terror of the rest.
Ferg. There can no punishment be thought too great
For this so grievous crime. Let speed therefore
Be used therein, for it behooveth so.
Eub. Ye all, my lords, I see, consent in one,
And I as one consent with ye in all.
I hold it more than need, with sharpest law
To punish this tumultuous bloody rage.
For nothing more may shake the common state
Than sufferance of uproars without redress;
Whereby how some kingdoms of mighty power,
After great conquests made, and flourishing
In fame and wealth, have been to ruin brought,
I pray to Jove, that we may rather wail
Such hap in them than witness in ourselves.
Eke fully with the duke my mind agrees
That no cause serves, whereby the subject may
Call to account the doings of his prince,

18. **fact:** deed. 41. The eight lines following do not occur in the authorized edition. It is thought that the authors suppressed them for political reasons.

Much less in blood by sword to work revenge,
No more than may the hand cut off the head;
In act nor speech, no, not in secret thought
The subject may rebel against his lord,
Or judge of him that sits in Cæsar's seat,
With grudging mind to damn those he mislikes.
Though kings forget to govern as they ought,
Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.
But now, my lords, before ye farther wade,
Or spend your speech, what sharp revenge shall fall
By justice' plague on these rebellious wights,
Methinks ye rather should first search the way
By which in time the rage of this uproar
Might be repressed, and these great tumults ceased.
Even yet the life of Britain land doth hang
In traitors' balance of unequal weight.
Think not, my lords, the death of Gorboduc,
Nor yet Videna's blood, will cease their rage.
Ev'n our own lives, our wives, and children dear,
Our country, dear'st of all, in danger stands,
Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,
And by ourselves a conquest to ensue.
For give once sway unto the people's lusts
To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
And as the stream that rolleth down the hill,
So will they headlong run with raging thoughts
From blood to blood, from mischief unto more,
To ruin of the realm, themselves, and all,
So giddy are the common people's minds,
So glad of change, more wavering than the sea.
Ye see, my lords, what strength these rebels have,
What hugy number is assembled still;
For though the traitorous fact for which they rose
Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field;
So that how far their furies yet will stretch
Great cause we have to dread. That we may seek
By present battle to repress their power,
Speed must we use to levy force therefor;
For either they forthwith will mischief work,
Or their rebellious roars forthwith will cease.
These violent things may have no lasting long.
Let us therefore use this for present help:
Persuade by gentle speech, and offer grace

57. **ceased:** made to cease.

With gift of pardon, save unto the chief;
And that upon condition that forthwith
They yield the captains of their enterprise,
To bear such guerdon of their traitorous fact
As may be both due vengeance to themselves
And wholesome terror to posterity.
This shall, I think, scatter the greatest part
That now are holden with desire of home,
Wearied in field with cold of winter's nights,
And some, no doubt, stricken with dread of law.
When this is once proclaiméd, it shall make
The captains to mistrust the multitude,
Whose safety bids them to betray their heads;
And so much more because the rascal routs
In things of great and perilous attempts
Are never trusty to the noble race.
And, while we treat and stand on terms of grace,
We shall both stay their fury's rage the while,
And eke gain time, whose only help sufficeth
Withouten war to vanquish rebels' power.
In the meanwhile, make you in readiness
Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare.
Horsemen, you know, are not the commons' strength,
But are the force and store of noble men,
Whereby the unchosen and unarméd sort
Of skilless rebels, whom none other power
But number makes to be of dreadful force,
With sudden brunt may quickly be oppressed.
And if this gentle mean of proffered grace
With stubborn hearts cannot so far avail
As to assuage their desperate courages,
Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
As present age and eke posterity
May be adread with horror of revenge
That justly then shall on these rebels fall.
This is, my lords, the sum of mine advice.

Clot. Neither this case admits debate at large,
And, though it did, this speech that hath been said
Hath well abridged the tale I would have told.
Fully with Eubulus do I consent
In all that he hath said; and if the same
To you, my lords, may seem for best advice,
I wish that it should straight be put in ure.

90. **guerdon:** recompense. 126. **consent:** agree. 129. **ure:** practice.

Man. My lords, then let us presently depart,
And follow this that liketh us so well.
[*Exeunt Clotyn, Mandud, Gwenard, and Eubulus.*
Ferg. If ever time to gain a kingdom here
Were offered man, now it is offered me.
The realm is reft both of their king and queen;
The offspring of the prince is slain and dead;
No issue now remains, the heir unknown;
The people are in arms and mutinies;
The nobles, they are busied how to cease
These great rebellious tumults and uproars;
And Britain land, now desert left alone
Amid these broils, uncertain where to rest,
Offers herself unto that noble heart
That will or dare pursue to bear her crown.
Shall I, that am the Duke of Albany,
Descended from that line of noble blood
Which hath so long flourished in worthy fame
Of valiant hearts, such as in noble breasts
Of right should rest above the baser sort,
Refuse to venture life to win a crown?
Whom shall I find enemies that will withstand
My fact herein, if I attempt by arms
To seek the same now in these times of broil?
These dukes' power can hardly well appease
The people that already are in arms.
But if, perhaps, my force be once in field,
Is not my strength in power above the best
Of all these lords now left in Britain land?
And though they should match me with power of men,
Yet doubtful is the chance of battles joined.
If victors of the field we may depart,
Ours is the scepter then of Great Britain;
If slain amid the plain this body lie,
Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
But that I died giving the noble charge
To hazard life for conquest of a crown.
Forthwith, therefore, will I in post depart
To Albany, and raise in armor there
All power I can; and here my secret friends
By secret practice shall solicit still
To seek to win to me the people's hearts.
[*Exit.*

151. **fact:** deed. 166. **post:** haste.

Scene II. *The Court.*

Enter Eubulus.

Eub. O Jove, how are these people's hearts abused!
What blind fury thus headlong carries them!
That though so many books, so many rolls
Of ancient time, record what grievous plagues
Light on these rebels aye, and though so oft
Their ears have heard their agéd fathers tell
What just reward these traitors still receive;
Yea, though themselves have seen deep death and blood,
By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword
To such assigned, yet can they not beware,
Yet cannot stay their lewd rebellious hands;
But suffering, lo, foul treason to distain
Their wretched minds, forget their loyal heart,
Reject all truth, and rise against their prince.
A ruthful case, that those, whom duty's bond,
Whom grafted law by nature, truth, and faith
Bound to preserve their country and their king,
Born to defend their commonwealth and prince,
Ev'n they should give consent thus to subvert
Thee, Britain land, and from thy womb should spring,
O native soil, those that will needs destroy
And ruin thee, and eke themselves in fine.
For lo, when once the dukes had offered grace
Of pardon sweet, the multitude, misled
By traitorous fraud of their ungracious heads,
One sort, that saw the dangerous success
Of stubborn standing in rebellious war,
And knew the difference of prince's power
From headless number of tumultuous routs,
Whom common country's care and private fear
Taught to repent the error of their rage,
Laid hands upon the captains of their band,
And brought them bound unto the mighty dukes;
And other sort, not trusting yet so well
The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
Their own offence than that they could conceive
Such hope of pardon for so foul misdeed,

11. **lewd:** base, low. 22. **in fine:** finally. 26. **One sort:** i.e., one part. The predicate is *laid*, line 32. 29. **headless, etc.:** tumultuous mobs without leaders.

Or for that they their captains could not yield,
Who, fearing to be yielded, fled before,
Stole home by silence of the secret night.
The third unhappy and enragéd sort
Of desperate hearts, who, stained in princes' blood,
From traitorous furor could not be withdrawn
By love, by law, by grace, ne yet by fear,
By proffered life, ne yet by threatened death,
With minds hopeless of life, dreadless of death,
Careless of country, and aweless of God,
Stood bent to fight, as Furies did them move,
With violent death to close their traitorous life.
These all by power of horsemen were oppressed,
And with revenging sword slain in the field,
Or with the strangling cord hanged on the trees,
Where yet their carrion carcasses do preach
The frŭits that rebels reap of their uproars,
And of the murder of their sacred prince.
But lo, where do approach the noble dukes
By whom these tumults have been thus appeased.

Enter Clotyn, Mandud, Gwenard, *and* Arostus.

Clot. I think the world will now at length beware
And fear to put on arms against their prince.
Man. If not, those traitorous hearts that dare rebel,
Let them behold the wide and hugy fields
With blood and bodies spread of rebels slain;
The lofty trees clothed with the corpses dead,
That, strangled with the cord, do hang thereon.
Aros. A just reward; such as all times before
Have ever lotted to those wretched folks.
Gwen. But what means he that cometh here so fast?

Enter Nuntius.

Nun. My lords, as duty and my troth doth move,
And of my country work a care in me,
That, if the spending of my breath availed
To do the service that my heart desires,
I would not shun to embrace a present death;
So have I now, in that wherein I thought
My travail might perform some good effect,

50. **oppressed:** overwhelmed.

Ventured my life to bring these tidings here.
Fergus, the mighty duke of Albany,
Is now in arms, and lodgeth in the field
With twenty thousand men. Hither he bends
His speedy march, and minds to invade the crown.
Daily he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad
That to this realm no certain heir remains,
That Britain land is left without a guide,
That he the scepter seeks for nothing else
But to preserve the people and the land,
Which now remain as ship without a stern.
Lo, this is that which I have here to say.
Clot. Is this his faith? And shall he falsely thus
Abuse the vantage of unhappy times?
O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,
His cruel and untempered wilfulness,
His deep dissembling shows of false pretence,
Should once attain the crown of Britain land!
Let us, my lords, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.
Man. Though we remain without a certain prince
To wield the realm, or guide the wandering rule,
Yet now the common mother of us all,
Our native land, our country, that contains
Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves, and all
That ever is or may be dear to man,
Cries unto us to help ourselves and her.
Let us advance our powers to repress
This growing foe of all our liberties.
Gwen. Yea, let us so, my lords, with hasty speed.
And ye, O gods, send us the welcome death,
To shed our blood in field, and leave us not
In loathsome life to linger out our days,
To see the hugy heaps of these unhaps
That now roll down upon the wretched land,
Where empty place of princely governance,
No certain stay now left of doubtless heir,
Thus leave this guideless realm an open prey
To endless storms and waste of civil war.
Aros. That ye, my lords, do so agree in one,
To save your country from the violent reign
And wrongfully usurpéd tyranny

85. **stern:** i.e., rudder. 112. **doubtless:** legitimate.

Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To save your realm, and in this realm yourselves,
From foreign thraldom of so proud a prince,
Much do I praise; and I beseech the gods,
With happy honor to requite it you.
But, O my lords, sith now the heaven's wrath
Hath reft this land the issue of their prince,
Sith of the body of our late sovereign lord
Remains no more since the young kings be slain,
And of the title of descended crown
Uncertainly the divers minds do think
Even of the learned sort, and more uncertainly
Will partial fancy and affection deem;
But most uncertainly will climbing pride
And hope of reign withdraw to sundry parts
The doubtful right and hopeful lust to reign.
When once this noble service is achieved
For Britain land, the mother of ye all,
When once ye have with arméd force repressed
The proud attempts of this Albanian prince,
That threatens thraldom to your native land,
When ye shall vanquishers return from field,
And find the princely state an open prey
To greedy lust and to usurping power,
Then, then, my lords, if ever kindly care
Of ancient honor of your ancestors,
Of present wealth and noblesse of your stocks,
Yea of the lives and safety yet to come
Of your dear wives, your children, and yourselves,
Might move your noble hearts with gentle ruth,
Then, then, have pity on the torn estate;
Then help to salve the well-near hopeless sore;
Which ye shall do, if ye yourselves withhold
The slaying knife from your own mother's throat,
Her shall you save, and you, and yours in her,
If ye shall all with one assent forbear
Once to lay hand or take unto yourselves
The crown, by color of pretended right,
Or by what other means soe'er it be,
Till first by common counsel of you all
In parliament, the regal diadem
Be set in certain place of governance;
In which your parliament, and in your choice,

144. **noblesse**: nobility. 144. **stocks**: families. 155. **color**: pretence.

Prefer the right, my lords, without respect
Of strength or friends, or whatsoever cause
That may set forward any other's part.
For right will last, and wrong cannot endure.
Right mean I his or hers upon whose name
The people rest by mean of native line,
Or by the virtue of some former law,
Already made their title to advance.
Such one, my lords, let be your chosen king,
Such one so born within your native land;
Such one prefer; and in no wise admit
The heavy yoke of foreign governance.
Let foreign titles yield to public wealth.
And with that heart wherewith ye now prepare
Thus to withstand the proud invading foe,
With that same heart, my lords, keep out also
Unnatural thraldom of stranger's reign;
Ne suffer you against the rules of kind,
Your mother land to serve a foreign prince.
Eub. Lo, here the end of Brutus' royal line,
And lo, the entry to the woeful wreck
And utter ruin of this noble realm.
The royal king and eke his sons are slain;
No ruler rests within the regal seat;
The heir, to whom the scepter 'longs, unknown;
That to each force of foreign princes' power,
Whom vantage of our wretched state may move
By sudden arms to gain so rich a realm,
And to the proud and greedy mind at home
Whom blinded lust to reign leads to aspire,
Lo, Britain realm is left an open prey,
A present spoil by conquest to ensue.
Who seeth not now how many rising minds
Do feed their thoughts with hope to reach a realm?
And who will not by force attempt to win
So great a gain, that hope persuades to have?
A simple color shall for title serve.
Who wins the royal crown will want no right,
Nor such as shall display by long descent
A lineal race to prove him lawful king.
In the meanwhile these civil arms shall rage,
And thus a thousand mischiefs shall unfold,
And far and near spread thee, O Britain land!

173. **wealth:** weal, well-being. 192. **ensue:** succeed.

All right and law shall cease, and he that had
Nothing today, tomorrow shall enjoy
Great heaps of gold, and he that flowed in wealth,
Lo, he shall be bereft of life and all;
And happiest he that then possesseth least.
The wives shall suffer rape, the maids deflowered;
And children fatherless shall weep and wail;
With fire and sword thy native folk shall perish,
One kinsman shall bereave another's life,
The father shall unwitting slay the son,
The son shall slay the sire and know it not.
Women and maids the cruel soldier's sword
Shall pierce to death, and silly children, lo,
That playing the streets and fields are found,
By violent hands shall close their latter day.
Whom shall the fierce and bloody soldier
Reserve to life? Whom shall he spare from death?
Ev'n thou, O wretched mother, half alive,
Thou shalt behold thy dear and only child
Slain with the sword while he yet sucks thy breast.
Lo, guiltless blood shall thus each where be shed.
Thus shall the wasted soil yield forth no fruit,
But dearth and famine shall possess the land.
The towns shall be consumed and burnt with fire,
The peopled cities shall wax desolate;
And thou, O Britain, whilom in renown,
Whilom in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torn,
Dismembered thus, and thus be rent in twain,
Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed.
These be the fruits your civil wars will bring.
Hereto it comes when kings will not consent
To grave advice, but follow wilful will.
This is the end when in fond princes' hearts
Flattery prevails, and sage rede hath no place.
These are the plagues, when murder is the mean
To make new heirs unto the royal crown.
Thus wreak the gods when that the mother's wrath
Naught but the blood of her own child may 'suage;
These mischiefs spring when rebels will arise
To work revenge and judge their prince's fact.
This, this ensues when noble men do fail
In loyal truth, and subjects will be kings.
And this doth grow, when lo, unto the prince

212. **bereave:** take away. 230. **whilom:** once. 237. **rede:** counsel.

Whom death or sudden hap of life bereaves,
No certain heir remains, such certain heir,
As not all only is the rightful heir,
But to the realm is so made known to be,
And troth thereby vested in subjects' hearts,
To owe faith there where right is known to rest.
Alas, in parliament what hope can be,
When is of parliament no hope at all,
Which, though it be assembled by consent,
Yet is not likely with consent to end;
While each one for himself, or for his friend,
Against his foe shall travail what he may;
While now the state, left open to the man
That shall with greatest force invade the same,
Shall fill ambitious minds with gaping hope;
When will they once with yielding hearts agree?
Or in the while, how shall the realm be used?
No, no; then parliament should have been holden,
And certain heirs appointed to the crown,
To stay the title of established right,
And in the people plant obedience
While yet the prince did live, whose name and power
By lawful summons and authority
Might make a parliament to be of force,
And might have set the state in quiet stay.
But now, O happy man, whom speedy death
Deprives of life, ne is enforced to see
These hugy mischiefs, and these miseries,
These civil wars, these murders, and these wrongs
Of justice; yet must God in fine restore
This noble crown unto the lawful heir;
For right will always live and rise at length,
But wrong can never take deep root to last.

255. **consent:** agreement. 266. **stay:** support. 271. **stay:** condition. 276. **in fine:** at last.

NOTE

The first English tragedy, like the first English comedy, was formed strictly along the lines of classical tradition. The authors of *Gorboduc* closely imitated Seneca, himself an imitator of the Greeks. The ancient Greek shibboleth, that violent action must not take place on the stage, is faithfully adhered to. In Senecan fashion, there are five acts, a dumb show before each, and a chorus. Dignity of expression is attained by a stately blank verse, the first ever spoken on an English stage. The story of *Gorboduc* is taken from the legendary history of Britain as related

by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and its theme has a striking similarity to that of *King Lear*. Both plays emphasize the evils that come upon a country when the king violates established custom.

The characters of *Gorboduc* fall into three parallel groups: those immediate'y surrounding the king, those with Ferrex, and those with Porrex. Each of these three main characters has a counselor and a parasite (called *secretary* in the case of the king). The opening lines of the play indicate the scope of the conflict. Videna, the queen, laments the fact that the older, her favorite son Ferrex, is to be denied his full rights by Gorboduc's scheme of dividing the kingdom. When the division is a *fait accompli* the jealousy of the older brother is fed by his parasite; Porrex, the younger brother, is urged by his parasite to make war first. He does so, kills his brother, and is summoned to court by his father. Before the son's fate is decided his mother kills him. Neither of these deaths takes place on the stage. That of Ferrex is told by a messenger, that of Porrex by Marcella, lady-in-waiting to the queen. The fifth act, really superfluous, sees the death of both the king and the queen at the hands of the people, leaving the state on the borders of anarchy.

The murder of four royal personages, totally extinguishing the royal line, suggests abundant action, and suggestion it remains. What takes place on the stage is talk, and that is superabundant. Long stilted speeches become monotonous at best, and those in *Gorboduc* contain so little that is exciting that the general result is boredom. None of the characters are strikingly drawn, so that there is not even the interest of personality, with the possible exception of Gorboduc himself. For one moment at least he rises to a dramatic height when he rebukes his son, but that is the one oasis in an otherwise dreary desert of talk. In Videna the authors might have developed something of a Lady Macbeth, but they did not do so. The nobles and their henchmen are all stereotyped, and the final act, when the kingdom is rent by internal strife, descends to the level of a Morality play.

The interest of this play is mainly historical, and for that reason it deserves careful study. The blank verse is severely formal, but there is no rant, and it gains much when read aloud. One must not forget that the two law student authors were not only amateurs, they were also pioneers, and their work was not to be surpassed until twenty-five years later, when *Tamburlaine* took London by storm.

Gorboduc was first produced in 1562, and an unauthorized text was printed in 1565.

ENDYMION

THE MAN IN THE MOON

By John Lyly

PLAYED BEFORE THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY AT GREENWICH ON NEW YEAR'S DAY AT NIGHT BY THE CHILDREN OF PAUL'S

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Endymion, in love with Cynthia.
Eumenides, his friend; in love with Semele.
Corsites, Panelion, Zontes, } Lords of Cynthia's Court.
Pythagoras, Gyptes, } Philosophers.
Geron, an old man, husband to Dipsas.
Sir Tophas, a bragging Soldier.
Samias, Page to Endymion.
Dares, Page to Eumenides.
Epiton, Page to Sir Tophas.
Master Constable.
Watchmen.
Fairies.
Characters in Dumb Show.

Cynthia, the Queen.
Tellus, enamored of Endymion.
Floscula, her Confidant.
Semele, Scintilla, Favilla, } Ladies of Cynthia's Court.
Dipsas, an Enchantress.
Bagoa, her Servant.

The Prologue.

Most high and happy Princess, we must tell you a tale of the Man in the Moon, which if it seem ridiculous for the method, or superfluous for the matter, or for the means incredible, for three faults we can make but one excuse. It is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

It was forbidden in old time to dispute of Chimera because it was a fiction, we hope in our times none will apply pastimes, because they are fancies; for there liveth none under the sun, that knows what to make of the Man in the Moon. We present neither comedy, nor tragedy, nor story, nor anything, but that whosoever heareth may say this, Why, here is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

Prologue, **pastimes**: i.e., apply them to events of the day.

ACT I

Scene I. *Gardens of* Cynthia's *Palace.*

Enter Endymion *and* Eumenides.

Endymion. I find, Eumenides, in all things both variety to content, and satiety to glut, saving only in my affections, which are so staid, and withal so stately, that I can neither satisfy my heart with love, nor mine eyes with wonder. My thoughts, Eumenides, are stitched to the stars, which being as high as I can see, thou mayst imagine how much higher they are than I can reach.

Eum. If you be enamored of anything above the Moon, your thoughts are ridiculous, for that things immortal are not subject to affections; if allured or enchanted with these transitory things under the Moon, you show yourself senseless, to attribute such lofty titles to such low trifles.

End. My love is placed neither under the Moon nor above.

Eum. I hope you be not sotted upon the Man in the Moon.

End. No, but settled, either to die, or possess the Moon herself.

Eum. Is Endymion mad, or do I mistake? Do you love the Moon, Endymion?

End. Eumenides, the Moon.

Eum. There was never any so peevish to imagine the Moon either capable of affection, or shape of a Mistress; for as impossible it is to make love fit to her humor, which no man knoweth, as a coat to her form, which continueth not in one bigness whilst she is measuring. Cease off, Endymion, to feed so much upon fancies. That melancholy blood must be purged, which draweth you to a dotage no less miserable than monstrous.

End. My thoughts have no veins, and yet unless they be let blood, I shall perish.

Eum. But they have vanities, which being reformed, you may be restored.

End. O fair Cynthia, why do others term thee inconstant whom I have ever found unmovable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who finding a constancy not to be matched in my sweet mistress, have christened her with the name of wavering, waxing, and waning. Is she inconstant

14. **sotted:** infatuated with. 20. **peevish:** foolish.

that keepeth a settled course, which since her first creation altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable or commendable in the sea than the ebbing and flowing; and shall the Moon, from whom [40 the sea taketh this virtue, be accounted fickle for increasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds are nothing worth till they be blown; nor blossoms accounted till they be ripe fruit; and shall we then say they be changeable for that they grow from seeds to leaves, from leaves to buds, from buds to [45 their perfection? Then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become men, and mornings that grow to evenings, termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? Ay, but Cynthia, being in her fullness, decayeth, as not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be [50 most honored. When malice cannot object anything, folly will, making that a vice which is the greatest virtue. What thing (my mistress excepted) being in the pride of her beauty and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young again? Tell me, Eumenides, what is he that having a mistress of ripe years [55 and infinite virtues, great honors and unspeakable beauty, but would wish that she might grow tender again, getting youth by years, and never-decaying beauty by time; whose fair face neither the summer's blaze can scorch, nor winter's blast chap, nor the numbering of years breed altering of colors? Such [60 is my sweet Cynthia, whom time cannot touch because she is divine, nor will offend because she is delicate. O Cynthia, if thou shouldest always continue at thy fullness, both gods and men would conspire to ravish thee. But thou, to abate the pride of our affections, dost detract from thy perfections, think- [65 ing it sufficient if once in a month we enjoy a glimpse of thy majesty; and then, to increase our griefs, thou dost decrease thy gleams, coming out of thy royal robes, wherewith thou dazzlest our eyes, down into thy swathy clouts, beguiling our eyes; and then — 70

Eum. Stay there, Endymion; thou that committest idolatry, wilt straight blaspheme, if thou be suffered. Sleep would do thee more good than speech; the Moon heareth thee not, or if she do, regardeth thee not.

End. Vain Eumenides, whose thoughts never grow [75 higher than the crown of thy head! Why troublest thou me, having neither head to conceive the cause of my love, or a heart to receive the impressions? Follow thou thine own fortunes, which creep on the earth, and suffer me to fly to mine,

69. **swathy clouts:** swaddling clothes.

whose fall, though it be desperate, yet shall it come by daring. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Eum. Without doubt Endymion is bewitched, otherwise in a man of such rare virtues there could not harbor a mind of such extreme madness. I will follow him, lest in this fancy of the moon he deprive himself of the sight of the sun. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Palace Gardens.*

Enter Tellus *and* Floscula.

Tellus. Treacherous and most perjured Endymion, is Cynthia the sweetness of thy life and the bitterness of my death? What revenge may be devised so full of shame as my thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me, Floscula, if falseness in love can possibly be punished with extremity of hate. As long as sword, fire, or poison may be hired, no traitor to my love shall live unrevenged. Were thy oaths without number, thy kisses without measure, thy sighs without end, forged to deceive a poor credulous virgin whose simplicity had been worth thy favor and better fortune? If the gods sit unequal beholders of injuries, or laughers at lovers' deceits, then let mischief be as well forgiven in women as perjury winked at in men.

Flosc. Madam, if you would compare the state of Cynthia with your own, and the height of Endymion his thoughts, with the meanness of your fortune, you would rather yield than contend, being between you and her no comparison; and rather wonder than rage at the greatness of his mind, being affected with a thing more than mortal.

Tellus. No comparison, Floscula? And why so? Is not my beauty divine, whose body is decked with fair flowers, and veins are vines, yielding sweet liquor to the dullest spirits; whose ears are corn, to bring strength; and whose hairs are grass, to bring abundance? Doth not frankincense and myrrh breathe out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the gods breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which neither thou, nor Endymion, nor any, could love or live.

Flosc. But know you not, fair lady, that Cynthia governeth all things? Your grapes would be but dry husks, your corn but chaff, and all your virtues vain, were it not Cynthia

1. **Tellus:** The Romans personified *tellus*, earth, into *Tellus Mater*, Mother Earth.

that preserveth the one in the bud, and nourisheth the other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth all things, and by her authority commandeth all creatures. Suffer then Endymion to follow his affections, though to obtain her be impossible, and let him flatter himself in his own imaginations, [35 because they are immortal.

Tellus. Loath I am, Endymion, thou shouldest die, because I love thee well; and that thou shouldest live it grieveth me, because thou lovest Cynthia too well. In these extremities what shall I do? Floscula, no more words; I am resolved. He [40 shall neither live, nor die.

Flosc. A strange practice, if it be possible.

Tellus. Yes, I will entangle him in such a sweet net that he shall neither find the means to come out, nor desire it. All allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, inso- [45 much that he shall slake that love which he now voweth to Cynthia and burn in mine, of which he seemeth careless. In this languishing, between my amorous devices and his own loose desires, there shall such dissolute thoughts take root in his head, and over his heart grow so thick a skin, that [50 neither hope of preferment, nor fear of punishment, nor counsel of the wisest, nor company of the worthiest, shall alter his humor, nor make him once to think of his honor.

Flosc. A revenge incredible, and, if it may be, unnatural.

Tellus. He shall know the malice of a woman to have [55 neither mean nor end; and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason. I can do it; I must; I will! All his virtues will I shadow with vices; his person (ah, sweet person) shall he deck with such rich robes as he shall forget it is his own person; his sharp wit (ah, wit too sharp, that [60 hath cut off all my joys) shall he use in flattering of my face and devising sonnets in my favor. The prime of his youth and pride of his time shall be spent in melancholy passions, careless behavior, untamed thoughts, and unbridled affections.

Flosc. When this is done, what then? Shall it con- [65 tinue till his death, or shall he dote for ever in this delight?

Tellus. Ah, Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder in putting me in remembrance of the end.

Flosc. Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

Tellus. Yet suffer me to imitate Juno, who would turn [70 Jupiter's lovers to beasts on the earth, though she knew afterwards they should be stars in heaven.

42. **practice:** treacherous device.

Flosc. Affection that is bred by enchantment is like a flower that is wrought in silk, in color and form most like, but nothing at all in substance or savor.

Tellus. It shall suffice me if the world talk that I am favored of Endymion.

Flosc. Well, use your own will; but you shall find that love gotten with witchcraft is as unpleasant as fish taken with medicines unwholesome.

Tellus. Floscula, they that be so poor that they have neither net nor hook will rather poison do than pine with hunger; and she that is so oppressed with love, that she is neither able with beauty nor wit to obtain her friend, will rather use unlawful means than try intolerable pains. I will do it. [*Exit.*

Flosc. Then about it. Poor Endymion, what traps are laid for thee, because thou honorest one that all the world wondereth at; and what plots are cast to make thee unfortunate that studiest of all men to be the faithfulest! [*Exit.*

Scene III. *Palace Gardens.*

Enter Dares *and* Samias.

Dares. Now our masters are in love up to the ears, what have we to do but to be in knavery up to the crowns?

Samias. O that we had Sir Tophas, that brave squire, in the midst of our mirth, — *et ecce autem,* — Will you see the devil?

Enter Sir Tophas *and* Epiton.

Top. Epi!

Epi. Here, sir.

Top. I brook not this idle humor of love; it tickleth not my liver, from whence the love-mongers in former age seemed to infer they should proceed.

Epi. Love, sir, may lie in your lungs, and I think it doth; and that is the cause you blow and are so pursy.

Top. Tush, boy! I think it but some device of the poet to get money.

Epi. A poet? What's that?

Top. Dost thou not know what a poet is?

79. **medicines:** poisoned dough-balls were used as bait.
4. **devil:** "Talk of the devil, and his horns appear," an old proverb. 8. **liver:** the seat of love, according to some old authors. 11. **pursy:** short-winded.

Epi. No.

Top. Why, fool, a poet is as much as one should say, a poet. But soft, yonder be two wrens; shall I shoot at them?

Epi. They are two lads.

Top. Larks or wrens, I will kill them.

Epi. Larks? Are you blind? They are two little boys.

Top. Birds or boys, they are both but a pittance for my breakfast; therefore have at them, for their brains must as it were embroider my bolts.

Sam. Stay your courage, valiant knight, for your wisdom is so weary that it stayeth itself.

Dar. Why, Sir Tophas, have you forgotten your old friends?

Top. Friends? *Nego argumentum.*

Sam. And why not friends?

Top. Because *Amicitia* (as in old annals we find) is *inter pares.* Now, my pretty companions, you shall see how unequal you be to me; but I will not cut you quite off, you shall be my half-friends for reaching to my middle; so far as from the ground to the waist I will be your friend.

Dar. Learnedly. But what shall become of the rest of your body, from the waist to the crown?

Top. My children, *quod supra vos nihil ad vos,* you must think the rest immortal, because you cannot reach it.

Epi. Nay, I tell ye my master is more than a man.

Dar. And thou less than a mouse.

Top. But what be you two?

Sam. I am Samias, page to Endymion.

Dar. And I Dares, page to Eumenides.

Top. Of what occupation are your masters?

Dar. Occupation, you clown! Why they are honorable, and warriors.

Top. Then they are my prentices.

Dar. Thine! And why so?

Top. I was the first that ever devised war, and therefore by Mars himself given me for my arms a whole armory; and thus I go, as you see, clothed with artillery; it is not silks, milksops, nor tissues, nor the fine wool of Seres, but iron, steel, swords, flame, shot, terror, clamor, blood, and ruin, that rocks asleep my thoughts, which never had any other cradle but cruelty. Let me see, do you not bleed?

Dar. Why so?

Top. Commonly my words wound.

24. **bolts:** bird-bolts, blunt arrows to bring down small birds. 52. **wool of Seres:** Chinese silk.

Sam. What then do your blows?

Top. Not only wound, but also confound.

Sam. How darest thou come so near thy master, Epi? Sir Tophas, spare us.

Top. You shall live. You, Samias, because you are little; you, Dares, because you are no bigger; and both of you, because you are but two; for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have for every particular adversary a peculiar weapon.

Sam. May we know the use, for our better skill in war?

Top. You shall. Here is a bird-bolt for the ugly beast the blackbird.

Dar. A cruel sight.

Top. Here is the musket for the untamed, or as the vulgar sort term it, the wild mallard.

Sam. O desperate attempt!

Epi. Nay, my master will match them.

Dar. Ay, if he catch them.

Top. Here is a spear and shield, and both necessary; the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trout, which although he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my spear and an engine of iron to the end of my line, I overthrow him, and then herein I put him.

Sam. O wonderful war! (*Aside*) Dares, didst thou ever hear such a dolt?

Dar. (*Aside.*) All the better; we shall have good sport hereafter, if we can get leisure.

Sam. (*Aside.*) Leisure? I will rather lose my master's service than his company! Look how he struts. (*To Sir Tophas*) But what is this? Call you it your sword?

Top. No, it is my *simiter;* which I, by construction often studying to be compendious, call my smiter.

Dar. What, are you also learned, sir?

Top. Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.

Sam. Nay, you are all mass and ass.

Top. Mock you me? You shall both suffer, yet with such weapons as you shall make choice of the weapon wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a mass or lump? Is there no proportion in me? Am I all ass? Is there no wit in me? Epi, prepare them to the slaughter.

Sam. I pray, sir, hear us speak! We call you mass, which your learning doth well understand is all man, for *mas, maris* is a man. Then *as* (as you know) is a weight, and we for your virtues account you a weight.

71. **mallard:** wild drake.

Top. The Latin hath saved your lives, the which a world of silver could not have ransomed. I understand you, and pardon you.

Dar. Well, Sir Tophas, we bid you farewell, and at our next meeting we will be ready to do you service.

Top. Samias, I thank you; — Dares, I thank you; but especially I thank you both.

Sam. (*Aside.*) Wisely. Come, next time we'll have some pretty gentlewomen with us to walk, for without doubt with them he will be very dainty.

Dar. Come, let us see what our masters do; it is high time.

[*Exeunt Dares and Samias.*

Top. Now will I march into the field, where if I cannot encounter with my foul enemies, I will withdraw myself to the river, and there fortify for fish, for there resteth no minute free from fight. [*Exeunt Tophas and Epiton.*

Scene IV. *Palace Gardens.*

Enter Tellus, Floscula, *and* Dipsas.

Tellus. Behold, Floscula, we have met with the woman by chance that we sought for by travel; I will break my mind to her without ceremony or circumstance, lest we lose that time in advice that should be spent in execution.

Flosc. Use your discretion; I will in this case neither give counsel nor consent, for there cannot be a thing more monstrous than to force affection by sorcery, neither do I imagine anything more impossible.

Tellus. Tush, Floscula! In obtaining of love, what impossibilities will I not try? And for the winning of Endymion, what impieties will I not practice? Dipsas, whom as many honor for age as wonder at for cunning, listen in few words to my tale, and answer in one word to the purpose; for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech, nor the short time I have to stay many delays. Is it possible by herbs, stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcisms, fire, metals, planets, or any practice, to plant affection where it is not, and to supplant it where it is?

Dipsas. Fair lady, you may imagine that these hoary hairs are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning to be without cause. I can darken the sun by my skill, and remove the moon out of her course; I can restore youth to the agéd, and make hills without bottoms; there is

nothing that I cannot do but that only which you would have me do; and therein I differ from the gods, that I am not able to rule hearts; for were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I would make such evil appetites, such inordinate lusts, such curséd desires, as all the world should be filled both with superstitious heats and extreme love.

Tellus. Unhappy Tellus, whose desires are so desperate that they are neither to be conceived of any creature, nor to be cured by any art!

Dipsas. This I can: breed slackness in love, though never root it out. What is he whom you love, and what she that he honoreth?

Tellus. Endymion, sweet Endymion is he that hath my heart; and Cynthia, too, too fair Cynthia, the miracle of nature, of time, of fortune, is the lady that he delights in, and dotes on every day, and dies for ten thousand times a day.

Dipsas. Would you have his love, either by absence or sickness aslaked? Would you that Cynthia should mistrust him, or be jealous of him without color?

Tellus. It is the only thing I crave, that seeing my love to Endymion, unspotted, cannot be accepted, his truth to Cynthia, though it be unspeakable, may be suspected.

Dipsas. I will undertake it, and overtake him, that all his love shall be doubted of, and therefore become desperate; but this will wear out with time that treadeth all things down but truth.

Tellus. Let us go.

Dipsas. I follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

Scene I. *Gardens of Cynthia's Palace.*

Enter Endymion.

End. O fair Cynthia! O unfortunate Endymion! Why was not thy birth as high as thy thoughts, or her beauty less than heavenly? or why are not thine honors as rare as her beauty? or thy fortunes as great as thy deserts? Sweet Cynthia, how wouldst thou be pleased, how possessed? Will labors, patient of all extremities, obtain thy love? There is no mountain so steep that I will not climb, no monster so cruel that I

41. **aslaked:** abated. 46. **overtake:** overcome.

will not tame, no action so desperate that I will not attempt. Desirest thou the passions of love, the sad and melancholy moods of perplexed minds, the not-to-be-expressed torments of racked thoughts? Behold my sad tears, my deep sighs, my hollow eyes, my broken sleeps, my heavy countenance. Wouldst thou have me vowed only to thy beauty, and consume every minute of time in thy service? Remember my solitary life almost these seven years. Whom have I entertained but mine own thoughts and thy virtues? What company have I used but contemplation? Whom have I wondered at but thee? Nay, whom have I not contemned for thee? Have I not crept to those on whom I might have trodden, only because thou didst shine upon them? Have not injuries been sweet to me, if thou vouchsafest I should bear them? Have I not spent my golden years in hopes, waxing old with wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy love? With Tellus, fair Tellus, have I dissembled, using her but as a cloak for mine affections, that others, seeing my mangled and disordered mind, might think it were for one that loveth me, not for Cynthia, whose perfection alloweth no companion nor comparison. In the midst of these distempered thoughts of mine thou art not only jealous of my truth, but careless, suspicious, and secure; which strange humor maketh my mind as desperate as thy conceits are doubtful. I am none of those wolves that bark most when thou shinest brightest, but that fish (thy fish, Cynthia, in the flood Araris) which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow, and at thy waning, as black as deepest darkness. I am that Endymion, sweet Cynthia, that have carried my thoughts in equal balance with my actions, being always as free from imagining ill as enterprising; that Endymion, whose eyes never esteemed anything fair but thy face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy virtues, and whose heart imagined nothing miraculous but thy government. Yea, that Endymion who, divorcing himself from the amiableness of all ladies, the bravery of all courts, the company of all men, hath chosen in a solitary cell to live, only by feeding on thy favor, accounting in the world (but thyself) nothing excellent, nothing immortal; thus mayest thou see every vein, sinew, muscle, and artery of my love, in which there is no flattery nor deceit, error nor art. But soft, here cometh Tellus. I must turn my other face to her like Janus, lest she be as suspicious as Juno.

Enter Tellus, Floscula, *and* Dipsas.

Tellus. Yonder I espy Endymion. I will seem to suspect nothing, but soothe him, that seeing I cannot obtain the depth of his love, I may learn the height of his dissembling. Floscula and Dipsas, withdraw yourselves out of our sight, yet be within the hearing of our saluting. How now, Endymion, always solitary? No company but your own thoughts? No friend but melancholy fancies?

End. You know, fair Tellus, that the sweet remembrance of your love is the only companion of my life, and thy presence my paradise; so that I am not alone when nobody is with me, and in heaven itself when thou art with me.

Tellus. Then you love me, Endymion?

End. Or else I live not, Tellus.

Tellus. Is it not possible for you, Endymion, to dissemble?

End. Not, Tellus, unless I could make me a woman.

Tellus. Why, is dissembling joined to their sex inseparable, as heat to fire, heaviness to earth, moisture to water, thinness to air?

End. No, but found in their sex, as common as spots upon doves, moles upon faces, caterpillars upon sweet apples, cobwebs upon fair windows.

Tellus. Do they all dissemble?

End. All but one.

Tellus. Who is that?

End. I dare not tell. For if I should say you, then would you imagine my flattery to be extreme; if another, then would you think my love to be but indifferent.

Tellus. You will be sure I shall take no vantage of your words. But in sooth, Endymion, without more ceremonies, is it not Cynthia?

End. You know, Tellus, that of the gods we are forbidden to dispute, because their deities come not within the compass of our reasons; and of Cynthia we are allowed not to talk but to wonder, because her virtues are not within the reach of our capacities.

Tellus. Why, she is but a woman.

End. No more was Venus.

Tellus. She is but a virgin.

End. No more was Vesta.

Tellus. She shall have an end.

End. So shall the world.

Tellus. Is not her beauty subject to time?

End. No more than time is to standing still.

Tellus. Wilt thou make her immortal?

End. No, but incomparable.

Tellus. Take heed, Endymion, lest like the wrestler in Olympia, that striving to lift an impossible weight caught an incurable strain, thou, by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach, fall into a disease without all recure. But I see thou art now in love with Cynthia.

End. No, Tellus; thou knowest that the stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the clouds, never boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley; nor ivy, that climbeth up by the elm, can ever get hold of the beams of the sun; Cynthia I honor in all humility, whom none ought, or dare adventure to love; whose affections are immortal, and virtues infinite. Suffer me therefore to gaze on the Moon, at whom, were it not for thyself, I would die with wondering. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Palace Gardens.*

Enter Dares, Samias, Scintilla, *and* Favilla.

Dar. Come, Samias, didst thou ever hear such a sighing, the one for Cynthia, the other for Semele, and both for moonshine in the water?

Sam. Let them sigh, and let us sing. How say you, gentlewomen, are not our masters too far in love?

Scint. Their tongues happily are dipped to the root in amorous words and sweet discourses, but I think their hearts are scarce tipped on the side with constant desires.

Dar. How say you, Favilla, is not love a lurcher, that taketh men's stomachs away that they cannot eat, their spleen that they cannot laugh, their hearts that they cannot fight, their eyes that they cannot sleep, and leaveth nothing but livers to make nothing but lovers?

Favil. Away, peevish boy, a rod were better under thy girdle than love in thy mouth; it will be a forward cock that croweth in the shell.

Dar. Alas, good old gentlewoman, how it becometh you to be grave!

Scint. Favilla, though she be but a spark, yet is she fire.

Favil. And you, Scintilla, be not much more than a spark, though you would be esteemed a flame.

Sam. (*Aside.*) It were good sport to see the fight between two sparks.

9. **lurcher:** robber.

Dar. (*Aside.*) Let them to it, and we will warm us by their words.

Scint. You are not angry, Favilla?

Favil. That is, Scintilla, as you list to take it.

Sam. That, that!

Scint. This it is to be matched with girls, who coming but yesterday from making of babies, would before tomorrow be accounted matrons.

Favil. I cry your matronship mercy. Because your pantables be higher with cork, therefore your feet must needs be higher in the insteps; you will be mine elder because you stand upon a stool, and I on the floor.

Sam. Good, good!

Dar. Let them love, and see with what countenance they will become friends.

Scint. Nay, you think to be the wiser, because you mean to have the last word.

Sam. Step between them lest they scratch. In faith, gentlewomen, seeing we came out to be merry, let not your jarring mar our jests; be friends. How say you?

Scint. I am not angry, but it spited me to see how short she was.

Favil. I meant nothing, till she would needs cross me.

Dar. Then so let it rest.

Scint. I am agreed.

Favil. And I, yet I never took anything so unkindly in my life. [*Weeps.*

Scint. 'Tis I have the cause, that never offered the occasion. [*Weeps.*

Dar. Excellent, and right like a woman.

Sam. A strange sight to see water come out of fire.

Dar. It is their property to carry in their eyes fire and water, tears and torches, and in their mouths, honey and gall.

Scint. You will be a good one if you live. But what is yonder formal fellow?

Enter SIR TOPHAS *and* EPITON.

Dar. Sir Tophas, Sir Tophas, of whom we told you. If you be good wenches, make as though you love him, and wonder at him.

Favil. We will do our parts.

30. **babies:** dolls. 32. **pantables:** loose shoes.

Dar. But first let us stand aside, and let him use his garb, for all consisteth in his gracing. [*The four stand aside.*

Top. Epi!

Epi. At hand, sir.

Top. How likest thou this martial life, where nothing but blood besprinkleth our bosoms? Let me see, be our enemies fat?

Epi. Passing fat; and I would not change this life to be a lord; and yourself passeth all comparison, for other captains kill and beat, and there is nothing you kill, but you also eat.

Top. I will draw out their guts out of their bellies, and tear the flesh with my teeth, so mortal is my hate, and so eager my unstanched stomach.

Epi. (*Aside.*) My master thinks himself the valiantest man in the world if he kill a wren; so warlike a thing he accounteth to take away life, though it be from a lark.

Top. Epi, I find my thoughts to swell, and my spirit to take wings, insomuch that I cannot continue within the compass of so slender combats.

Favil. This passeth!

Scint. Why, is he not mad?

Sam. No, but a little vainglorious.

Top. Epi!

Epi. Sir.

Top. I will encounter that black and cruel enemy that beareth rough and untewed locks upon his body, whose sire throweth down the strongest walls, whose legs are as many as both ours, on whose head are placed most horrible horns by nature as a defense from all harm.

Epi. What mean you, master, to be so desperate?

Top. Honor inciteth me, and very hunger compelleth me.

Epi. What is that monster?

Top. The monster *Ovis*. I have said, — let thy wits work.

Epi. I cannot imagine it; yet let me see, — a black enemy with rough locks? It may be a sheep, and *Ovis* is a sheep. His sire so strong, a ram is a sheep's sire, that being also an engine of war. Horns he hath, and four legs, — so hath a sheep. Without doubt this monster is a black sheep. Is it not a sheep that you mean?

Top. Thou hast hit it; that monster will I kill and sup with.

Sam. Come, let us take him off. Sir Tophas, all hail!

[*The four come forward.*

63. **garb:** manner. 68. **enemies:** fish. 89. **untewed:** uncombed.

Top. Welcome, children. I seldom cast mine eyes so low as to the crowns of your heads, and therefore pardon me that I spake not all this while.

Dar. No harm done. Here be fair ladies come to wonder at your person, your valor, your wit, the report whereof hath made them careless of their own honors, to glut their eyes and hearts upon yours.

Top. Report cannot but injure me, for that not knowing fully what I am, I fear she hath been a niggard in her praises.

Scint. No, gentle knight, Report hath been prodigal, for she hath left you no equal, nor herself credit, so much hath she told, yet no more than we now see.

Dar. A good wench.

Favil. If there remain as much pity toward women, as there is in you courage against your enemies, then shall we be happy, who hearing of your person, came to see it, and seeing it, are now in love with it.

Top. Love me, ladies? I easily believe it, but my tough heart receiveth no impression with sweet words. Mars may pierce it, Venus shall not paint on it.

Favil. A cruel saying.

Sam. There's a girl.

Dar. Will you cast these ladies away, and all for a little love? Do but speak kindly.

Top. There cometh no soft syllable within my lips; custom hath made my words bloody and my heart barbarous. That pelting word love, how waterish it is in my mouth; it carrieth no sound. Hate, horror, death, are speeches that nourish my spirits. I like honey but I care not for the bees; I delight in music but I love not to play on the bagpipes; I can vouchsafe to hear the voice of women, but to touch their bodies, I disdain it as a thing childish and fit for such men as can digest nothing but milk.

Scint. A hard heart! Shall we die for your love, and find no remedy?

Top. I have already taken a surfeit.

Epi. Good master, pity them.

Top. Pity them, Epi? No, I do not think that this breast shall be pestered with such a foolish passion. What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chain?

Epi. Why, it is a squirrel.

Top. A squirrel? O gods, what things are made for money!

Dar. Is not this gentleman over-wise?

131. **pelting:** paltry.

Favil. I could stay all day with him, if I feared not to be shent.

Scint. Is it not possible to meet again?

Dar. Yes, at any time.

Favil. Then let us hasten home.

Scint. Sir Tophas, the god of war deal better with you than you do with the god of love.

Favil. Our love we may dissemble, digest we cannot; but I doubt not but time will hamper you, and help us.

Top. I defy time, who hath no interest in my heart. Come, Epi, let me to the battle with that hideous beast. Love is pap and hath no relish in my taste because it is not terrible.

Dar. Indeed a black sheep is a perilous beast, but let us in till another time.

Favil. I shall long for that time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Grove.*

Enter Endymion.

End. No rest, Endymion? Still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day or thy thoughts by night? Thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judged unfaithful because thou art unhappy. I will see if I can beguile myself with sleep, and if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I embrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wish to melt by musing; that as ebony, which no fire can scorch, is yet consumed with sweet savors; so my heart, which cannot be bent by the hardness of fortune, may be bruised by amorous desires. On yonder bank never grew anything but lunary, and hereafter I will never have any bed but that bank. O Endymion, Tellus was fair, but what availeth beauty without wisdom? Nay, Endymion, she was wise, but what availeth wisdom without honor? She was honorable, Endymion; belie her not. Ay, but how obscure is honor without fortune? Was she not fortunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes, but base is fortune without majesty. Thy majesty, Cynthia, all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it, or comprehend it. No more, Endymion. Sleep or die; nay die, for to sleep it is impossible, and yet I know not how it cometh to pass, I feel such a heaviness both in mine eyes and heart that I am suddenly benumbed, yea, in every

149. **shent:** scolded.
10. **lunary:** moonwort, a plant to which magical properties were attributed.

joint. It may be weariness, for when did I rest? It may be deep melancholy, for when did I not sigh? Cynthia, ay, so; I say, Cynthia! [*He falls asleep.*

Enter Dipsas *and* Bagoa.

Dipsas. Little dost thou know, Endymion, when thou shalt wake, for hadst thou placed thy heart as low in love as thy head lieth now in sleep, thou mightest have commanded Tellus, whom now, instead of a mistress, thou shalt find a tomb. These eyes must I seal up by art, not nature, which are to be opened neither by art nor nature. Thou that layest down with golden locks, shalt not awake until they be turned to silver hairs; and that chin, on which scarcely appeareth soft down, shall be filled with bristles as hard as broom. Thou shalt sleep out thy youth and flowering time, and become dry hay before thou knowest thyself green grass; and ready by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that was youthful in the court when thou laidst thee down to sleep. The malice of Tellus hath brought this to pass, which if she could not have entreated of me by fair means, she would have commanded by menacing, for from her gather we all our simples to maintain our sorceries. (*To Bagoa*) Fan with this hemlock over his face, and sing the enchantment for sleep, whilst I go in and finish those ceremonies that are required in our art. Take heed ye touch not his face, for the fan is so seasoned that whoso it toucheth with a leaf shall presently die, and over whom the wind of it breatheth, he shall sleep forever. [*Exit.*

Bagoa. Let me alone; I will be careful. What hap hadst thou, Endymion, to come under the hands of Dipsas? O fair Endymion! How it grieveth me that that fair face must be turned to a withered skin, and taste the pains of death before it feel the reward of love. I fear Tellus will repent that which the heavens themselves seemed to rue. But I hear Dipsas coming; I dare not repine, lest she make me pine, and rock me into such a deep sleep that I shall not awake to my marriage.

Enter Dipsas.

Dipsas. How now, have you finished?

Bagoa. Yea.

Dipsas. Well then, let us in, and see that you do not so much as whisper that I did this, for if you do, I will turn thy

41. **simples:** herbs. 58. **Yea:** She evidently forgot that she had not sung the "enchantment for sleep," line 43.

hairs to adders, and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues. Come away, come away. [*Exeunt.*

A Dumb Show, *the dream of Endymion.*

Music sounds. Three ladies enter; one with a knife and a looking-glass, who by the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab Endymion as he sleeps, but the third wrings her hands, lamenteth, offering still to prevent it, but dares not. At last, the first lady looking in the glass, casts down the knife. [*Exeunt.*

Enters an ancient Man *with books with three leaves; offers the same twice. Endymion refuseth. He readeth two and offers the third, where he stands awhile, and then Endymion offers to take it.* [*Exit.*

ACT III

Scene I. *The Palace Gardens.*

Enter Cynthia, Tellus, Semele, Eumenides, Corsites, Panelion, *and* Zontes.

Cynth. Is the report true, that Endymion is stricken into such a deep sleep that nothing can either wake him or move him?

Eum. Too true, madam, and as much to be pitied as wondered at.

Tellus. As good sleep and do no harm as wake and do no good.

Cynth. What maketh you, Tellus, to be so short? The time was Endymion only was.

Eum. It is an old saying, madam, that a waking dog doth afar off bark at a sleeping lion.

Sem. It were good, Eumenides, that you took a nap with your friend, for your speech beginneth to be heavy.

Eum. Contrary to your nature, Semele, which hath been always accounted light.

Cynth. What, have we here before my face these unseemly and malapert overthwarts? I will take your tongues and your thoughts, and make your speeches answerable to your duties and your conceits fit for my dignity, else will I banish you both my person and the world.

Eum. Pardon I humbly ask; but such is my unspotted faith

17. **malapert overthwarts:** impertinent wranglings.

to Endymion, that whatsoever seemeth a needle to prick his finger is a dagger to wound my heart.

Cynth. If you be so dear to him, how happeneth it you neither go to see him, nor search for remedy for him?

Eum. I have seen him to my grief, and sought recure with despair, for that I cannot imagine who should restore him that is the wonder to all men. Your highness, on whose hands the compass of the earth is at command, though not in possession, may show yourself both worthy your sex, your nature, and your favor, if you redeem that honorable Endymion, whose ripe years foretell rare virtues, and those unmellowed conceits promise ripe counsel.

Cynth. I have had trial of Endymion, and conceive greater assurance of his age than I could hope of his youth.

Tellus. But timely, madam, crooks that tree that will be a cammock, and young it pricks that will be a thorn; and therefore he that began without care to settle his life, it is a sign without amendment he will end it.

Cynth. Presumptuous girl, I will make thy tongue an example of unrecoverable displeasure. Corsites, carry her to the castle in the desert, there to remain and weave.

Cors. Shall she work stories or poetries?

Cynth. It skilleth not which. Go to, in both; for she shall find examples infinite in either what punishment long tongues have. Eumenides, if either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the enchanters in Thessaly, or the philosophers in Greece, or all the sages of the world, can find remedy, I will procure it; therefore dispatch with all speed: you, Eumenides, into Thessaly; you, Zontes, into Greece, because you are acquainted in Athens. You, Panelion, to Egypt, saying that Cynthia sendeth, and if you will, commandeth.

Eum. On bowed knee I give thanks, and with wings on my legs I fly for remedy.

Zon. We are ready at your highness' command, and hope to return to your full content.

Cynth. It shall never be said that Cynthia, whose mercy and goodness filleth the heavens with joys and the world with marvel, will suffer either Endymion or any to perish, if he may be protected.

Eum. Your majesty's words have been always deeds, and your deeds virtues. [*Exeunt.*

37. **cammock:** a crooked tree. 44. **skilleth:** matters.

Scene II. *Before a Castle.*

Enter Corsites *and* Tellus.

Cors. Here is the castle, fair Tellus, in which you must weave, till either time end your days, or Cynthia her displeasure. I am sorry so fair a face should be subject to so hard a fortune, and that the flower of beauty, which is honored in courts, should here wither in prison.

Tellus. Corsites, Cynthia may restrain the liberty of my body, of my thoughts she cannot, and therefore do I esteem myself most free, though I am in greatest bondage.

Cors. Can you then feed on fancy, and subdue the malice of envy by the sweetness of imagination?

Tellus. Corsites, there is no sweeter music to the miserable than despair; and therefore the more bitterness I feel, the more sweetness I find; for so vain were liberty, and so unwelcome the following of higher fortune, that I choose rather to pine in this castle than to be a prince in any other court.

Cors. A humor contrary to your years, and nothing agreeable to your sex; the one commonly allured with delights, the other always with sovereignty.

Tellus. I marvel, Corsites, that you being a captain, who should sound nothing but terror, and suck nothing but blood, can find in your heart to talk such smooth words, for that it agreeth not with your calling to use words so soft as that of love.

Cors. Lady, it were unfit of wars to discourse with women, into whose minds nothing can sink but smoothness; besides, you must not think that soldiers be so rough-hewn, or of such knotty mettle, that beauty cannot allure, and you, being beyond perfection, enchant.

Tellus. Good Corsites, talk not of love, but let me to my labor. The little beauty I have shall be bestowed on my loom, which I now mean to make my lover.

Cors. Let us in, and what favor Corsites can show, Tellus shall command.

Tellus. The only favor I desire is now and then to walk.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Palace Gardens.*

Enter Sir Tophas *and* Epi.

Top. Epi!

Epi. Here, sir.

Top. Unrig me. Hey ho!

Epi. What's that?

Top. An interjection, whereof some are of mourning: as *eho, vah.*

Epi. I understand you not.

Top. Thou seest me?

Epi. Ay.

Top. Thou hearest me?

Epi. Ay.

Top. Thou feelst me?

Epi. Ay.

Top. And not understandest me?

Epi. No.

Top. Then am I not three-quarters of a noun substantive. But alas, Epi, to tell thee the truth, I am a noun adjective.

Epi. Why?

Top. Because I cannot stand without another.

Epi. Who is that?

Top. Dipsas.

Epi. Are you in love?

Top. No; but love hath, as it were, milked my thoughts and drained from my heart the very substance of my accustomed courage; it worketh in my head like new wine, so as I must hoop my sconce with iron, lest my head break, and so I bewray my brain. But, I pray thee, first discover me in all parts, that I may be like a lover, and then will I sigh and die. Take my gun, and give me a gown: *Cædant arma togæ.*

Epi. Here.

Top. Take my sword and shield, and give me beard-brush and scissors: *bella gerant alii, tu Pari semper ama.*

Epi. Will you be trimmed, sir?

Top. Not yet; for I feel a contention within me, whether I shall frame the bodkin beard or the bush. But take my pike and give me pen: *dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit amor.*

Epi. I will furnish you, sir.

6. ***eho, vah:*** Throughout this scene the quotations from Latin authors are taken from W. Lily's *Latin Grammar.* 27. **bewray:** reveal. 27. **discover:** uncover. 35. **bodkin beard:** pointed beard.

Top. Now for my bow and bolts give me ink and paper; for my scimitar a pen-knife: for *Scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli, Sint semper studiis arma parata meis.* [40

Epi. Sir, will you give over wars, and play with that bauble called love?

Top. Give over wars? No, Epi, *Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*

Epi. Love hath made you very eloquent, but your [45 face is nothing fair.

Top. Non formosus erat, sederat facundus Ulysses.

Epi. Nay, I must seek a new master if you can speak nothing but verses.

Top. Quicquid conabar dicere, versus erat. Epi, I feel [50 all Ovid *De Arte Amandi* lie as heavy at my heart as a load of logs. O what a fine thin hair hath Dipsas! What a pretty low forehead! What a tall and stately nose! What little hollow eyes! What great and goodly lips! How harmless she is being toothless! Her fingers fat and short, adorned [55 with long nails like a bittern! In how sweet a proportion her cheeks hang down to her breasts like dugs, and her paps to her waist like bags! What a low stature she is, and yet what a great foot she carrieth! How thrifty must she be in whom there is no waist! How virtuous is she like to be, over [60 whom no man can be jealous!

Epi. Stay, master, you forget yourself.

Top. O Epi, even as a dish melteth by the fire so doth my wit increase by love.

Epi. Pithily, and to the purpose. But what, begin [65 you to nod?

Top. Good Epi, let me take a nap; for as some man may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge, so divers shall be sleepy when they would fainest take rest. [*He sleeps.*

Epi. Who ever saw such a woodcock! Love Dipsas! [70 Without doubt all the world will now account him valiant, that ventureth on her whom none durst undertake. But here cometh two wags.

Enter Dares *and* Samias.

Sam. Thy master hath slept his share.

Dar. I think he doth it because he would not pay me [75 my board-wages.

Sam. It is a thing most strange, and I think mine will never

70. **woodcock:** simpleton.

return, so that we must both seek new masters, for we shall never live by our manners.

Epi. If you want masters, join with me and serve Sir Tophas, who must needs keep more men because he is toward marriage.

Sam. What, Epi, where's thy master?

Epi. Yonder, sleeping in love.

Dar. Is it possible?

Epi. He hath taken his thoughts a hole lower, and saith, seeing it is the fashion of the world, he will vail bonnet to beauty.

Sam. How is he attired?

Epi. Lovely.

Dar. Whom loveth this amorous knight?

Epi. Dipsas.

Sam. That ugly creature? Why she is a fool, a scold, fat, without fashion, and quite without favor.

Epi. Tush, you be simple; my master hath a good marriage.

Dar. Good? As how?

Epi. Why, in marrying Dipsas he shall have every day twelve dishes of meat to his dinner, though there be none but Dipsas with him: four of flesh, four of fish, four of fruit.

Sam. As how, Epi?

Epi. For flesh these: woodcock, goose, bittern, and rail.

Dar. Indeed, he shall not miss, if Dipsas be there.

Epi. For fish these: crab, carp, lump, and pouting.

Sam. Excellent, for of my word she is both crabbish, lumpish and carping.

Epi. For fruit these: fritters, medlars, artichokes, and lady longings. Thus you see he shall fare like a king, though he be but a beggar.

Dar. Well, Epi, dine thou with him, for I had rather fast than see her face. But see, thy master is asleep, let us have a song to wake this amorous knight.

Epi. Agreed.

Sam. Content.

The First Song

Epi. Here snores Tophas,
That amorous ass,

87. **vail:** take off. 94. **favor:** good looks. 102. **rail:** a kind of bird. 107. **medlars:** a fruit resembling a crab-apple.

Who loves Dipsas,
With face so sweet,
Nose and chin meet.

All three. { At sight of her each fury skips
And flings into her lap their whips.

Dar. Holla, holla in his ear.
Sam. The witch sure thrust her fingers there.
Epi. Cramp him, or wring the fool by th' nose.
Dar. Or clap some burning flax to his toes.
Sam. What music's best to wake him?
Epi. Bow wow, let bandogs shake him.
Dar. Let adders hiss in's ear;
Sam. Else earwigs wriggle there.
Epi. No, let him batten, when his tongue
Once goes, a cat is not worse strung.

All three. { But if he ope nor mouth nor eyes,
He may in time sleep himself wise.

Top. Sleep is a binding of the senses, love a loosing.
Epi. Let us hear him awhile.
Top. There appeared in my sleep a goodly owl, who, sitting upon my shoulder, cried "Twit, twit"; and before mine eyes presented herself the express image of Dipsas. I marveled what the owl said, till at the last I perceived "Twit, twit," to it, to it, only by contraction admonished by this vision to make account of my sweet Venus.
Sam. Sir Tophas, you have overslept yourself.
Top. No, youth, I have but slept over my love.
Dar. Love? Why, it is impossible that into so noble and unconquered a courage love should creep, having first a head as hard to pierce as steel, then to pass to a heart armed with a shirt of mail.
Epi. Ay, but my master yawning one day in the sun, Love crept into his mouth before he could close it, and there kept such a tumbling in his body that he was glad to untruss the points of his heart, and entertain Love as a stranger.
Top. If there remain any pity in you, plead for me to Dipsas.
Dar. Plead! Nay, we will press her to it. Let us go with him to Dipsas, and there shall we have good sport. But, Sir Tophas, when shall we go? For I find my tongue voluble, and my heart venturous, and all myself like myself.
Sam. Come, Dares, let us not loose him till we find our

130. **batten:** grow fat. 150. **untruss the points:** untie the laces, the idea taken from the styles of the day.

masters, for as long as he liveth, we shall lack neither mirth nor meat.

Epi. We will traverse. Will you go, sir?

Top. *I præ, sequar.* [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *By a Fountain in the Desert.*

Enter Eumenides *and* Geron.

Eum. Father, your sad music being tuned on the same key that my hard fortune is, hath so melted my mind that I wish to hang at your mouth's end till my life end.

Ger. These tunes, gentleman, have I been accustomed with these fifty winters, having no other house to shroud myself but the broad heavens, and so familiar with me hath use made misery that I esteem sorrow my chiefest solace. And welcomest is that guest to me that can rehearse the saddest tale or the bloodiest tragedy.

Eum. A strange humor; might I inquire the cause?

Ger. You must pardon me if I deny to tell it, for knowing that the revealing of griefs is, as it were, a renewing of sorrow, I have vowed therefore to conceal them, that I might not only feel the depth of everlasting discontentment, but despair of remedy. But whence are you? What fortune hath thrust you to this distress?

Eum. I am going to Thessaly, to seek remedy for Endymion, my dearest friend, who hath been cast into a dead sleep almost these twenty years, waxing old and ready for the grave, being almost but newly come forth of the cradle.

Ger. You need not for recure travel far, for whoso can clearly see the bottom of this fountain shall have remedy for anything.

Eum. That methinketh is impossible. Why, what virtue can there be in water?

Ger. Yes, whosoever can shed the tears of a faithful lover shall obtain anything he would. Read these words engraven about the brim.

Eum. Have you known this by experience, or is it placed here of purpose to delude men?

Ger. I only would have experience of it, and then should there be an end of my misery; and then would I tell the strangest discourse that ever yet was heard.

Eum. Ah, Eumenides!

21. **recure:** restoration.

Ger. What lack you, gentleman, are you not well?

Eum. Yes, father, but a qualm that often cometh over my heart doth now take hold of me; but did never any lovers come hither?

Ger. Lusters, but not lovers; for often have I seen them weep, but never could I hear they saw the bottom.

Eum. Came there women also?

Ger. Some.

Eum. What did they see?

Ger. They all wept that the fountain overflowed with tears, but so thick became the water with their tears that I could scarce discern the brim, much less behold the bottom.

Eum. Be faithful lovers so scant?

Ger. It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of any.

Eum. Ah, Eumenides, how art thou perplexed? Call to mind the beauty of thy sweet mistress and the depth of thy never-dying affections. How oft hast thou honored her, not only without spot, but suspicion of falsehood! And how hardly hath she rewarded thee, without cause or color of despite. How secret hast thou been these seven years, that hast not, nor once darest not to name her, for discontenting her. How faithful, that hath offered to die for her, to please her! Unhappy Eumenides!

Ger. Why, gentleman, did you once love?

Eum. Once? Ay, father, and ever shall.

Ger. Was she unkind, and you faithful?

Eum. She of all women the most froward, and I of all creatures the most fond.

Ger. You doted then, not loved, for affection is grounded on virtue, and virtue is never peevish; or on beauty, and beauty loveth to be praised.

Eum. Ay, but if all virtuous ladies should yield to all that be loving, or all amiable gentlewomen entertain all that be amorous, their virtues would be accounted vices, and beauties deformities; for that love can be but between two, and that not proceeding of him that is most faithful but most fortunate.

Ger. I would you were so faithful that your tears might make you fortunate.

Eum. Yea, father, if that my tears clear not this fountain, then may you swear it is but a mere mockery.

Ger. So saith every one yet that wept.

Eum. Ah, I faint, I die! Ah, sweet Semele, let me alone, and dissolve, by weeping, into water. [*Gazes into the fountain.*

Ger. This affection seemeth strange; if he see nothing, without doubt this dissembling passeth, for nothing shall draw me from the belief.

Eum. Father, I plainly see the bottom, and there in white marble engraven these words, *Ask one for all, and but one thing at all.*

Ger. O fortunate Eumenides (for so have I heard thee call thyself), let me see. I cannot discern any such thing. I think thou dreamest.

Eum. Ah, father, thou art not a faithful lover, and therefore canst not behold it.

Ger. Then ask, that I may be satisfied by the event, and thyself blessed.

Eum. Ask? So I will. And what shall I do but ask, and whom should I ask but Semele, the possessing of whose person is a pleasure that cannot come within the compass of comparison; whose golden locks seem most curious when they seem most careless; whose sweet looks seem most alluring when they are most chaste; and whose words the more virtuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted. I pray thee, Fortune, when I shall first meet with fair Semele, dash my delight with some light disgrace, lest embracing sweetness beyond measure, I take a surfeit without recure. Let her practice her accustomed coyness that I may diet myself upon my desires; otherwise the fullness of my joys will diminish the sweetness, and I shall perish by them before I possess them. Why do I trifle the time in words? The least minute being spent in the getting of Semele is more worth than the whole world; therefore let me ask. What now, Eumenides? Whither art thou drawn? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and duty, care of Endymion, and the commandment of Cynthia? Shall he die in a leaden sleep because thou sleepest in a golden dream? Ay, let him sleep ever, so I slumber but one minute with Semele. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred. Shall I not hazard the loss of a friend for the obtaining of her for whom I would often lose myself? Fond Eumenides, shall the enticing beauty of a most disdainful lady be of more force than the rare fidelity of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common and of course; the friendship of man to man infinite and immortal. Tush, Semele doth possess my love. Ay, but Endymion hath deserved it. I will help Endymion. I found Endymion unspotted in his truth. Ay, but I shall find Semele constant

114. **Fond:** foolish.

in her love. I will have Semele. What shall I do? Father, thy gray hairs are ambassadors of experience. Which shall I ask?

Ger. Eumenides, release Endymion, for all things, [125 friendship excepted, are subject to fortune: love is but an eye-worm, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes; friendship the image of eternity, in which there is nothing movable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and virtue, bodies and shadows, colors [130 and life — so great odds is there between love and friendship. Love is a chameleon, which draweth nothing into the mouth but air, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs. Believe me, Eumenides, desire dies in the same moment that beauty sickens, and beauty fadeth in the same instant that it [135 flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs; but friendship standeth stiffly in storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face, but addeth fresh colors to a fast friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery, nor place, nor destiny, can alter or diminish. O friendship, of all things the most rare, and [140 therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comfort in misery is always sweet, and whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate! Vain love, that, only coming near to friendship in name, would seem to be the same, or better, in nature!

Eum. Father, I allow your reasons, and will therefore [145 conquer mine own. Virtue shall subdue affections, wisdom lust, friendship beauty. Mistresses are in every place, and as common as hares on Athos, bees in Hybla, fowls in the air; but friends to be found are like the Phœnix in Arabia, but one; or the Philadelphi in Arays, never above two. I will have [150 Endymion. Sacred fountain, in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets, I have increased your waters with the tears of unspotted thoughts and therefore let me receive the reward you promise. Endymion, the truest friend to me, and faithfulest lover to Cynthia, is in such a dead sleep that nothing can wake or [155 move him.

Ger. Dost thou see anything?

Eum. I see in the same pillar these words: *When she whose figure of all is the perfectest, and never to be measured; always one, yet never the same; still inconstant, yet* [160 *never wavering; shall come and kiss Endymion in his sleep, he shall then rise, else never.* This is strange.

Ger. What see you else?

Eum. There cometh over mine eyes either a dark mist, or upon the fountain a deep thickness, for I can perceive [165

nothing. But how am I deluded, or what difficult, nay, impossible, thing is this?

Ger. Methinketh it easy.

Eum. Good father, and how?

Ger. Is not a circle of all figures the perfectest?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. And is not Cynthia of all circles the most absolute?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is it not impossible to measure her, who still worketh by her influence, never standing at one stay?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is she not always Cynthia, yet seldom in the same bigness; always wavering in her waxing or waning, that our bodies might the better be governed, our seasons the dailier give their increase; yet never to be removed from her course as long as the heavens continue theirs?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Then who can it be but Cynthia, whose virtues being all divine, must needs bring things to pass that be miraculous? Go, humble thyself to Cynthia; tell her the success of which myself shall be a witness. And this assure thyself, that she that sent to find means for his safety will now work her cunning.

Eum. How fortunate am I if Cynthia be she that may do it.

Ger. How fond art thou if thou do not believe it!

Eum. I will hasten thither that I may entreat on my knees for succor, and embrace in mine arms my friend.

Ger. I will go with thee, for unto Cynthia must I discover all my sorrows, who also must work in me a contentment.

Eum. May I now know the cause?

Ger. That shall be as we walk, and I doubt not but the strangeness of my tale will take away the tediousness of our journey.

Eum. Let us go.

Ger. I follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

Scene I. *Before Corsites' Castle.*

Enter Tellus.

Tellus. I marvel Corsites giveth me so much liberty, all the world knowing his charge to be so high and his nature to be

most strange; who hath so ill intreated ladies of great honor that he hath not suffered them to look out of windows, much less to walk abroad. It may be he is in love with me, for (Endymion, hard-hearted Endymion, excepted) what is he that is not enamored of my beauty? But what respectest thou the love of all the world? Endymion hates thee. Alas, poor Endymion, my malice hath exceeded my love, and thy faith to Cynthia quenched my affections. Quenched, Tellus? Nay, kindled them afresh; insomuch that I find scorching flames for dead embers, and cruel encounters of war in my thoughts instead of sweet parleys. Ah, that I might once again see Endymion! Accursed girl, what hope hast thou to see Endymion, on whose head already are grown gray hairs, and whose life must yield to nature, before Cynthia end her displeasure. Wicked Dipsas, and more devilish Tellus, the one for cunning too exquisite, the other for hate too intolerable! Thou wast commanded to weave the stories and poetries wherein were showed both examples and punishments of tattling tongues, and thou hast only embroidered the sweet face of Endymion, devices of love, melancholy imaginations, and what not, out of thy work, that thou shouldest study to pick out of thy mind. But here cometh Corsites. I must seem yielding and stout, full of mildness, yet tempered with a majesty; for if I be too flexible, I shall give him more hope than I mean; if too forward, enjoy less liberty than I would. Love him I cannot, and therefore will practice that which is most contrary to our sex, to dissemble.

Enter Corsites.

Cor. Fair Tellus, I perceive you rise with the lark, and to yourself sing with the nightingale.

Tellus. My lord, I have no playfellow but fancy; being barred of all company I must question with myself, and make my thoughts my friends.

Cor. I would you would account my thoughts also your friends, for they be such as are only busied in wondering at your beauty and wisdom; and some such as have esteemed your fortune too hard; and divers of that kind that offer to set you free, if you will set them free.

Tellus. There are no colors so contrary as white and black, nor elements so disagreeing as fire and water, nor anything so opposite as men's thoughts and their words.

3. **intreated:** treated.

Cor. He that gave Cassandra the gift of prophesying, with the curse that, spake she never so true, she should never be believed, hath I think poisoned the fortune of men, that uttering the extremities of their inward passions are always suspected of outward perjuries.

Tellus. Well, Corsites, I will flatter myself and believe you. What would you do to enjoy my love?

Cor. Set all the ladies of the castle free, and make you the pleasure of my life: more I cannot do, less I will not.

Tellus. These be great words, and fit for your calling; for captains must promise things impossible. But will you do one thing for all?

Cor. Anything, sweet Tellus, that am ready for all.

Tellus. You know that on the lunary bank sleepeth Endymion.

Cor. I know it.

Tellus. If you will remove him from that place by force, and convey him into some obscure cave by policy, I give you here the faith of an unspotted virgin that you only shall possess me as a lover, and in spite of malice, have me for a wife.

Cor. Remove him, Tellus? Yes, Tellus, he shall be removed, and that so soon, as thou shalt as much commend my diligence as my force. I go.

Tellus. Stay, will yourself attempt it?

Cor. Ay, Tellus; as I would have none partaker of my sweet love, so shall none be partners of my labors. But I pray thee go at your best leisure, for Cynthia beginneth to rise, and if she discover our love we both perish, for nothing pleaseth her but the fairness of virginity. All things must be not only without lust, but without suspicion of lightness.

Tellus. I will depart, and go you to Endymion.

Cor. I fly, Tellus, being of all men the most fortunate.

[*Exit.*

Tellus. Simple Corsites, I have set thee about a task being but a man, the gods themselves cannot perform, for little dost thou know how heavy his head lies, how hard his fortune; but such shifts must women have to deceive men, and under color of things easy, entreat that which is impossible; otherwise we should be cumbered with importunities, oaths, sighs, letters, and all implements of love, which to one resolved to the contrary, are most loathsome. I will in, and laugh with the other ladies at Corsites' sweating. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *The Palace Gardens.*

Enter Samias *and* Dares.

Sam. Will thy master never awake?

Dar. No, I think he sleeps for a wager. But how shall we spend the time? Sir Tophas is so far in love that he pineth in his bed and cometh not abroad.

Sam. But here cometh Epi, in a pelting chafe.

Enter Epiton.

Epi. A pox of all false proverbs, and were a proverb a page, I would have him by the ears.

Sam. Why art thou angry?

Epi. Why? You know it is said, the tide tarrieth no man.

Sam. True.

Epi. A monstrous lie; for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.

Dar. Alas, poor Epi!

Epi. Poor? No, no, you base, conceited slaves, I am a most complete gentleman, although I be in disgrace with Sir Tophas.

Dar. Art thou out with him?

Epi. Ay, because I cannot get him a lodging with Endymion. He would fain take a nap for forty or fifty years.

Dar. A short sleep, considering our long life.

Sam. Is he still in love?

Epi. In love? Why he doth nothing but make sonnets.

Sam. Canst thou remember any one of his poems?

Epi. Ay, this is one.

> The beggar, Love, that knows not where to lodge,
> At last within my heart, when I slept,
> He crept.
> I waked, and so my fancies began to fodge.

Sam. That's a very long verse.

Epi. Why, the other was short. The first is called from the thumb to the little finger, the second from the little finger to the elbow, and some he made to reach to the crown of his head, and down again to the sole of his foot. It is set to the tune of the black Saunce; *ratio est,* because Dipsas is a black saint.

5. **pelting chafe:** irritable humor. 28. **fodge:** move. 34. **black Saunce:** a hymn to St. Satan.

Dar. Very wisely. But pray thee, Epi, how art thou complete, and being from thy master what occupation wilt thou take?

Epi. Know, my hearts, I am an absolute *Microcosmus,* a petty world of myself: my library is my head, for I have no other books but my brains; my wardrobe on my back, for I have no more apparel than is on my body; my armory at my finger ends, for I use no other artillery than my nails; my treasure in my purse. *Sic omnia mea mecum porto.*

Dar. Good!

Epi. Know, sirs, my palace is paved with grass, and tiled with stars: for *Cœlo tegitur qui non habet urnam,* he that hath no house must lie in the yard.

Sam. A brave resolution. But how wilt thou spend thy time?

Epi. Not in any melancholy sort, for mine exercise I will walk horses.

Dar. Too bad!

Epi. Why, is it not said, It is good walking when one hath his horse in his hand?

Sam. Worse, and worse, but how wilt thou live?

Epi. By angling. Oh, 'tis a stately occupation to stand four hours in a cold morning, and to have his nose bitten with frost before his bait be mumbled with a fish.

Dar. A rare attempt, but wilt thou never travel?

Epi. Yes, in a western barge, when with a good wind and lusty pugs, one may go ten miles in two days.

Sam. Thou art excellent at thy choice. But what pastime wilt thou use? None?

Epi. Yes, the quickest of all.

Sam. What! dice?

Epi. No, when I am in haste, one and twenty games at chess, to pass a few minutes.

Dar. A life for a little lord, and full of quickness.

Epi. Tush, let me alone! But I must needs see if I can find where Endymion lieth; and then go to a certain fountain hard by, where they say faithful lovers shall have all things they will ask. If I can find out any of these, *Ego et magister meus erimus in tuto,* I and my master shall be friends. He is resolved to weep some three or four pailfuls to avoid the rheum of love that wambleth in his stomach.

Enter Master Constable *and the* Watch.

62. **lusty pugs:** strong fellows. 76. **wambleth:** rumbles.

Sam. Shall we never see thy master, Dares?

Dar. Yes; let us go now, for tomorrow Cynthia will be there.

Epi. I will go with you. But how shall we see for the Watch?

Sam. Tush, let me alone! I'll begin to them. Masters, God speed you.

1 Watch. Sir boy, we are all sped already.

Epi. (*Aside.*) So methinks, for they smell all of drink like a beggar's beard.

Dar. But I pray, sirs, may we see Endymion?

2 Watch. No, we are commanded in Cynthia's name that no man shall see him.

Sam. No man? Why, we are but boys.

1 Watch. Mass, neighbors, he says true, for if I swear I will never drink my liquor by the quart, and yet call for two pints, I think with a safe conscience I may carouse both.

Dar. Pithily, and to the purpose.

2 Watch. Tush, tush, neighbors, take me with you.

Sam. (*Aside.*) This will grow hot.

Dar. (*Aside.*) Let them alone.

2 Watch. If I say to my wife, Wife, I will have no raisins in my pudding, she puts in currants; small raisins are raisins, and boys are men. Even as my wife should have put no raisins in my pudding, so shall there no boys see Endymion.

Dar. Learnedly.

Epi. Let Master Constable speak; I think he is the wisest among you.

Mast. Const. You know, neighbors, 'tis an old said saw, *Children and fools speak true.*

All. True.

Mast. Const. Well, there you see the men be the fools, because it is provided from the children.

Dar. Good.

Mast. Const. Then say I, neighbors, that children must not see Endymion, because children and fools speak true.

Epi. O wicked application!

Sam. Scurvily brought about!

1 Watch. Nay, he says true, and therefore till Cynthia have been here he shall not be uncovered. Therefore, away!

Dar. A watch, quoth you? A man may watch seven years for a wise word, and yet go without it. Their wits are all as

94. **take me with you:** let me understand. 104. **said saw:** proverb.

rusty as their bills. But come on, Master Constable, shall we have a song before we go?

Const. With all my heart.

The Second Song.

Watch. Stand! Who goes there?
We charge you appear
'Fore our Constable here,
In the name of the Man in the Moon.
To us Billmen relate
Why you stagger so late,
And how you come drunk so soon.

Pages. What are ye, scabs?

Watch. The Watch;
This the Constable.

Pages. A patch.

Const. Knock 'em down unless they all stand.
If any run away,
'Tis the old watchman's play,
To reach him a bill of his hand.

Pages. O gentlemen, hold,
Your gowns freeze with cold,
And your rotten teeth dance in your head;

Epi. Wine nothing shall cost ye.

Sam. Nor huge fires to roast ye.

Dares. Then soberly let us be led.

Const. Come, my brown bills, we'll roar,
Bounce loud at tavern door,

Omnes. And i' th' morning steal all to bed.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *In the Grove.*

Corsites *solus.* Endymion *asleep on the bank.*

Cors. I am come in sight of the lunary bank. Without doubt Tellus doteth upon me, and cunningly, that I might not perceive her love, she hath set me to a task that is done before it is begun. Endymion, you must change your pillow, and if you be not weary of sleep I will carry you where at ease [5

119. **bills:** broad-bladed implement on the end of a staff or pike, the usual weapon of a watchman. See "Billmen" in the song. 129. **scabs:** low vulgar fellows. 130. **patch:** fool. 141. **brown:** rusty. 141. **roar:** swagger. The terms *roar* and *roarer* were common. There is a play called *The Roaring Girl.*

you shall sleep your fill. It were good that without more ceremonies I took him, lest being espied, I be entrapped, and so incur the displeasure of Cynthia, who commonly setteth watch that Endymion have no wrong. [*He tries to lift Endymion.*] What now, is your mastership so heavy? Or are you nailed to the ground? Not stir one whit? Then use all thy force though he feel it and wake. What, stone still? Turned I think to earth, with lying so long on the earth. Didst thou not, Corsites, before Cynthia, pull up a tree that forty years was fastened with roots and wreathed in knots to the ground? Didst not thou with main force pull open the iron gates which no ram or engine could move? Have my weak thoughts made brawn-fallen my strong arms, or is it the nature of love or the quintessence of the mind to breed numbness, or litherness, or I know not what languishing in my joints and sinews, being but the base strings of my body? Or doth the remembrance of Tellus so refine my spirits into a matter so subtle and divine, that the other fleshy parts cannot work whilst they muse? Rest thyself, rest thyself; nay, rend thyself in pieces, Corsites, and strive in spite of love, fortune, and nature, to lift up this dulled body, heavier than dead, and more senseless than death.

Enter Fairies.

But what are these so fair fiends that cause my hairs to stand upright, and spirits to fall down? Hags, out, alas, Nymphs, I crave pardon. Aye me, but what do I hear!

[*The Fairies dance, and with a Song pinch him, and he falleth asleep. They kiss Endymion, and depart.*

The Third Song by Fairies.

Omnes. Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue,
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our fairy wooing.

1 Fairy. Pinch him blue.

2 Fairy. And pinch him black.

3 Fairy. Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleep has rocked his addle head.

18. **brawn-fallen:** i.e., unnerved. 20. **litherness:** listlessness. 33. **Queen of Stars:** Cynthia.

4 Fairy. For the trespass he hath done,
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.
Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes,
Then to our midnight heidegyes.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*

Scene changes to Gardens.

Enter Cynthia, Floscula, Semele, Panelion, Zontes, Pythagoras, *and* Gyptes. Corsites *still asleep.*

Cynth. You see, Pythagoras, what ridiculous opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are now of another mind.

Pyth. Madam, I plainly perceive that the perfection of your brightness hath pierced through the thickness that covered my mind; insomuch that I am no less glad to be reformed than ashamed to remember my grossness.

Gyptes. They are thrice fortunate that live in your palace, where truth is not in colors, but life, virtues not in imagination, but execution.

Cynth. I have always studied to have rather living virtues than painted gods, the body of truth, than the tomb. But let us walk to Endymion; it may be it lieth in your arts to deliver him; as for Eumenides, I fear he is dead.

Pyth. I have alleged all the natural reasons I can for such a long sleep.

Gyptes. I can do nothing till I see him.

Cynth. Come, Floscula, I am sure you are glad that you shall behold Endymion.

Flosc. I were blessed if I might have him recovered.

Cynth. Are you in love with his person?

Flosc. No, but with his virtue.

Cynth. What say you, Semele?

Sem. Madam, I dare say nothing for fear I offend.

Cynth. Belike you cannot speak except you be spiteful. But as good be silent as saucy. Panelion, what punishment were fit for Semele, in whose speech and thoughts is only contempt and sourness?

Panel. I love not, madam, to give any judgment. Yet since your highness commandeth, I think to commit her tongue close prisoner in her mouth.

Cynth. Agreed. Semele, if thou speak this twelvemonth

43. **heidegyes:** revels.

thou shalt forfeit thy tongue. Behold Endymion! Alas, poor gentleman, hast thou spent thy youth in sleep that once vowed all to my service! Hollow eyes, gray hairs, wrinkled cheeks, and decayed limbs! Is it destiny or deceit that hath [80 brought this to pass? If the first, who could prevent thy wretched stars? If the latter, I would I might know thy cruel enemy. I favored thee, Endymion, for thy honor, thy virtues, thy affections; but to bring thy thoughts within the compass of thy fortunes I have seemed strange, that I might [85 have thee stayed, and now are thy days ended before my favor begin. But whom have we here? Is it not Corsites?

Zon. It is, but more like a leopard than a man.

Cynth. Awake him. How now, Corsites, what make you here? How came you deformed? Look on thy hands, [90 and then thou seest the picture of thy face.

Cors. Miserable wretch, and accursed! How am I deluded! Madam, I ask pardon for my offence, and you see my fortune deserveth pity.

Cynth. Speak on; thy offence cannot deserve greater [95 punishment; but see thou rehearse the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou wishest me.

Cors. Madam, as it is no offence to be in love, being a man mortal, so I hope can it be no shame to tell with whom, my lady being heavenly. Your majesty committed to my [100 charge the fair Tellus, whose beauty in the same moment took my heart captive that I undertook to carry her body prisoner. Since that time have I found such combats in my thoughts between love and duty, reverence and affection, that I could neither endure the conflict, nor hope for the conquest. 105

Cynth. In love? A thing far unfitting the name of a captain, and (as I thought) the tough and unsmoothed nature of Corsites. But forth!

Cors. Feeling this continual war, I thought rather by parley to yield than by certain danger to perish. I unfolded to [110 Tellus the depth of my affections, and framed my tongue to utter a sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound nothing but threats of war. She, too fair to be true, and too false for one so fair, after a nice denial, practiced a notable deceit, commanding me to remove Endymion from this cabin, and [115 carry him to some dark cave; which I, seeking to accomplish, found impossible; and so by fairies or fiends have been thus handled.

Cynth. How say you, my lords, is not Tellus always practicing of some deceits? In sooth, Corsites, thy face is [120

now too foul for a lover, and thine heart too fond for a soldier. You may see when warriors become wantons how their manners alter with their faces. Is it not a shame, Corsites, that having lived so long in Mars his camp, thou shouldst now be rocked in Venus' cradle? Dost thou wear Cupid's [125 quiver at thy girdle, and make lances of looks? Well, Corsites, rouse thyself, and be as thou hast been; and let Tellus, who is made all of love, melt herself in her own looseness.

Cors. Madam, I doubt not but to recover my former state, for Tellus' beauty never wrought such love in my mind [130 as now her deceit hath despite; and yet to be revenged of a woman were a thing than love itself more womanish.

Gyptes. These spots, gentleman, are to be worn out, if you rub them over with this lunary; so that in place where you received this maim, you shall find a medicine. 135

Cors. I thank you for that. The gods bless me from love, and these pretty ladies that haunt this green.

Flosc. Corsites, I would Tellus saw your amiable face.

Zon. How spitefully Semele laugheth, that dare not speak.

Cynth. Could you not stir Endymion with that [140 doubled strength of yours?

Cors. Not so much as his finger with all my force.

Cynth. Pythagoras and Gyptes, what think you of Endymion? What reason is to be given, what remedy?

Pyth. Madam, it is impossible to yield reason for [145 things that happen not in compass of nature. It is most certain that some strange enchantment hath bound all his senses.

Cynth. What say you, Gyptes?

Gyptes. With Pythagoras, that it is enchantment, and that so strange that no art can undo it, for that heaviness argueth [150 a malice unremovable in the enchantress, and that no power can end it, till she die that did it, or the heavens show some means more miraculous.

Flosc. O Endymion, could spite itself devise a mischief so monstrous as to make thee dead with life, and living, [155 being altogether dead? Where others number their years, their hours, their minutes, and step to age by stairs, thou only hast thy years and times in a cluster, being old before thou rememberest thou wast young.

Cynth. No more, Floscula; pity doth him no good; I [160 would anything else might, and I vow by the unspotted honor of a lady he should not miss it. But is this all, Gyptes, that is to be done?

Gyptes. All as yet. It may be that either the enchantress

shall die, or else be discovered; if either happen I will then practice the utmost of my art. In the mean season, about this grove would I have a watch, and the first living thing that toucheth Endymion to be taken.

Cynth. Corsites, what say you, will you undertake this?

Cors. Good madam, pardon me! I was overtaken too late. I should rather break into the midst of a main battle than again fall into the hands of those fair babies.

Cynth. Well, I will provide others. Pythagoras and Gyptes, you shall yet remain in my court, till I hear what may be done in this matter.

Pyth. We attend.

Cynth. Let us go in. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

Scene I. *In the Grove.*

Enter Samias *and* Dares.

Sam. Eumenides hath told such strange tales as I may well wonder at them, but never believe them.

Dar. The other old man, what a sad speech used he, that caused us almost all to weep. Cynthia is so desirous to know the experiment of her own virtue, and so willing to ease Endymion's hard fortune, that she no sooner heard the discourse but she made herself in readiness to try the event.

Sam. We will also see the event. But whist! here cometh Cynthia with all her train. Let us sneak in amongst them.

Enter Cynthia, Floscula, Semele, Eumenides, Panelion, etc.

Cynth. Eumenides, it cannot sink into my head that I should be signified by that sacred fountain, for many things there are in the world to which those words may be applied.

Eum. Good madam, vouchsafe but to try, else shall I think myself most unhappy that I asked not my sweet mistress.

Cynth. Will you not yet tell me her name?

Eum. Pardon me, good madam, for if Endymion awake, he shall; myself have sworn never to reveal it.

172. **fair babies:** the fairies.
7. **event:** outcome.

Cynth. Well, let us to Endymion. I will not be so stately, good Endymion, not to stoop to do thee good; and if thy liberty consist in a kiss from me, thou shalt have it. And al- [20 though my mouth hath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life (though to restore thy youth it be impossible) I will do that to Endymion which yet never mortal man could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter. [*She kisseth him.* 25

Eum. Madam, he beginneth to stir.

Cynth. Soft, Eumenides, stand still.

Eum. Ah, I see his eyes almost open.

Cynth. I command thee once again, stir not. I will stand behind him. 30

Pan. What do I see, Endymion almost awake?

Eum. Endymion, Endymion, art thou deaf or dumb? or hath this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah, my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Eumenides, thy faithful friend, thy faithful Eumenides, who for thy safety hath been careless [35 of his own content? Speak Endymion! Endymion! Endymion!

End. Endymion? I call to mind such a name.

Eum. Hast thou forgotten thyself, Endymion? Then do I not marvel thou rememberest not thy friend. I tell thee thou art Endymion, and I Eumenides. Behold also Cynthia, [40 by whose favor thou art awaked, and by whose virtue thou shalt continue thy natural course.

Cynth. Endymion, speak, sweet Endymion, knowest thou not Cynthia?

End. O heavens, whom do I behold, fair Cynthia, [45 divine Cynthia?

Cynth. I am Cynthia, and thou Endymion.

End. Endymion? What do I here? What, a gray beard, hollow eyes, withered body, decayed limbs, and all in one night?

Eum. One night! Thou hast here slept forty years, [50 by what enchantress as yet it is not known; and behold, the twig to which thou laid'st thy head is now become a tree. Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

End. Thy name I do remember by the sound, but thy favor I do not yet call to mind; only divine Cynthia, to [55 whom time, fortune, destiny, and death are subject, I see and remember, and in all humility I regard and reverence.

55. **Cynthia:** In this passage Cynthia definitely becomes Elizabeth, who was present at the first performance. Spenser, in the *Faerie Queene*, had already committed a similar flattery of the queen under the name of Cynthia.

Cynth. You have good cause to remember Eumenides, who hath for thy safety forsaken his own solace.

End. Am I that Endymion who was wont in court to lead my life; and in jousts, tourneys, and arms to exercise my youth? Am I that Endymion?

Eum. Thou art that Endymion, and I Eumenides; wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance?

End. Ah, sweet Eumenides, I now perceive thou art he, and that myself have the name of Endymion; but that this should be my body I doubt, for how could my curled locks be turned to gray hairs, and my strong body to dying weakness, having waxed old and not knowing it.

Cynth. Well, Endymion, arise. (*He tries to rise, but sinks back.*) A while sit down, for that thy limbs are stiff, and not able to stay thee, and tell what hast thou seen in thy sleep all this while. What dreams, visions, thoughts, and fortunes? For it is impossible, but in so long time, thou shouldest see things strange.

End. Fair Cynthia, I will rehearse what I have seen, humbly desiring that when I exceed in length you give me warning, that I may end; for to utter all I have to speak would be troublesome, although happily the strangeness may somewhat abate the tediousness.

Cynth. Well, Endymion, begin.

End. Methought I saw a lady passing fair, but very mischievous, who in the one hand carried a knife with which she offered to cut my throat, and in the other a looking-glass, wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, she refrained from intended violence. She was accompanied with other damsels, one of which, with a stern countenance, and as it were with a settled malice engraven in her eyes, provoked her to execute mischief; another, with visage sad, and constant only in sorrow, with her arms crossed, and watery eyes, seemed to lament my fortune, but durst not offer to prevent the force. I started in my sleep, feeling my very veins to swell, and my sinews to stretch with fear, and such a cold sweat bedewed all my body that death itself could not be so terrible as the vision.

Cynth. A strange sight. Gyptes, at our better leisure, shall expound it.

End. After long debating with herself, mercy overcame anger, and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine majesty, mingled with a sweet mildness, that I was ravished with the sight above measure, and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end; and so she departed with

the other ladies, of which the one retained still an unmovable cruelty, the other a constant pity.

Cynth. Poor Endymion, how wast thou affrighted! What else?

End. After her immediately appeared an aged man with a beard as white as snow, carrying in his hand a book with three leaves, and speaking, as I remember, these words: *Endymion, receive this book with three leaves, in which are contained counsels, policies, and pictures,* and with that he offered me the book, which I rejected; wherewith, moved with a disdainful pity, he rent the first leaf in a thousand shivers. The second time he offered it, which I refused also; at which, bending his brows, and pitching his eyes fast to the ground, as though they were fixed to the earth, and not again to be removed — then suddenly casting them up to the heavens, he tore in a rage the second leaf, and offered the book only with one leaf. I know not whether fear to offend, or desire to know some strange thing, moved me; I took the book, and so the old man vanished.

Cynth. What didst thou imagine was in the last leaf?

End. There portrayed to life, with a cold quaking in every joint, I beheld many wolves barking at thee, Cynthia, who having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see Ingratitude with an hundred eyes, gazing for benefits, and with a thousand teeth, gnawing on the bowels wherein she was bred. Treachery stood all clothed in white, with a smiling countenance, but both her hands bathed in blood. Envy with a pale and meager face (whose body was so lean, that one might tell all her bones, and whose garment was so tattered, that it was easy to number every thread) stood shooting at stars, whose darts fell down again on her own face. There might I behold drones or beetles, I know not how to term them, creeping under the wings of a princely eagle, who, being carried into her nest, sought there to suck that vein that would have killed the eagle. I mused that things so base should attempt a fact so barbarous, or durst imagine a thing so bloody. And many other things, madam, the repetition whereof may at your better leisure seem more pleasing; for bees surfeit sometimes with honey, and the gods are glutted with harmony, and your highness may be dulled with delight.

Cynth. I am content to be dieted; therefore let us in. Eumenides, see that Endymion be well tended, lest either eating immoderately, or sleeping again too long, he fall into a

deadly surfeit, or into his former sleep. See this also be proclaimed, that whosoever will discover this practice shall have of Cynthia infinite thanks, and no small rewards. [*Exit.*

Flosc. Ah, Endymion, none so joyful as Floscula of thy restoring.

Eum. Yes, Floscula, let Eumenides be somewhat gladder, and do not that wrong to the settled friendship of a man as to compare it with the light affection of a woman. Ah, my dear friend Endymion, suffer me to die with gazing at thee.

End. Eumenides, thy friendship is immortal, and not to be conceived; and thy good will, Floscula, better than I have deserved. But let us all wait on Cynthia. I marvel Semele speaketh not a word.

Eum. Because if she do, she loseth her tongue.

End. But how prospereth your love?

Eum. I never yet spake word since your sleep.

End. I doubt not but your affection is old and your appetite cold.

Eum. No, Endymion, thine hath made it stronger, and now are my sparks grown to flames and my fancies almost to frenzies; but let us follow, and within we will debate all this matter at large. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Palace Gardens.*

Enter Sir Tophas *and* Epiton.

Top. Epi, Love hath jostled my liberty from the wall, and taken the upper hand of my reason.

Epi. Let me then trip up the heels of your affection and thrust your good will into the gutter.

Top. No, Epi; Love is a lord of misrule, and keepeth Christmas in my corpse.

Epi. No doubt there is good cheer. What dishes of delight doth his lordship feast you with withal?

Top. First, with a great platter of plum-porridge of pleasure, wherein is stewed the mutton of mistrust.

Epi. Excellent love-pap.

Top. Then cometh a pie of patience, a hen of honey, a goose of gall, a capon of care, and many other viands, some sweet and some sour, which proveth love to be as it was said of in old years, *Dulce venenum.*

147. **practice**: i.e., find out who had enchanted Endymion.

5. **lord of misrule**: The election of a Lord of Misrule was part of the Christmas festivities at the universities and at court.

Epi. A brave banquet!

Top. But Epi, I pray thee feel on my chin; something pricketh me. What dost thou feel or see?

Epi. There are three or four little hairs.

Top. I pray thee call it my beard. How shall I be troubled when this young spring shall grow to a great wood!

Epi. Oh, sir, your chin is but a quiller yet; you will be most majestical when it is full-fledged. But I marvel that you love Dipsas, that old crone.

Top. *Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ*, I love the smoke of an old fire.

Epi. Why, she is so cold that no fire can thaw her thoughts.

Top. It is an old goose, Epi, that will eat no oats; old kine will kick, old rats gnaw cheese, and old sacks will have much patching. I prefer an old coney before a rabbit-sucker, and an ancient hen before a young chicken-peeper.

Epi. *Argumentum ab antiquitate*, my master loveth antique work.

Top. Give me a pippin that is withered like an old wife.

Epi. Good, sir.

Top. Then, *a contrario sequitur argumentum*, give me a wife that looks like an old pippin.

Epi. Nothing hath made my master a fool but flat scholarship.

Top. Knowest thou not that old wine is best?

Epi. Yes.

Top. And thou knowest that like will to like?

Epi. Ay.

Top. And thou knowest that Venus loved the best wine.

Epi. So.

Top. Then I conclude that Venus was an old woman in an old cup of wine. For, *est Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit.*

Epi. *O lepidum caput*, O madcap master! You were worthy to win Dipsas, were she as old again, for in your love you have worn the nap of your wit quite off and made it thread-bare. But soft, who comes here?

Enter Samias *and* Dares.

Top. My solicitors.

Sam. All hail, Sir Tophas; how feel you yourself?

Top. Stately in every joint, which the common people term

22. **quiller:** an unfledged bird. 30. **rabbit-sucker:** young rabbit. 31. **chicken-peeper:** a chick.

stiffness. Doth Dipsas stoop? Will she yield? Will she bend?

Dar. Oh, sir, as much as you would wish, for her chin almost toucheth her knees.

Epi. Master, she is bent, I warrant you.

Top. What conditions doth she ask?

Sam. She hath vowed she will never love any that hath not a tooth in his head less than she.

Top. Hay many hath she?

Dar. One.

Epi. That goeth hard, master, for then you must have none.

Top. A small request, and agreeable to the gravity of her years. What should a wise man do with his mouth full of bones like a charnel-house? The turtle true hath ne'er a tooth.

Sam. Thy master is in a notable vein, that will lose his teeth to be like a turtle.

Epi. Let him lose his tongue, too; I care not.

Dar. Nay, you must also have no nails, for she long since hath cast hers.

Top. That I yield to. What a quiet life shall Dipsas and I lead when we can neither bite nor scratch! You may see, youths, how age provides for peace.

Sam. (*Aside.*) How shall we do to make him leave his love, for we never spake to her?

Dar. (*Aside.*) Let me alone. (*To Tophas*) she is a notable witch, and hath turned her maid Bagoa to an aspen tree for betraying her secrets.

Top. I honor her for her cunning, for now when I am weary of walking on two legs, what a pleasure may she do me to turn me to some goodly ass, and help me to four.

Dar. Nay, then I must tell you the truth; her husband Geron is come home, who this fifty years hath had her to wife.

Top. What do I hear? Hath she an husband? Go to the sexton, and tell him Desire is dead, and will him to dig his grave. O heavens, an husband! What death is agreeable to my fortune?

Sam. Be not desperate, and we will help you to find a young lady.

Top. I love no grissels; they are so brittle they will crack like glass, or so dainty that if they be touched they are straight of the fashion of wax; *animus majoribus instat,* I desire old matrons. What a sight would it be to embrace one

69. **turtle:** turtle-dove. 89. **his:** i.e., Desire's.

whose hair were as orient as the pearl, whose teeth shall be so pure a watchet that they shall stain the truest turkis, whose nose shall throw more beams from it than the fiery car- [100 buncle, whose eyes shall be environed about with redness exceeding the deepest coral, and whose lips might compare with silver for the paleness! Such a one if you can help me to, I will by piecemeal curtail my affections towards Dipsas, and walk my swelling thoughts till they be cold. 105

Epi. Wisely provided. How say you, my friends, will you angle for my master's cause?

Sam. Most willingly.

Dar. If we speed him not shortly I will burn my cap: We will serve him of the spades, and dig an old wife out of [110 the grave that shall be answerable to his gravity.

Top. Youths, adieu; he that bringeth me first news shall possess mine inheritance. [*Exit.*

Dar. What, is thy master landed?

Epi. Know you not that my master is *liber tenens?* 115

Sam. What's that?

Epi. A freeholder. But I will after him.

Sam. And we to hear what news of Endymion for the conclusion. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Palace Gardens.*

Enter Panelion *and* Zontes.

Pan. Who would have thought that Tellus, being so fair by nature, so honorable by birth, so wise by education, would have entered into a mischief to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friend so malicious.

Zon. If Bagoa had not bewrayed it, how then should it [5 have come to light? But we see that gold and fair words are of force to corrupt the strongest men, and therefore able to work silly women like wax.

Pan. I marvel what Cynthia will determine in this cause.

Zon. I fear as in all causes, hear of it in justice, and [10 then judge of it in mercy; for how can it be that she that is unwilling to punish her deadliest foes with disgrace, will revenge injuries of her train with death.

Pan. That old witch Dipsas, in a rage, having understood her practice to be discovered, turned poor Bagoa to an [15 aspen tree; but let us make haste and bring Tellus before Cynthia, for she was coming out after us.

Zon. Let us go. [*Exeunt.*

99. **watchet:** pale blue color. 99. **turkis:** turquoise.

Enter Cynthia, Semele, Floscula, Dipsas, Endymion, Eumenides, Geron, Pythagoras, Gyptes, *and* Sir Tophas.

Cynth. Dipsas, thy years are not so many as thy vices, yet more in number than commonly nature doth afford or justice should permit. Hast thou almost these fifty years practiced that detested wickedness of witchcraft? Wast thou so simple as for to know the nature of simples, of all creatures to be most sinful? Thou hast threatened to turn my course awry and alter by thy damnable art the government that I now possess by the eternal gods. But know thou, Dipsas, and let all the enchanters know, that Cynthia, being placed for light on earth, is also protected by the powers of heaven. Breathe out thou mayest words, gather thou mayest herbs, find out thou mayest stones agreeable to thine art, yet of no force to appal my heart, in which courage is so rooted, and constant persuasion of the mercy of the gods so grounded, that all thy witchcraft I esteem as weak as the world doth thy case wretched. This noble gentleman, Geron, once thy husband, but now thy mortal hate, didst thou procure to live in a desert, almost desperate; Endymion, the flower of my court and the hope of succeeding time, hast thou bewitched by art, before thou wouldst suffer him to flourish by nature.

Dipsas. Madam, things past may be repented, not recalled; there is nothing so wicked that I have not done, nor any thing so wished for as death. Yet among all the things that I committed, there is nothing so much tormenteth my rented and ransacked thoughts, as that in the prime of my husband's youth I divorced him by my devilish art; for which, if to die might be amends, I would not live till tomorrow. If to live and still be more miserable would better content him, I would wish of all creatures to be oldest and ugliest.

Ger. Dipsas, thou hast made this difference between me and Endymion, that being both young, thou hast caused me to wake in melancholy, losing the joys of my youth, and him to sleep, not remembering youth.

Cynth. Stay, here cometh Tellus; we shall now know all.

Enter Corsites, Tellus, Panelion, *and* Zontes.

Cors. I would to Cynthia thou couldst make as good an excuse in truth, as to me thou hast done by wit.

Tellus. Truth shall be mine answer, and therefore I will not study for an excuse.

Cynth. Is it possible, Tellus, that so few years should har-

bor so many mischiefs? Thy swelling pride have I borne, because it is a thing that beauty maketh blameless, which the more it exceedeth fairness in measure, the more it stretcheth itself in disdain. Thy devices against Corsites I smile at, for that wits, the sharper they are, the shrewder they are. But this unacquainted and most unnatural practice with a vile enchantress against so noble a gentleman as Endymion, I abhor as a thing most malicious, and will revenge as a deed most monstrous. And as for you, Dipsas, I will send you into the desert amongst wild beasts, and try whether you can cast lions, tigers, boars, and bears into as dead a sleep as you did Endymion, or turn them to trees, as you have done Bagoa. But tell me, Tellus, what was the cause of this cruel part, far unfitting thy sex, in which nothing should be but simpleness, and much disagreeing from thy face, in which nothing seemed to be but softness.

Tellus. Divine Cynthia, by whom I receive my life, and am content to end it, I can neither excuse my fault without lying, nor confess it without shame; yet were it possible that in so heavenly thoughts as yours there could fall such earthly motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to be pardoned without extreme punishment, yet to be heard without great marvel.

Cynth. Say on, Tellus; I cannot imagine anything that can color such a cruelty.

Tellus. Endymion, that Endymion in the prime of his youth, so ravished my heart with love, that to obtain my desires I could not find means, nor to recite them reason. What was she that favored not Endymion, being young, wise, honorable. and virtuous; besides, what metal was she made of (be she mortal) that is not affected with the spice, nay, infected with the poison of that (not to be expressed, yet always to be felt) love, which breaketh the brains and never bruiseth the brow, consumeth the heart and never toucheth the skin, and maketh a deep scar to be seen before any wound at all be felt? My heart, too tender to withstand such a divine fury, yielded to love. Madam, I, not without blushing, confess, I yielded to love.

Cynth. A strange effect of love, to work such an extreme hate. How say you, Endymion? All this was for love?

End. I say, madam, then the gods send me a woman's hate.

Cynth. That were as bad, for then by contrary you should never sleep. But on, Tellus, let us hear the end.

62. **shrewder:** more wicked. 63. **unacquainted:** unheard of.

Tellus. Feeling a continual burning in all my bowels, and a bursting almost in every vein, I could not smother the inward fire, but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke; and by the flying abroad of divers sparks, divers judged of my scalding flames. Endymion, as full of art as wit, mark- [105 ing mine eyes, (in which he might see almost his own), my sighs, by which he might ever hear his name sounded, aimed at my heart, in which he was assured his person was imprinted, and by questions wrung out that which was ready to burst out. When he saw the depth of my affections, he swore that [110 mine in respect of his were as fumes to Ætna, valleys to Alps, ants to eagles, and nothing could be compared to my beauty but his love, and eternity. Thus drawing a smooth shoe upon a crooked foot, he made me believe that (which all of our sex willingly acknowledge) I was beautiful, and to wonder [115 (which indeed is a thing miraculous) that any of his sex should be faithful.

Cynth. Endymion, how will you clear yourself?

End. Madam, by mine own accuser.

Cynth. Well, Tellus, proceed, but briefly, lest taking [120 delight in uttering thy love thou offend us with the length of it.

Tellus. I will, madam, quickly make an end of my love and my tale. Finding continual increase of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enjoying of my love made deeper wounds than the entering into it, I could find no means to ease [125 my grief but to follow Endymion, and continually to have him in the object of mine eyes, who had me slave and subject to his love. But in the moment that I feared his falsehood, and tried myself most in mine affections, I found (ah grief, even then I lost myself!) I found him in most melancholy [130 and desperate terms, cursing his stars, his state, the earth, the heavens, the world, and all for the love of —

Cynth. Of whom? Tellus, speak boldly.

Tellus. Madam, I dare not utter for fear to offend.

Cynth. Speak, I say; who dare take offence, if [135 thou be commanded by Cynthia?

Tellus. For the love of Cynthia.

Cynth. For my love, Tellus? That were strange. Endymion, is it true?

End. In all things, madam. Tellus doth not speak [140 false.

Cynth. What will this breed to in the end? Well, Endymion, we shall hear all.

Tellus. I, seeing my hopes turned to mishaps, and a settled

dissembling towards me, and an unmovable desire to Cynthia, forgetting both myself and my sex, fell into this unnatural hate; for knowing your virtues, Cynthia, to be immortal, I could not have an imagination to withdraw him; and finding mine own affections unquenchable, I could not carry the mind that any else should possess what I had pursued. For though in majesty, beauty, virtue, and dignity, I always humbled and yielded myself to Cynthia, yet in affections I esteemed myself equal with the goddesses and all other creatures according to their states with myself; for stars to their bigness have their lights, and the sun hath no more; and little pitchers, when they can hold no more, are as full as great vessels that run over. Thus, madam, in all truth, have I uttered the unhappiness of my love and the cause of my hate, yielding wholly to that divine judgment which never erred for want of wisdom, or envied for too much partiality.

Cynth. How say you, my lords, to this matter? But what say you, Endymion; hath Tellus told truth?

End. Madam, in all things, but in that she said I loved her and swore to honor her.

Cynth. Was there such a time whenas for my love thou didst vow thyself to death, and in respect of it loathed thy life? Speak, Endymion, I will not revenge it with hate.

End. The time was, madam, and is, and ever shall be, that I honored your highness above all the world; but to stretch it so far as to call it love, I never durst. There hath none pleased mine eye but Cynthia, none delighted mine ears but Cynthia, none possessed my heart but Cynthia. I have forsaken all other fortunes to follow Cynthia, and here I stand ready to die if it please Cynthia. Such a difference hath the gods set between our states that all must be duty, loyalty, and reverence; nothing (without it vouchsafe your highness) be termed love. My unspotted thoughts, my languishing body, my discontented life, let them obtain by princely favor that which to challenge they must not presume, only wishing of impossibilities; with imagination of which I will spend my spirits, and to myself, that no creature may hear, softly call it love. And if any urge to utter what I whisper, then will I name it honor. From this sweet contemplation if I be not driven, I shall live of all men the most content, taking more pleasure in mine agéd thoughts than ever I did in my youthful actions.

150. **carry the mind:** bear to think.

Cynth. Endymion, this honorable respect of thine shall be christened love in thee, and my reward for it, favor. Persevere, Endymion, in loving me, and I account more strength in a true heart than in a walled city. I have labored to win all, and study to keep such as I have won; but those that neither my favor can move to continue constant, nor my offered benefits get to be faithful, the gods shall either reduce to truth, or revenge their treacheries with justice. Endymion, continue as thou hast begun, and thou shalt find that Cynthia shineth not on thee in vain.

End. Your highness hath blessed me, and your words have again restored my youth; methinks I feel my joints strong, and these moldy hairs to moult, and all by your virtue, Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.

Cynth. What, young again! Then it is pity to punish Tellus.

Tellus. Ah, Endymion, now I know thee and ask pardon of thee; suffer me still to wish thee well.

End. Tellus, Cynthia must command what she will.

Flosc. Endymion, I rejoice to see thee in thy former estate.

End. Good Floscula, to thee also am I in my former affections.

Eum. Endymion, the comfort of my life, how am I ravished with a joy matchless, saving only the enjoying of my mistress.

Cynth. Endymion, you must now tell who Eumenides shrineth for his saint.

End. Semele, madam.

Cynth. Semele, Eumenides? Is it Semele, the very wasp of all women, whose tongue stingeth as much as an adder's tooth?

Eum. It is Semele, Cynthia, the possessing of whose love must only prolong my life.

Cynth. Nay, sith Endymion is restored, we will have all parties pleased. Semele, are you content after so long trial of his faith, such rare secrecy, such unspotted love, to take Eumenides? Why speak you not? Not a word?

End. Silence, madam, consents; that is most true.

Cynth. It is true, Endymion. Eumenides, take Semele; take her, I say.

Eum. Humble thanks, madam; now only do I begin to live.

Sem. A hard choice, madam, either to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if I speak a word. Yet do I rather choose to have my tongue cut out, than my heart distempered. I will not have him.

Cynth. Speaks the parrot! She shall nod hereafter with signs. Cut off her tongue, nay, her head, that having a servant of honorable birth, honest manners, and true love, will not be persuaded.

Sem. He is no faithful lover, madam, for then would he have asked his mistress.

Ger. Had he not been faithful, he had never seen into the fountain, and so lost his friend and mistress.

Eum. Thine own thoughts, sweet Semele, witness against thy words, for what hast thou found in my life but love? And as yet what have I found in my love but bitterness? Madam, pardon Semele, and let my tongue ransom hers.

Cynth. Thy tongue, Eumenides? What, shouldst thou live wanting a tongue to blaze the beauty of Semele! Well, Semele, I will not command love, for it cannot be enforced; let me entreat it.

Sem. I am content your highness shall command, for now only do I think Eumenides faithful, that is willing to lose his tongue for my sake; yet loath, because it should do me better service. Madam, I accept of Eumenides.

Cynth. I thank you, Semele.

Eum. Ah happy Eumenides, that hast a friend so faithful and a mistress so fair! With what sudden mischief will the gods daunt this excess of joy? Sweet Semele, I live or die as thou wilt.

Cynth. What shall become of Tellus? Tellus, you know Endymion is vowed to a service, from which death cannot remove him. Corsites casteth still a lovely look towards you. How say you? Will you have your Corsites, and so receive pardon for all that is past?

Tellus. Madam, most willingly.

Cynth. But I cannot tell whether Corsites be agreed.

Cors. Ay, madam, more happy to enjoy Tellus than the monarchy of the world.

Eum. Why, she caused you to be pinched with fairies.

Cors. Ay, but her fairness hath pinched my heart more deeply.

Cynth. Well, enjoy thy love. But what have you wrought in the castle, Tellus?

Tellus. Only the picture of Endymion.

Cynth. Then so much of Endymion as his picture cometh to, possess and play withal.

232. **Speaks the parrot:** a conventional taunt.

Cors. Ah, my sweet Tellus, my love shall be as thy beauty is, matchless.

Cynth. Now it resteth, Dipsas, that if thou wilt forswear that vile art of enchanting, Geron hath promised again to receive thee; otherwise, if thou be wedded to that wickedness, I must and will see it punished to the uttermost.

Dipsas. Madam, I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hateful trade, vowing to the gods continual penance, and to your highness obedience.

Cynth. How say you, Geron, will you admit her to your wife?

Ger. Ay, with more joy than I did the first day, for nothing could happen to make me happy but only her forsaking that lewd and detestable course. Dipsas, I embrace thee.

Dipsas. And I thee, Geron, to whom I will hereafter recite the cause of these my first follies.

Cynth. Well, Endymion, nothing resteth now but that we depart. Thou hast my favor; Tellus her friend; Eumenides in Paradise with his Semele; Geron content with Dipsas.

Top. Nay, soft; I cannot handsomely go to bed without Bagoa.

Cynth. Well, Sir Tophas, it may be there are more virtues in me than myself knoweth of, for I Endymion awaked and at my words he waxed young. I will try whether I can turn this tree again to thy true love.

Top. Turn her to a true love or false, so she be a wench I care not.

Cynth. Bagoa, Cynthia putteth an end to thy hard fortunes; for being turned to a tree for revealing a truth, I will recover thee again, if in my power be the effect of truth.

[*Bagoa recovers.*

Top. Bagoa, a bots upon thee!

Cynth. Come, my lords, let us in. You, Gyptes and Pythagoras, if you cannot content yourselves in our court, to fall from vain follies of philosophers to such virtues as are here practiced, you shall be entertained according to your deserts, for Cynthia is no stepmother to strangers.

Pyth. I had rather in Cynthia's court spend ten years than in Greece one hour.

Gyptes. And I choose rather to live by the sight of Cynthia, than by the possessing of all Egypt.

287. **lewd:** base. 305. **bots:** worms. The expression was supposed to be funny.

Cynth. Then follow.
Eum. We all attend. [*Exeunt.*

The Epilogue

A man walking abroad, the Wind and Sun strove for sovereignty, the one with his blast, the other with his beams. The Wind blew hard, the man wrapped his garment about him harder; it blustered more strongly; he then girt it fast to him. I cannot prevail, said the Wind. The Sun, casting her crystal beams, began to warm the man; he unloosed his gown, yet it shone brighter; he then put it off. I yield, said the Wind, for if thou continue shining, he will also put off his coat.

Dread Sovereign, the malicious that seek to overthrow us with threats, do but stiffen our thoughts, and make them sturdier in storms; but if your Highness vouchsafe with your favorable beams to glance upon us, we shall not only stoop, but with all humility lay both our hand and hearts at your Majesty's feet.

NOTE

Endymion was produced in 1579, the same year that saw the publication of the first part of *Euphues,* Lyly's prose romance that so profoundly affected the literary style of the day. This play, like the others by Lyly, abounds in allegory and is steeped in the kind of romance that was fashionable at the time, a romance compounded of ancient classical lore combined with the fantastic and often ridiculous inventions of the medieval story-writers. The title of the play, the names of the characters, and the two Greek philosophers are borrowed from the Greek, but that is all the Greek there is in this play. The allegory is distinctly medieval, cleverly adapted to apply more or less to contemporary Elizabethan court life, with emphasis upon certain specific personages. There has been much controversy over the interpretation of this play, but since nothing has been definitely decided, and never can be, it is not necessary to go into details here. Endymion himself is quite evidently meant for the Earl of Leicester, just as Cynthia is intended to portray Elizabeth, nor can there be any doubt that Endymion's love for Cynthia represents Leicester's futile suit (if suit it was) of the fickle queen. The conclusion of the play also seems to fit in with certain historical facts, more particularly the queen's forgiveness of Leicester for his secret marriage. Further than that everything is speculation.

Endymion being one of the first regular English comedies, it is worth studying both for its construction and its spirit. The story is complicated by having too many plots that have but slight connection with the main motive, that of the hero's love for Cynthia, for which the jealousy of Tellus forms sufficient complication. The author displayed little skill in

correlating the various threads of story, and hence the characters fall into groups, somewhat as in the classical comedies. Each group has its own well defined plot, with little or no connection with the story of Endymion, so that one of the main difficulties in reading this play is to keep the chief motive isolated. To do this successfully one may as well ignore the allegory, although it must be remembered that to an Elizabethan audience, familiar with the details, that might easily have been the most interesting feature of the play. Denatured of its allegory, the plot reduces itself to Endymion's futile love for Cynthia and the equally hopeless love of Tellus for the hero, eventually satisfied by her marriage to Corsites. That is all there is to the main plot, rather uninteresting to the modern reader because of the long-winded speeches that almost continually prevent anything from happening. The orgy of reconciliation and marriage at the end hardly makes up for the stiffness of the plot.

Fortunately for the reader of today, Lyly must have realized that his story was heavy and lacked action. At any rate, he enlivened the play with a number of comic characters and scenes, cleverly interspersed throughout. Of the low comedy characters by far the richest is Sir Tophas, a burlesque braggart soldier type reminiscent of Ralph Roister Doister, but essentially individual in his own right. The scenes in which Sir Tophas and his page Epiton appear alone make the play worth reading. This precious pair are equaled only by Shakespeare, who was a close student of Lyly as a writer of romantic comedy. Next in interest are the two smart Pages, representatives of a type common in Lyly and apparently created by him. This once more suggests that the student should read Lyly carefully for his part in the creation of Elizabethan comedy.

Not much can be said for the author's women, except, perhaps, for the sharp-tongued Semele, but even she was already something of a type that on the English stage goes back to Mrs. Noah in the Miracle plays. In the Elizabethan drama real women did not appear until Greene showed how possible and fascinating they could be. The scenes involving magic were part of the machinery of the times to bring about solutions of impossible situations. They were accepted by the audiences then, but they leave the modern reader unthrilled.

To enjoy Lyly's plays the reader should forget those things which modern sophistication points out as dramatic faults, and try to adjust himself to the spirit of the "spacious times" of Elizabeth, when romance and reality coincided more nearly than at any other period of the world's history. Lyly's heroes adventure as boldly into zones of apparently impossible love as Elizabeth's mariners into unknown regions after fabulous riches. What matter whether they succeed? The romance of adventure makes all effort worth while.

The standard edition of Lyly is that by Bond, 3 vols., Oxford University Press, 1902.

THE OLD WIVES TALE

By George Peele.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sacrapant.
First Brother, named Calypha.
Second Brother, named Thelea.
Eumenides.
Erestus.
Lampriscus.
Huanebango.
Corebus.
Wiggen.
Churchwarden.
Sexton.
Ghost of Jack.
Friar, Harvest-men, Furies, Fiddlers, etc.

Delia, sister to Calypha and Thelea.
Venelia, betrothed to Erestus.
Zantippa, } daughters to Lam-
Celanta, } priscus.
Hostess.

Antic.
Frolic.
Fantastic.
Clunch, a smith.
Madge, his wife.

Enter Antic, Frolic, *and* Fantastic.

Antic. How now, fellow Frolic! What, all amort? Doth this sadness become thy madness? What though we have lost our way in the woods, yet never hang the head as though thou hadst no hope to live till tomorrow; for Fantastic and I will warrant thy life tonight for twenty in the hundred.

Fro. Antic, and Fantastic, as I am frolic franion, never in all my life was I so dead slain. What, to lose our way in the wood, without either fire or candle, so uncomfortable! *O cœlum! O terra! O Maria!* O Neptune!

Fan. Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our young master to the fair lady, and she is the only saint that he hath sworn to serve?

Fro. What resteth, then, but we commit him to his wench, and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of "*O man in desperation*"?

Ant. Desperately spoken, fellow Frolic, in the dark; but seeing it falls out thus, let us rehearse the old proverb:

> "Three merry men and three merry men,
> And three merry men be we;
> I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
> And Jack sleeps in the tree."

1. **amort:** dejected. 6. **franion:** a gay fellow. 13. **resteth:** remains. 15. This ballad was frequently quoted in old plays, including *Twelfth Night.*

Fan. Hush! a dog in the wood, or a wooden dog! O comfortable hearing! I had even as lief the chamberlain of the White Horse had called me up to bed.

Fro. Either hath this trotting cur gone out of his circuit, or else are we near some village, which should not be far off, for I perceive the glimmering of a glow-worm, a candle, or a cat's eye, my life for a halfpenny!

Enter CLUNCH *with a lantern and candle.*

In the name of my own father, be thou ox or ass that appearest, tell us what thou art.

Clunch. What am I? Why, I am Clunch the smith. What are you? What make you in my territories at this time of the night?

Ant. What do we make, dost thou ask? Why, we make faces for fear; such as if thy mortal eyes could behold, would make thee water the long seams of thy side slops, smith.

Fro. And, in faith, sir, unless your hospitality do relieve us, we are like to wander, with a sorrowful heigho, among the owlets and hobgoblins of the forest. Good Vulcan, for Cupid's sake that hath cozened us all, befriend us as thou mayst; and command us howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for ever and ever.

Clunch. Well, masters, it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood; in consideration whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have house-room and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in.

All. O blessed smith, O bountiful Clunch!

Clunch. For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so. [*A dog barks within.* Hark! this is Ball my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language. Come, take heed for stumbling on the threshold. — Open door, Madge; take in guests.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows all, that come with my good-man. For my good-man's sake, come on, sit down; here is a piece of cheese, and a pudding of my own making.

Ant. Thanks, gammer; a good example for the wives of our town.

22. **wood:** Note the pun, "a dog in the wood, or a wooden (*wood in*) dog"! *Wood* is often used for *mad*. 36. **side slops:** long wide breeches. 40. **cozened:** fooled. 53. **Welcome:** The scene is now inside the cottage.

Fro. Gammer, thou and thy good-man sit lovingly together; we come to chat, and not to eat.

Clunch. Well, masters, if you will eat nothing, take away. Come, what do we to pass away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to roast for lamb's-wool. What, shall we have a game at trump or ruff to drive away the time? How say you?

Fan. This smith leads a life as merry as a king with Madge his wife. Sirrah Frolic, I am sure thou art not without some round or other; no doubt but Clunch can bear his part.

Fro. Else think you me ill brought up; so set to it when you will. [*They sing.*

SONG

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And school-boys playing in the stream;
Then, O, then, O, then, O, my true-love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.

Ant. This sport does well; but methinks, gammer, a merry winter's tale would drive away the time trimly; come, I am sure you are not without a score.

Fan. I'faith, gammer, a tale of an hour long were as good as an hour's sleep.

Fro. Look you, gammer, of the giant and the king's daughter, and I know not what. I have seen the day, when I was a little one, you might have drawn me a mile after you with such a discourse.

Madge. Well, since you be so importunate, my good-man shall fill the pot and get him to bed; they that ply their work must keep good hours. One of you go lie with him; he is a clean-skinned man I tell you, without either spavin or wind-gall; so I am content to drive away the time with an old wives' winter's tale.

Fan. No better hay in Devonshire; o' my word, gammer, I'll be one of your audience.

Fro. And I another, that's flat.

Ant. Then must I to bed with the good-man. — *Bona nox,* gammer. — Good night, Frolic.

62. **crab:** crab-apple. 63. **lamb's-wool:** a drink made of roasted crab-apples soaked in strong ale. 64. **trump or ruff:** games somewhat alike, both resembling whist. 71. **chopcherry:** same as "bob-cherry," a game in which one tries to catch a suspended cherry with his teeth.

Clunch. Come on, my lad, thou shalt take thy unnatural rest with me. [*Exit with Antic.*

Fro. Yet this vantage shall we have of them in the morning, to be ready at the sight thereof extempore.

Madge. Now this bargain, my masters, must I make with you, that you will say hum and ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

Both. Content, gammer, that will we do.

Madge. Once upon a time, there was a king, or a lord, or a duke, that had a fair daughter, the fairest that ever was, as white as snow and as red as blood; and once upon a time his daughter was stolen away; and he sent all his men to seek out his daughter; and he sent so long, that he sent all his men out of his land.

Fro. Who drest his dinner, then?

Madge. Nay, either hear my tale, or kiss my tail.

Fan. Well said! On with your tale, gammer.

Madge. O Lord, I quite forgot! There was a conjurer, and this conjurer could do anything, and he turned himself into a great dragon, and carried the king's daughter away in his mouth to a castle that he made of stone; and there he kept her I know not how long, till at last all the king's men went out so long that her two brothers went to seek her. O, I forget! she (he, I would say,) turned a proper young man to a bear in the night, and a man in the day, and keeps by a cross that parts three several ways; and he made his lady run mad, — Gods me bones, who comes here?

Enter the Two Brothers.

Fro. Soft, gammer, here some come to tell your tale for you.

Fan. Let them alone; let us hear what they will say.

First Bro. Upon these chalky cliffs of Albion
We are arrivéd now with tedious toil;
And compassing the wide world round about,
To seek our sister, to seek fair Delia forth,
Yet cannot we so much as hear of her.

Second Bro. O fortune cruel, cruel and unkind!
Unkind in that we cannot find our sister,
Our sister, hapless in her cruel chance. —
Soft! who have we here?

Enter Erestus *at the Cross, stooping to gather.*

First Bro. Now, father, God be your speed! What do you gather there?

120. **proper:** handsome. 121. **keeps:** lives, i.e., the young man.

Erest. Hips and haws, and sticks and straws, and things that I gather on the ground, my son.

First Bro. Hips and haws, and sticks and straws! Why, is that all your food, father?

Erest. Yea, son.

Second Bro. Father, here is an alms-penny for me; and if I speed in that I go for, I will give thee as good a gown of gray as ever thou didst wear.

First Bro. And, father, here is another alms-penny for me; and if I speed in my journey, I will give thee a palmer's staff of ivory, and a scallop-shell of beaten gold.

Erest. Was she fair?

Second Bro. Ay, the fairest for white, and the purest for red, as the blood of the deer, or the driven snow.

Erest. Then hark well, and mark well, my old spell: —

Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside at every danger;
Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame;
For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then come your wishes well about:
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood.

First Bro. Brother, heard you not what the old man said?

Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside for every danger;
Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame;
For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then come your wishes well about:
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood.

Second Bro. Well, if this do us any good,
Well fare the white bear of England's wood!

[*Exeunt the Two Brothers.*

Erest. Now sit thee here, and tell a heavy tale,
Sad in thy mood, and sober in thy cheer;
Here sit thee now, and to thyself relate
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.
In Thessaly I lived in sweet content,
Until that fortune wrought my overthrow;
For there I wedded was unto a dame,
That lived in honor, virtue, love, and fame.

148. **Was she fair:** Whatever suggested this question is missing.

But Sacrapant, that curséd sorcerer,
Being besotted with my beauteous love,
My dearest love, my true betrothéd wife,
Did seek the means to rid me of my life.
But worse than this, he with his 'chanting spells
Did turn me straight unto an ugly bear;
And when the sun doth settle in the west,
Then I begin to don my ugly hide.
And all the day I sit, as now you see,
And speak in riddles, all inspired with rage,
Seeming an old and miserable man,
And yet I am in April of my age.

Enter VENELIA, *mad; and goes in again.*

See where Venelia, my betrothéd love,
Runs madding, all enraged, about the woods,
All by his curséd and enchanting spells. —
But here comes Lampriscus, my discontented neighbor.

Enter LAMPRISCUS *with a pot of honey.*

How now, neighbor! You look toward the ground as well as I; you muse on something.

Lamp. Neighbor, on nothing but on the matter I so often moved to you. If you do anything for charity, help me; if for neighborhood or brotherhood, help me; never was one so cumbered as is poor Lampriscus; and to begin, I pray receive this pot of honey, to mend your fare.

Erest. Thanks, neighbor, set it down; honey is always welcome to the bear. And now, neighbor, let me hear the cause of your coming.

Lamp. I am, as you know, neighbor, a man unmarried, and lived so unquietly with my two wives, that I keep every year holy the day wherein I buried them both; the first was on Saint Andrew's day, the other on Saint Luke's.

Erest. And now, neighbor, you of this country say, your custom is out. But on with your tale, neighbor.

Lamp. By my first wife, whose tongue wearied me alive, and sounded in my ears like the clapper of a great bell, whose talk was a continual torment to all that dwelt by her or lived nigh her, you have heard me say I had a handsome daughter.

Erest. True, neighbor.

Lamp. She it is that afflicts me with her continual clamors,

and hangs on me like a bur. Poor she is, and proud she is; as poor as a sheep new-shorn, and as proud of her hopes as a peacock of her tail well-grown.

Erest. Well said, Lampriscus! You speak it like an Englishman.

Lamp. As curst as a wasp, and as froward as a child new-taken from the mother's teat; she is to my age as smoke to the eyes or as vinegar to the teeth.

Erest. Holily praised, neighbor. As much for the next.

Lamp. By my other wife I had a daughter so hard-favored, so foul and ill-faced, that I think a grove full of golden trees, and the leaves of rubies and diamonds, would not be a dowry answerable to her deformity.

Erest. Well, neighbor, now you have spoke, hear me speak. Send them to the well for the water of life; there shall they find their fortunes unlooked for. Neighbor, farewell.

Lamp. Farewell, and a thousand. [*Exit Erestus.* And now goeth poor Lampriscus to put in execution this excellent counsel. [*Exit.*

Fro. Why, this goes round without a fiddling-stick; but, do you hear, gammer, was this the man that was a bear in the night and a man in the day?

Madge. Ay, this is he; and this man that came to him was a beggar, and dwelt upon a green. But soft! who comes here? O, these are the harvest-men; ten to one they sing a song of mowing.

Enter the Harvest-men *a-singing, with this song double repeated.*

All ye that lovely lovers be,
Pray you for me.
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Huanebango *with his two-hand sword, and* Corebus, *the Booby.*

Fan. Gammer, what is he?

Madge. O, this is one that is going to the conjurer. Let him alone; hear what he says.

Huan. Now, by Mars and Mercury, Jupiter and Janus, Sol

229. **foul:** ugly.

and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta, Pallas and Proserpina, and by the honor of my house, Polimackeroeplacidus, it is a [255 wonder to see what this love will make silly fellows adventure, even in the wane of their wits and infancy of their discretion. Alas, my friend! what fortune calls thee forth to seek thy fortune among brazen gates, enchanted towers, fire and brimstone, thunder and lightning? Her beauty, I tell thee, [260 is peerless, and she precious whom thou affectest. Do off these desires, good countryman; good friend, run away from thyself; and, so soon as thou canst, forget her, whom none must inherit but he that can monsters tame, labors achieve, riddles absolve, loose enchantments, murder magic, and kill [265 conjuring, — and that is the great and mighty Huanebango.

Cor. Hark you, sir, hark you. First know I have here the flurting feather, and have given the parish the start for the long stock; now, sir, if it be no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and " riddle me, riddle me [270 what's this? " I'll have the wench from the conjurer, if he were ten conjurers.

Huan. I have abandoned the court and honorable company, to do my devoir against this sore sorcerer and mighty magician. If this lady be so fair as she is said to be, she is mine, [275 she is mine; *meus, mea, meum, in contemptum omnium grammaticorum.*

Cor. O falsum Latinum!
The fair maid is *minum*,
Cum apurtinantubus gibletis and all. [280

Huan. If she be mine, as I assure myself the heavens will do somewhat to reward my worthiness, she shall be allied to none of the meanest gods, but be invested in the most famous stock of Huanebango, — Polimackeroeplacidus my grandfather, my father Pergopolineo, my mother Dionora de Sardinia, [285 famously descended.

Cor. Do you hear, sir? Had not you a cousin that was called Gusteceridis?

Huan. Indeed, I had a cousin that sometime followed the court infortunately, and his name Bustegusteceridis. 290

Cor. O Lord, I know him well! He is the knight of the neat's-feet.

Huan. O, he loved no capon better! He hath oftentimes

255. Long names of this type are common in the plays of Plautus. 268. **flurting:** flirting. 269. **stock:** sword. Corebus means that he has run away from the parish and become a freelance; or it may be that he is merely showing off his stockings, like the "flurting feather" in the previous line.

deceived his boy of his dinner; that was his fault, good Bustegusteceridis.

Cor. Come, shall we go along?

Enter Erestus *at the Cross.*

Soft! here is an old man at the cross; let us ask him the way thither. — Ho, you gaffer! I pray you tell where the wise man the conjurer dwells.

Huan. Where that earthly goddess keepeth her abode, the commander of my thoughts, and fair mistress of my heart.

Erest. Fair enough, and far enough from thy fingering, son.

Huan. I will follow my fortune after mine own fancy, and do according to mine own discretion.

Erest. Yet give something to an old man before you go.

Huan. Father, methinks a piece of this cake might serve your turn.

Erest. Yea, son.

Huan. Huanebango giveth no cakes for alms; ask of them that give gifts for poor beggars. — Fair lady, if thou wert once shrined in this bosom, I would buckler thee haratantara. [*Exit.*

Cor. Father, do you see this man? You little think he'll run a mile or two for such a cake, or pass for a pudding. I tell you, father, he has kept such a begging of me for a piece of this cake! Whoo! he comes upon me with "a superfantial substance, and the foison of the earth," that I know not what he means. If he came to me thus, and said, "My friend Booby," or so, why, I could spare him a piece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched me above other fellows with a cake, why, he makes me blind and deaf at once. Yet, father, here is a piece of cake for you, as hard as the world goes. [*Gives cake.*

Erest. Thanks, son, but list to me;
He shall be deaf when thou shalt not see.
Farewell, my son; things may so hit,
Thou mayst have wealth to mend thy wit.

Cor. Farewell, father, farewell; for I must make haste after my two-hand sword that is gone before. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Sacrapant *in his study.*

298. **gaffer:** old countryman. 312. **buckler:** defend. 312. **haratantara:** perhaps an imitation of the blowing of a bugle. 314. **pass for:** care for. 317. **foison:** plenty. Corebus imitates the high-flown language of Huanebango. 322. **hard:** does not refer to the cake but to the "hard world."

Sac. The day is clear, the welkin bright and gray,
The lark is merry and records her notes;
Each thing rejoiceth underneath the sky,
But only I, whom heaven hath in hate,
Wretched and miserable Sacrapant.
In Thessaly was I born and brought up;
My mother Meroe hight, a famous witch,
And by her cunning I of her did learn
To change and alter shapes of mortal men.
There did I turn myself into a dragon,
And stole away the daughter to the king,
Fair Delia, the mistress of my heart;
And brought her hither to revive the man
That seemeth young and pleasant to behold,
And yet is agéd, crookéd, weak, and numb.
Thus by enchanting spells I do deceive
Those that behold and look upon my face;
But well may I bid youthful years adieu.
See where she comes from whence my sorrows grow!

Enter DELIA *with a pot in her hand.*

How now, fair Delia! where have you been?
Del. At the foot of the rock for running water, and gathering roots for your dinner, sir.
Sac. Ah, Delia,
Fairer art thou than the running water,
Yet harder far than steel or adamant!
Del. Will it please you to sit down, sir?
Sac. Ay, Delia, sit and ask me what thou wilt,
Thou shalt have it brought into thy lap.
Del. Then, I pray you, sir, let me have the best meat from the King of England's table, and the best wine in all France, brought in by the veriest knave in all Spain.
Sac. Delia, I am glad to see you so pleasant.
Well, sit thee down. —

Spread, table, spread,
Meat, drink, and bread,
Ever may I have
What I ever crave,
When I am spread,
Meat for my black cock,
And meat for my red.

331. **records:** sings. 336. **hight:** called.

Enter a FRIAR *with a chine of beef and a pot of wine.*

Here, Delia, will ye fall to?
Del. Is this the best meat in England?
Sac. Yea.
Del. What is it?
Sac. A chine of English beef, meat for a king and a king's followers.
Del. Is this the best wine in France?
Sac. Yea.
Del. What wine is it?
Sac. A cup of neat wine of Orleans, that never came near the brewers in England.
Del. Is this the veriest knave in all Spain?
Sac. Yea.
Del. What, is he a friar?
Sac. Yea, a friar indefinite, and a knave infinite.
Del. Then, I pray ye, Sir Friar, tell me before you go, which is the most greediest Englishman?
Fri. The miserable and most covetous usurer.
Sac. Hold thee there, friar. [*Exit Friar.*] But, soft! Who have we here? Delia, away, be gone!

Enter the TWO BROTHERS.

Delia, away! for beset are we. —
But heaven or hell shall rescue her for me.
[*Exeunt Delia and Sacrapant.*
First Bro. Brother, was not that Delia did appear,
Or was it but her shadow that was here?
Second Bro. Sister, where art thou? Delia, come again!
He calls, that of thy absence doth complain.
Call out, Calypha, that she may hear,
And cry aloud, for Delia is near.
Echo. Near.
First Bro. Near! O, where? Hast thou any tidings?
Echo. Tidings.
Second Bro. Which way is Delia, then; or that, or this?
Echo. This.
First Bro. And may we safely come where Delia is?
Echo. Yes.
Second Bro. Brother, remember you the white bear of England's wood?

379. **neat:** pure.

" Start not aside for every danger,
Be not afeard of every stranger;
Things that seem are not the same."

First Bro. Brother,
Why do we not, then, courageously enter?

Second Bro. Then, brother, draw thy sword and follow me.

Re-enter SACRAPANT. *It lightens and thunders; the* SECOND BROTHER *falls down.*

First Bro. What, brother, dost thou fall?

Sac. Ay, and thou too, Calypha.
[*The First Brother falls down.*
Adeste, Dæmones!

Enter Two Furies.

Away with them:
Go carry them straight to Sacrapanto's cell,
There in despair and torture for to dwell.
[*Exeunt Furies with the Two Brothers.*
These are Thenores' sons of Thessaly,
That come to seek Delia their sister forth;
But, with a potion I to her have given,
My arts have made her to forget herself.
[*Removes a turf, and shows a light in a glass.*
See here the thing which doth prolong my life,
With this enchantment I do anything;
And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,
And never none shall break this little glass,
But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maid.
Then cheer thyself; this is thy destiny,
Never to die but by a dead man's hand. [*Exit.*

Enter EUMENIDES.

Eum. Tell me, Time,
Tell me, just Time, when shall I Delia see?
When shall I see the loadstar of my life?
When shall my wandering course end with her sight,
Or I but view my hope, my heart's delight?

Enter ERESTUS *at the Cross.*

Father, God speed! If you tell fortunes, I pray, good father, tell me mine.

Erest. Son, I do see in thy face

Thy blesséd fortune work apace.
I do perceive that thou hast wit;
Beg of thy fate to govern it,
For wisdom governed by advice,
Makes many fortunate and wise.
Bestow thy alms, give more than all,
Till dead men's bones come at thy call.
Farewell, my son; dream of no rest,
Till thou repent that thou didst best. [*Exit.*

Eum. This man hath left me in a labyrinth;
He biddeth me give more than all,
Till dead men's bones come at my call;
He biddeth me dream of no rest,
Till I repent that I do best. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter WIGGEN, COREBUS, CHURCHWARDEN, *and* SEXTON.

Wig. You may be ashamed, you whoreson scald Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had any shame in those shameless faces of yours, to let a poor man lie so long above ground unburied. A rot on you all, that have no more compassion of a good fellow when he is gone!

Church. What, would you have us to bury him, and to answer it ourselves to the parish?

Sex. Parish me no parishes; pay me my fees, and let the rest run on in the quarter's accounts, and put it down for one of your good deeds, o' God's name! for I am not one that curiously stands upon merits.

Cor. You whoreson, sodden-headed sheep's-face, shall a good fellow do less service and more honesty to the parish, and will you not, when he is dead, let him have Christmas burial?

Wig. Peace, Corebus! As sure as Jack was Jack, the frolic'st franion amongst you, and I, Wiggen, his sweet sworn brother, Jack shall have his funerals, or some of them shall lie on God's dear earth for it, that's once.

Church. Wiggen, I hope thou wilt do no more than thou darest answer.

Wig. Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or less, answer or not answer, do this, or have this.

Sex. Help, help, help!

[*Wiggen sets upon the parish with a pike-staff. Eumenides awakes and comes to them.*

463. **Christmas:** Christian. The distortion of words was one of the commonest elements in comedy. This group of characters reminds one of *Much Ado About Nothing*. 467. **once:** settled.

Eum. Hold thy hands, good fellow.

Cor. Can you blame him, sir, if he take Jack's part against this shake-rotten parish that will not bury Jack?

Eum. Why, what was that Jack?

Cor. Who, Jack, sir? Who, our Jack, sir? As good a fellow as ever trod upon neat's-leather.

Wig. Look you, sir; he gave fourscore and nineteen mourning gowns to the parish when he died, and because he would not make them up a full hundred, they would not bury him; was not this good dealing?

Church. O Lord, sir, how he lies! He was not worth a halfpenny, and drunk out every penny; and now his fellows, his drunken companions, would have us to bury him at the charge of the parish. An we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel. He shall lie above ground till he dance a galliard about the church-yard, for Steeven Loach.

Wig. Sic argumentaris, Domine Loach. — An we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel? In good time, sir, and hang yourselves in the bell-ropes, when you have done. *Domine, opponens præpono tibi hanc quæstionem,* whether will you have the ground broken or your pates broken first? For one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine, I'll seal it upon your coxcomb.

Eum. Hold thy hands, I pray thee, good fellow; be not too hasty.

Cor. You capon's face, we shall have you turned out of the parish one of these days, with never a tatter to your arse; then you are in worse taking than Jack.

Eum. Faith, and he is bad enough. This fellow does but the part of a friend, to seek to bury his friend. How much will bury him?

Wig. Faith, about some fifteen or sixteen shillings will bestow him honestly.

Sex. Ay, even thereabouts, sir.

Eum. Here, hold it, then: — (*aside*) and I have left me but one poor three half-pence. Now do I remember the words the old man spake at the cross, "Bestow all thou hast," and this is all, "till dead men's bones come at thy call." — Here, hold it (*gives money*); and so farewell.

Wig. God, and all good, be with you, sir! [*Exit Eumenides.*

486. **an:** if. 488. **galliard:** a lively dance. 496. **mine:** i.e., my side of the argument.

Nay, you cormorants, I'll bestow one peal of Jack at mine own proper costs and charges. [515

Cor. You may thank God the long staff and the bilbo-blade crossed not your coxcomb. — Well, we'll to the church-stile and have a pot, and so trill-lill. [*Exit with Wiggen.*

Church. } Come, let's go. [*Exeunt.* 520
Sex. }

Fan. But, hark you, gammer, methinks this Jack bore a great sway in the parish.

Madge. O, this Jack was a marvelous fellow! He was but a poor man, but very well beloved. You shall see anon what this Jack will come to. 525

Enter the HARVEST-MEN *singing, with women in their hands.*

Fro. Soft! who have we here? Our amorous harvesters.

Fan. Ay, ay, let us sit still, and let them alone.

Here the HARVEST-MEN *sing, the song doubled.*

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest-fruit!
And thus we pass the year so long, 530
And never be we mute.

[*Exeunt the Harvest-men.*

Enter HUANEBANGO.

Fro. Soft! who have we here?

Madge. O, this is a choleric gentleman! All you that love your lives, keep out of the smell of his two-hand sword. Now goes he to the conjurer. 535

Fan. Methinks the conjurer should put the fool into a juggling box.

Huan. Fee, fa, fum,
Here is the Englishman, —
Conquer him that can, — 540
Come for his lady bright,
To prove himself a knight,
And win her love in fight.

Enter COREBUS.

Cor. Who-haw, Master Bango, are you here? Hear you, you had best sit down here, and beg an alms with me. 545

515. **of:** on. 518. **church-stile:** where the tavern stood.

Huan. Hence, base cullion! Here is he that commandeth ingress and egress with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary, whosoever saith no.

Voice. No. [*A flame of fire; Huanebango falls down.*

Madge. So with that they kissed, and spoiled the edge of as good a two-hand sword as ever God put life in. Now goes Corebus in, spite of the conjurer.

Enter SACRAPANT *and* TWO FURIES.

Sac. Away with him into the open fields,
To be a ravening prey to crows and kites;
[*Huanebango is carried out by the Two Furies.*
And for this villain, let him wander up and down,
In naught but darkness and eternal night.
[*Strikes Corebus blind.*

Cor. Here hast thou slain Huan, a slashing knight,
And robbéd poor Corebus of his sight.

Sac. Hence, villain, hence! [*Exit Corebus.*
Now I have unto Delia
Given a potion of forgetfulness,
That, when she comes, she shall not know her brothers.
Lo, where they labor, like to country-slaves,
With spade and mattock, on this enchanted ground!
Now will I call her by another name;
For never shall she know herself again,
Until that Sacrapant hath breathed his last.
See where she comes.

Enter DELIA.

Come hither, Delia, take this goad; here hard
At hand two slaves do work and dig for gold;
Gore them with this, and thou shalt have enough.
[*Gives her a goad.*

Del. Good sir, I know not what you mean.

Sac. (*Aside.*) She hath forgotten to be Delia,
But not forgot the same she should forget;
But I will change her name. —
Fair Berecynthia, so this country calls you,
Go ply these strangers, wench; they dig for gold. [*Exit.*

Del. O heavens, how
Am I beholding to this fair young man!
But I must ply these strangers to their work;
See where they come.

570. **Gore:** goad. 579. **ply:** goad.

Enter the Two Brothers *in their shirts, with spades, digging.*

First Bro. O brother, see where Delia is!
Second Bro. O Delia,
Happy are we to see thee here!
Del. What tell you me of Delia, prating swains?
I know no Delia, nor know I what you mean.
Ply you your work, or else you're like to smart.
First Bro. Why, Delia, know'st thou not thy brothers here?
We come from Thessaly to seek thee forth;
And thou deceiv'st thyself, for thou art Delia.
Del. Yet more of Delia? Then take this, and smart. [*Pricks them with the goad.*
What, feign you shifts for to defer your labor?
Work, villains, work; it is for gold you dig.
Second Bro. Peace, brother, peace; this vile enchanter
Hath ravished Delia of her senses clear
And she forgets that she is Delia.
First Bro. Leave, cruel thou, to hurt the miserable. —
Dig, brother, dig, for she is hard as steel.

Here they dig, and descry a light in a glass under a little hill.

Second Bro. Stay, brother; what hast thou descried?
Del. Away, and touch it not; 'tis something that
My lord hath hidden there. [*Covers the light again.*

Re-enter SACRAPANT.

Sac. Well said! thou plyest these pioners well. —
Go get you in, you laboring slaves.
[*Exeunt the Two Brothers.*
Come, Berecynthia, let us in likewise,
And hear the nightingale record her notes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ZANTIPPA, *the curst daughter, to the Well of Life, with a pot in her hand.*

Zan. Now for a husband, house, and home; God send a good one or none, I pray God! My father hath sent me to the well for the water of life, and tells me, if I give fair words, I shall have a husband. But here comes Celanta, my sweet sister. I will stand by and hear what she says. [*Retires.*

Enter CELANTA, *the foul wench, to the Well of Life, with a pot in her hand.*

601. **Well said:** well done! 601. **pioners:** diggers.

Cel. My father hath sent me to the well for water, and he tells me, if I speak fair, I shall have a husband, and none of the worst. Well, though I am black, I am sure all the world will not forsake me; and, as the old proverb is, though I am black, I am not the devil.

Zan. (*Coming forward.*) Marry-gup with a murrain, I know wherefore thou speakest that: but go thy ways home as wise as thou camest, or I'll set thee home with a wanion.

Here she strikes her pitcher against her sister's, and breaks them both, and then exit.

Cel. I think this be the curstest quean in the world. You see what she is, a little fair, but as proud as the devil, and the veriest vixen that lives upon God's earth. Well, I'll let her alone, and go home, and get another pitcher, and, for all this, get me to the well for water. [*Exit.*

Enter, out of SACRAPANT'S *cell, the* TWO FURIES *carrying* HUANEBANGO. *They lay him by the Well of Life, and then exeunt. Re-enter* ZANTIPPA *with a pitcher to the well.*

Zan. Once again for a husband; and, in faith, Celanta, I have got the start of you; belike husbands grow by the well-side. Now my father says I must rule my tongue. Why, alas, what am I, then? A woman without a tongue is as a soldier without his weapon; but I'll have my water, and be gone.

Here she offers to dip her pitcher in, and a HEAD *rises in the well.*

Head. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Stroke me smooth, and comb my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.

Zan. What is this?
" Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread "?
" Cockell " callest thou it, boy? Faith, I'll give you cockell-bread.

612. **black:** ugly. 615. **murrain:** "Plague take you!" 617. **wanion:** vengeance. 632. **Cockell-bread:** a love charm.

She breaks her pitcher upon the HEAD; *then it thunders and lightens; and* HUANEBANGO, *who is deaf and cannot hear, rises up.*

Huan. Philida, phileridos, pamphilida, florida, flortos:
Dub dub-a-dub, bounce, quoth the guns, with a sulphurous huff-snuff;
Waked with a wench, pretty peat, pretty love, and my sweet pretty pigsnie,
Just by thy side shall sit surnaméd great Huanebango:
Safe in my arms will I keep thee, threat Mars, or thunder Olympus.

Zan. (*Aside.*) Foh, what greasy groom have we here? He looks as though he crept out of the backside of the well, and speaks like a drum perished at the west end.

Huan. O, that I might, — but I may not, woe to my destiny therefor! —
Kiss that I clasp! but I cannot. Tell me, my destiny, wherefore?

Zan. (*Aside.*) Whoop! now I have my dream. Did you never hear so great a wonder as this, three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle, bladder, rattle?

Huan. (*Aside.*) I'll now set my countenance, and to her in prose; it may be, this rim-ram-ruff is too rude an encounter. — Let me, fair lady, if you be at leisure, revel with your sweetness, and rail upon that cowardly conjurer, that hath cast me or congealed me rather, into an unkind sleep, and polluted my carcass.

Zan. (*Aside.*) Laugh, laugh, Zantippa; thou hast thy fortune, a fool and a husband under one.

Huan. Truly, sweet-heart, as I seem, about some twenty years, the very April of mine age.

Zan. (*Aside.*) Why, what a prating ass is this! —

Huan. Her coral lips, her crimson chin,
Her silver teeth so white within,
Her golden locks, her rolling eye,
Her pretty parts, let them go by,
Heigho, have wounded me,
That I must die this day to see!

Zan. By Gogs-bones, thou art a flouting knave: " her coral lips, her crimson chin! " ka, wilshaw!

640. **huff-snuff:** These lines are a parody on the verse of Stanyhurst, a contemporary writer. 641. **pigsnie:** pig's eye, a term of endearment. 647. **therefor:** This line is taken from *Encomium Lauri*, by Gabriel Harvey, a writer who was the frequent butt of parodists. 653. **rim-ram-ruff:** i.e., alliteration, first so used by Chaucer in the Prologue to the *Parson's Tale*. 670. **ka:** quoth he. 670. **wilshaw:** evidently a colloquialism.

Huan. True, my own, and my own because mine, and mine because mine, ha, ha! Above a thousand pounds in possibility, and things fitting thy desire in possession.

Zan. (*Aside.*) The sot thinks I ask of his lands. Lob be your comfort, and cockold be your destiny! — Hear you, [675 sir; an if you will have us, you had best say so betime.

Huan. True, sweet-heart, and will royalize thy progeny with my pedigree. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EUMENIDES.

Eum. Wretched Eumenides, still unfortunate,
Envied by fortune and forlorn by fate, 680
Here pine and die, wretched Eumenides,
Die in the spring, the April of thy age!
Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast done;
I would to God that it were ne'er begun!

Enter GHOST OF JACK.

G. of Jack. You are well overtaken, sir. 685

Eum. Who's that?

G. of Jack. You are heartily well met, sir.

Eum. Forbear, I say; who is that which pincheth me?

G. of Jack. Trusting in God, good Master Eumenides, that you are in so good health as all your friends were at the [690 making hereof, — God give you good morrow, sir! Lack you not a neat, handsome, and cleanly young lad, about the age of fifteen or sixteen years, that can run by your horse, and, for a need, make your mastership's shoes as black as ink? How say you, sir? 695

Eum. Alas, pretty lad, I know not how to keep myself, and much less a servant, my pretty boy; my state is so bad.

G. of Jack. Content yourself, you shall not be so ill a master but I'll be as bad a servant. Tut, sir, I know you, though you know not me. Are not you the man, sir, [700 deny it if you can, sir, that came from a strange place in the land of Catita, where Jack-an-apes flies with his tail in his mouth, to seek out a lady as white as snow and as red as blood? Ha. ha! have I touched vou now?

Eum. (*Aside.*) I think this boy be a spirit. — How [705 knowest thou all this?

674. **Lob:** There was a current expression, "Lob's pound," which meant "the thraldom of the hen-pecked married man." 702. **Jack-an-apes:** monkey.

G. of Jack. Tut, are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that gave all the money you had to the burying of a poor man, and but one three half-pence left in your purse? Content you, sir, I'll serve you, that is flat.

Eum. Well, my lad, since thou art so importunate, I am content to entertain thee, not as a servant, but a copartner in my journey. But whither shall we go? for I have not any money more than one bare three half-pence.

G. of Jack. Well, master, content yourself, for if my divination be not out, that shall be spent at the next inn or alehouse we come to; for, master, I know you are passing hungry; therefore I'll go before and provide dinner until that you come; no doubt but you'll come fair and softly after.

Eum. Ay, go before; I'll follow thee.

G. of Jack. But do you hear, master? Do you know my name?

Eum. No, I promise thee, not yet.

G. of Jack. Why, I am Jack. [*Exit.*

Eum. Jack! Why, be it so, then.

Enter the HOSTESS *and* JACK, *setting meat on the table; and Fiddlers come to play.* EUMENIDES *walks up and down, and will eat no meat.*

Host. How say you, sir? Do you please to sit down?

Eum. Hostess, I thank you, I have no great stomach.

Host. Pray, sir, what is the reason your master is so strange? Doth not this meat please him?

G. of Jack. Yes, hostess, but it is my master's fashion to pay before he eats; therefore, a reckoning, good hostess.

Host. Marry, shall you, sir, presently. [*Exit.*

Eum. Why, Jack, what dost thou mean? Thou knowest I have not any money; therefore, sweet Jack, tell me what shall I do?

G. of Jack. Well, master, look in your purse.

Eum. Why, faith, it is a folly, for I have no money.

G. of Jack. Why, look you, master; do so much for me.

Eum. (*Looking into his purse.*) Alas, Jack, my purse is full of money!

G. of Jack. "Alas," master! does that word belong to this accident? Why, methinks I should have seen you cast away your

724. **Jack:** The reader should bear in mind the curtainless Elizabethan stage, allowing practically no change of scenery. Eumenides is supposed to have arrived at the inn. 727. **stomach:** appetite.

cloak, and in a bravado dance a galliard round about the chamber. Why, master, your man can teach you more wit than this.

Re-enter Hostess.

Come, hostess, cheer up my master.

Host. You are heartily welcome; and if it please you to eat of a fat capon, a fairer bird, a finer bird, a sweeter bird, a crisper bird, a neater bird, your worship never eat of.

Eum. Thanks, my fine, eloquent hostess.

G. of Jack. But hear you, master, one word by the way. Are you content I shall be halves in all you get in your journey?

Eum. I am, Jack, here is my hand.

G. of Jack. Enough, master, I ask no more.

Eum. Come, hostess, receive your money; and I thank you for my good entertainment. [*Gives money.*

Host. You are heartily welcome, sir.

Eum. Come, Jack, whither go we now?

G. of Jack. Marry, master, to the conjurer's presently.

Eum. Content, Jack. — Hostess, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Corebus, *blind, and* Celanta, *the foul wench, to the Well of Life for water.*

Cor. Come, my duck, come; I have now got a wife. Thou art fair, art thou not?

Cel. My Corebus, the fairest alive; make no doubt of that.

Cor. Come, wench, are we almost at the well?

Cel. Ay, Corebus, we are almost at the well now. I'll go fetch some water; sit down while I dip my pitcher in.

A Head *comes up with ears of corn, which she combs into her lap.*

Head. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.

A Second Head *comes up full of gold, which she combs into her lap.*

Sec. Head. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear thou make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maid, white and red,

Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And every hair a sheaf shall be,
And every sheaf a golden tree.

Cel. O, see, Corebus, I have combed a great deal of gold into my lap, and a great deal of corn!

Cor. Well said, wench! now we shall have just enough. God send us coiners to coin our gold. But come, shall we go home, sweetheart?

Cel. Nay, come, Corebus, I will lead you.

Cor. So, Corebus, things have well hit;
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the GHOST OF JACK *and* EUMENIDES.

G. of Jack. Come away, master, come.

Eum. Go along, Jack, I'll follow thee. Jack, they say it is good to go cross-legged, and say prayers backward; how sayest thou?

G. of Jack. Tut, never fear, master; let me alone. Here sit you still; speak not a word; and because you shall not be enticed with his enchanting speeches, with this same wool I'll stop your ears (*puts wool into the ears of Eumenides*); and so, master, sit still, for I must to the conjurer. [*Exit.*

Enter SACRAPANT.

Sac. How now! What man art thou that sits so sad?
Why dost thou gaze upon these stately trees
Without the leave and will of Sacrapant?
What, not a word but mum? Then, Sacrapant,
Thou art betrayed.

Re-enter the GHOST OF JACK *invisible, and takes* SACRAPANT'S *wreath off from his head, and his sword out of his hand.*

What hand invades the head of Sacrapant?
What hateful Fury doth envy my happy state?
Then, Sacrapant, these are thy latest days.
Alas, my veins are numbed, my sinews shrink,
My blood is pierced, my breath fleeting away,
And now my timeless date is come to end!
He in whose life his acts have been so foul,
Now in his death to hell descends his soul. [*Dies.*

G. of Jack. O, sir, are you gone? Now I hope we shall have

780. **said:** done.

some other coil. — Now, master, how like you this? The conjurer he is dead, and vows never to trouble us more. [810 Now get you to your fair lady, and see what you can do with her. — Alas, he heareth me not all this while! but I will help that. [*Pulls the wool out of the ears of* Eumenides.

Eum. How now, Jack! what news?

G. of Jack. Here, master, take this sword, and dig [815 with it at the foot of this hill. [*Gives sword.*

Eumenides *digs, and spies a light in a glass.*

Eum. How now, Jack! What is this?

G. of Jack. Master, without this the conjurer could do nothing; and so long as this light lasts, so long doth his art endure, and this being out, then doth his art decay. 820

Eum. Why, then, Jack, I will soon put out this light.

G. of Jack. Ay, master, how?

Eum. Why, with a stone I'll break the glass, and then blow it out.

G. of Jack. No, master, you may as soon break the [825 smith's anvil as this little vial; nor the biggest blast that ever Boreas blew cannot blow out this little light; but she that is neither maid, wife, nor widow. Master, wind this horn, and see what will happen. [*Gives horn.*

Eumenides *winds the horn. Enter* Venelia, *who breaks the glass, blows out the light, and then exit.*

So, master, how like you this? This is she that ran [830 madding in the woods, his betrothed love that keeps the cross; and now, this light being out, all are restored to their former liberty. And now, master, to the lady that you have so long looked for.

The Ghost of Jack *draws a curtain, and discovers* Delia *sitting asleep.*

Eum. God speed, fair maid, sitting alone, — there is [835 once; God speed, fair maid, — there is twice; God speed, fair maid, — that is thrice.

Del. Not so, good sir, for you are by.

G. of Jack. Enough, master, she hath spoke; now I will leave her with you. [*Exit.* 840

Eum. Thou fairest flower of these western parts,
Whose beauty so reflecteth in my sight
As doth a crystal mirror in the sun;

For thy sweet sake I have crossed the frozen Rhine;
Leaving fair Po, I sailed up Danuby
As far as Saba, whose enhancing streams
Cut 'twixt the Tartars and the Russians;
These have I crossed for thee, fair Delia;
Then grant me that which I have sued for long.
Del. Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is so good
To find me out and set my brothers free,
My faith, my heart, my hand I give to thee.
Eum. Thanks, gentle madam; but here comes Jack; thank him, for he is the best friend that we have.

Re-enter the GHOST OF JACK, *with* SACRAPANT'S *head in his hand.*

How now, Jack! what hast thou there?
G. of Jack. Marry, master, the head of the conjurer.
Eum. Why, Jack, that is impossible; he was a young man.
G. of Jack. Ah, master, so he deceived them that beheld him! But he was a miserable, old, and crooked man, though to each man's eye he seemed young and fresh; for, master, this conjurer took the shape of the old man that kept the cross, and that old man was in the likeness of the conjurer. But now, master, wind your horn.

EUMENIDES *winds his horn. Enter* VENELIA, *the* TWO BROTHERS, *and* ERESTUS.

Eum. Welcome, Erestus! welcome, fair Venelia!
Welcome, Thelea and Calypha both!
Now have I her that I so long have sought;
So saith fair Delia, if we have your consent.
First Bro. Valiant Eumenides, thou well deservest
To have our favors; so let us rejoice
That by thy means we are at liberty.
Here may we joy each in other's sight,
And this fair lady have her wandering knight.
G. of Jack. So, master, now ye think you have done; but I must have a saying to you. You know you and I were partners, I to have half in all you got.
Eum. Why, so thou shalt, Jack.
G. of Jack. Why, then, master, draw your sword, part your lady, let me have half of her presently.
Eum. Why, I hope, Jack, thou dost but jest. I promised thee half I got, but not half my lady.
G. of Jack. But what else, master? Have you not gotten

her? Therefore divide her straight, for I will have half; there is no remedy.

Eum. Well, ere I will falsify my word unto my friend, take her all. Here, Jack, I'll give her thee.

G. of Jack. Nay, neither more nor less, master, but even just half.

Eum. Before I will falsify my faith unto my friend, I will divide her. Jack, thou shalt have half.

First Bro. Be not so cruel unto our sister, gentle knight.

Second Bro. O, spare fair Delia! She deserves no death.

Eum. Content yourselves; my word is passed to him. — Therefore prepare thyself, Delia, for thou must die.

Del. Then farewell, world! Adieu, Eumenides!

EUMENIDES *offers to strike, and the* GHOST OF JACK *stays him.*

G. of Jack. Stay, master; it is sufficient I have tried your constancy. Do you now remember since you paid for the burying of a poor fellow?

Eum. Ay, very well, Jack.

G. of Jack. Then, master, thank that good deed for this good turn; and so God be with you all!

[*Leaps down in the ground.*

Eum. Jack, what, art thou gone? Then farewell, Jack! — Come, brothers, and my beauteous Delia,
Erestus, and thy dear Venelia,
We will to Thessaly with joyful hearts.

All. Agreed; we follow thee and Delia.

[*Exeunt all except Frolic, Fantastic, and Madge.*

Fan. What, gammer, asleep?

Madge. By the mass, son, 'tis almost day; and my windows shut at the cock's-crow.

Fro. Do you hear, gammer? Methinks this Jack bore a great sway amongst them.

Madge. O, man, this was the ghost of the poor man that they kept such a coil to bury; and that makes him to help the wandering knight so much. But come, let us in. We will have a cup of ale and a toast this morning, and so depart.

Fan. Then you have made an end of your tale, gammer?

Madge. Yes, faith; when this was done, I took a piece of bread and cheese, and came my way; and so shall you have, too, before you go, to your breakfast. [*Exeunt.*

914. **depart:** separate.

NOTE

The title of this play should really be *The Old Wife's Tale,* for it is Madge, the smith's wife, who engineers the story. No other "wives" appear. For the story Peele had no sources other than old folk tales and legends, but out of these he has concocted a number of interesting scenes somewhat promiscuously thrown together, making, in fact, a one-act play. To avoid confusion, the reader should take some pains to note transitions from one scene to another. Played on the stage they offered no difficulty, but the reader must keep an alert imagination, with occasional reference to the notes, where some of the changes are indicated. The first part of the play is in the nature of an Induction, but when the story once gets started it has interest of its own sufficient to keep it going.

In discussing this play, editors and critics usually devote most of their attention to point out how it is connected with Milton's *Comus,* as though that were its chief merit. That connection is interesting enough, to be sure, but the reason for printing it in this volume is different. We believe that this play can well stand on its own legs as a representative Elizabethan romantic comedy.

The Old Wives Tale was published in 1595, but acted some years earlier, the precise date being unknown. The subject matter is incorrigibly romantic but treated in a realistic manner, especially the dialogue. There is none of the stilted and high-flown language that one finds in Lyly, for instance. In fact, Peele in a way satirizes the overblown romance of his contemporaries, and of himself too, for his other comedies are strictly *à la mode.* From that angle *The Old Wives Tale* falls into that limited class of burlesque to which Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* belongs, and Peele's play would be worth study for that alone.

For a one-act play there are too many scenes and too many characters, that is true enough, but the lively spirit of burlesque and romance, cunningly interwoven, keeps them interesting. Huanebango is a mild variation of the braggart soldier type, Sacrapant is an earlier Doctor Faustus or Friar Bacon, and the low comedy characters are not at all bad. The jolly Ghost of Jack is thoroughly novel in the sphere of the supernatural. It is futile to search much for a plot, although the patient search of Eumenides for his lost love keeps the reader interested. The enchantments are typical of many stories of the day, and evidently Elizabethan audiences found them exciting. By far the most important feature of this play, structurally, is that the story advances definitely to a distinct climax of interest with the entrance of the Ghost of Jack, who gaily proceeds to manage the final solution of the plot. By that time the villain has been punished, the various heroes rewarded, and the reader is suddenly reminded that it is all an old wife's tale. Reality rubs elbows with romance when Madge casually speaks of cheese and breakfast!

The standard edition of Peele is that by Bullen, 2 vols., Oxford University Press, 1888.

THE HONORABLE HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

By Robert Greene

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Henry the Third.
Edward, Prince of Wales, his son.
Emperor of Germany.
King of Castile.
Lacy, Earl of Lincoln.
Warren, Earl of Sussex.
Ermsby, a gentleman.
Ralph Simnell, the King's Fool.
Friar Bacon.
Miles, Friar Bacon's poor scholar.
Friar Bungay.
Jaques Vandermast.
Burden, Mason, Clement, } Doctors of Oxford.
Lambert, Serlsby, } gentlemen.
Two Scholars, their sons.
Keeper.
Thomas, Richard, } Country clowns.
Constable.
A Post.
Lords, Clowns, etc.

Elinor, daughter to the King of Castile.
Margaret, the Keeper's daughter.
Joan, a country wench.
Hostess of the Bell at Henley.

A Devil.
Spirit in the shape of Hercules.
A Dragon.

ACT I

Scene I. *At Framlingham.*

Enter Prince Edward *malcontented, with* Lacy, Warren, Ermsby, *and* Ralph Simnell.

Lacy. Why looks my lord like to a troubled sky
When heaven's bright shine is shadowed with a fog?
Alate we ran the deer, and through the lawns
Stripped with our nags the lofty frolic bucks
That scudded 'fore the teasers like the wind.
Ne'er was the deer of merry Fressingfield
So lustily pulled down by jolly mates,
Nor shared the farmers such fat venison,
So frankly dealt, this hundred years before;

4. **Stripped:** outstripped. 5. **teasers:** dogs that roused the game.

Nor have I seen my lord more frolic in the chase,
And now changed to a melancholy dump.
War. After the prince got to the Keeper's lodge,
And had been jocund in the house awhile,
Tossing off ale and milk in country cans,
Whether it was the country's sweet content,
Or else the bonny damsel filled us drink
That seemed so stately in her stammel red,
Or that a qualm did cross his stomach then,
But straight he fell into his passions.
Erms. Sirrah Ralph, what say you to your master,
Shall he thus all amort live malcontent?
Ralph. Hearest thou, Ned? — Nay, look if he will speak to me!
P. Edw. What say'st thou to me, fool?
Ralph. I prithee, tell me, Ned, art thou in love with the keeper's daughter?
P. Edw. How if I be, what then?
Ralph. Why, then, sirrah, I'll teach thee how to deceive Love.
P. Edw. How, Ralph?
Ralph. Marry, Sirrah Ned, thou shalt put on my cap and my coat and my dagger, and I will put on thy clothes and thy sword; and so thou shalt be my fool.
P. Edw. And what of this?
Ralph. Why, so thou shalt beguile Love; for Love is such a proud scab, that he will never meddle with fools nor children. Is not Ralph's counsel good, Ned?
P. Edw. Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark the maid,
How lovely in her country-weeds she looked?
A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield: —
All Suffolk! nay, all England holds none such.
Ralph. Sirrah Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived.
Erms. Why, Ralph?
Ralph. He says all England hath no such, and I say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.
War. How provest thou that, Ralph?
Ralph. Why, is not the abbot a learned man, and hath read many books, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning than thou to choose a bonny wench? Yes, I warrant thee, by his whole grammar.
Erms. A good reason, Ralph.

17. **stammel:** a woolen cloth. 21. **amort:** dejected. 39. **lovely:** The old editions have *lively*.

P. Edw. I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair;
Her bashful white, mixed with the morning's red,
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks;
Her front is beauty's table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence;
Her teeth are shelves of precious marguerites,
Richly enclosed with ruddy coral cliffs.
Tush, Lacy, she is beauty's over-match,
If thou survey'st her curious imagery.
Lacy. I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield;
But in the court be quainter dames than she,
Whose faces are enriched with honor's taint,
Whose beauties stand upon the stage of Fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the courts of love.
P. Edw. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watched her as myself,
And seen the secret beauties of the maid,
Their courtly coyness were but foolery.
Erms. Why, how watched you her, my lord?
P. Edw. Whenas she swept like Venus through the house,
And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts,
Into the milk-house went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-bowls she did shine
As Pallas 'mongst her princely huswifery.
She turned her smock over her lily arms,
And dived them into milk to run her cheese;
But whiter than the milk her crystal skin,
Checkéd with lines of azure, made her blush
That art or nature durst bring for compare.
Ermsby, if thou hadst seen, as I did note it well,
How beauty played the huswife, how this girl,
Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the work,
Thou wouldst, with Tarquin, hazard Rome and all
To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield.
Ralph. Sirrah Ned, would'st fain have her?
P. Edw. Ay, Ralph.

60. **marguerites:** pearls. 63. **curious imagery:** unusually fine appearance. 67. **taint:** tint. 82. **blush:** i.e., would have made that woman blush whom art, etc.

Ralph. Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in my head; thou shalt have her already.

P. Edw. I'll give thee a new coat, an learn me that.

Ralph. Why, Sirrah Ned, we'll ride to Oxford to Friar Bacon. O, he is a brave scholar, sirrah; they say he is a brave necromancer, that he can make women of devils, and he can juggle cats into costermongers.

P. Edw. And how then, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, sirrah, thou shalt go to him; and because thy father Harry shall not miss thee, he shall turn me into thee; and I'll to the court, and I'll prince it out; and he shall make thee either a silken purse full of gold, or else a fine wrought smock.

P. Edw. But how shall I have the maid?

Ralph. Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a silken purse full of gold, then on Sundays she'll hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now, sir, when she comes into a great press of people, for fear of the cutpurse, on a sudden she'll swap thee into her plackerd; then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for yourself.

Erms. Excellent policy!

P. Edw. But how if I be a wrought smock?

Ralph. Then she'll put thee into her chest and lay thee into lavender, and upon some good day she'll put thee on; and at night when you go to bed, then being turned from a smock to a man, you may make up the match.

Lacy. Wonderfully, wisely counseled, Ralph.

P. Edw. Ralph shall have a new coat.

Ralph. God thank you when I have it on my back, Ned.

P. Edw. Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect plot;
For why our country Margaret is so coy,
And stands so much upon her honest points,
That marriage or no market with the maid.
Ermsby, it must be necromantic spells
And charms of art that must enchain her love,
Or else shall Edward never win the girl.
Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the morn,
And post to Oxford to this jolly friar:
Bacon shall by his magic do this deed.

War. Content, my lord; and that's a speedy way
To wean these headstrong puppies from the teat.

97. **costermongers**: street-hawkers of fruits and vegetables. 109. **plackerd**: pocket. 121. **For why**: because.

P. Edw. I am unknown, not taken for the prince;
They only deem us frolic courtiers,
That revel thus among our liege's game;
Therefore I have devised a policy.
Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is Saint James',
And then the country flocks to Harleston fair;
Then will the Keeper's daughter frolic there,
And over-shine the troop of all the maids
That come to see and to be seen that day.
Haunt thee disguised among the country-swains,
Feign thou'rt a farmer's son, not far from thence,
Espy her loves, and who she liketh best;
Cote him, and court her to control the clown;
Say that the courtier 'tiréd all in green,
That helped her handsomely to run her cheese,
And filled her father's lodge with venison,
Commends him, and sends fairings to herself.
Buy something worthy of her parentage,
Not worth her beauty; for, Lacy, then the fair
Affords no jewel fitting for the maid.
And when thou talk'st of me, note if she blush;
O, then she loves; but if her cheeks wax pale,
Disdain it is. Lacy, send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

Lacy. I will, my lord, so execute this charge
As if that Lacy were in love with her.

P. Edw. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the news.

Ralph. And, Sirrah Lacy, buy me a thousand thousand million of fine bells.

Lacy. What wilt thou do with them, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, every time that Ned sighs for the Keeper's daughter, I'll tie a bell about him, and so within three or four days I will send word to his father Harry, that his son and my master Ned is become Love's morris-dance.

P. Edw. Well, Lacy, look with care unto thy charge,
And I will haste to Oxford to the friar,
That he by art and thou by secret gifts
Mayst make me lord of merry Fressingfield.

Lacy. God send your honor your heart's desire.

[*Exeunt.*

136. **St. James:** July 25. 144. **Cote:** overtake.

Scene II. *Friar Bacon's Cell at Oxford.*

Enter Friar Bacon, *and* Miles, *his poor scholar, with books under his arm; with them* Burden, Mason, *and* Clement, *three Doctors.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?
Miles. *Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime doctor.*
Bacon. *Attulisti nos libros meos de necromantia?*
Miles. *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare libros in unum!*
Bacon. Now, masters of our academic state,
That rule in Oxford, viceroys in your place,
Whose heads contain maps of the liberal arts,
Spending your time in depth of learnéd skill,
Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell,
A friar newly stalled in Brazen-nose?
Say what's your mind, that I may make reply.
Burd. Bacon, we hear that long we have suspect,
That thou art read in magic's mystery;
In pyromancy, to divine by flames;
To tell, by hydromatic, ebbs and tides;
By aeromancy to discover doubts,
To plain out questions, as Apollo did.
Bacon. Well, Master Burden, what of all this?
Miles. Marry, sir, he doth but fulfil, by rehearsing of these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes; that which is above us pertains nothing to us.
Burd. I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report,
Nay, England, and the court of Henry says,
Thou'rt making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorisms,
And read a lecture in philosophy;
And, by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
Thou mean'st, ere many years or days be past,
To compass England with a wall of brass.
Bacon. And what of this?
Miles. What of this, master! Why, he doth speak mystically; for he knows, if your skill fail to make a brazen head, yet Mother Waters' strong ale will fit his turn to make him have a copper nose.
Clem. Bacon, we come not grieving at thy skill,

13. **that:** what.

But joying that our académy yields
A man supposed the wonder of the world;
For if thy cunning work these miracles,
England and Europe shall admire thy fame,
And Oxford shall in characters of brass,
And statues, such as were built up in Rome,
Etérnize Friar Bacon for his art.
Mason. Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent.
Bacon. Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,
Resolve you, doctors, Bacon can by books
Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,
And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse.
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles when Bacon bids him or his fiends,
Bow to the force of his pentageron.
What art can work, the frolic friar knows;
And therefore will I turn my magic books,
And strain out necromancy to the deep.
I have contrived and framed a head of brass
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff),
And that by art shall read philosophy;
And I will strengthen England by my skill,
That if ten Cæsars lived and reigned in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth contain,
They should not touch a grass of English ground.
The work that Ninus reared at Babylon,
The brazen walls framed by Semiramis,
Carved out like to the portal of the sun,
Shall not be such as rings the English strand
From Dover to the market-place of Rye.
Burd. Is this possible?
Miles. I'll bring ye two or three witnesses.
Burd. What be those?
Miles. Marry, sir, three or four as honest devils and good companions as any be in hell.
Mason. No doubt but magic may do much in this;
For he that reads but mathematic rules
Shall find conclusions that avail to work
Wonders that pass the common sense of men.
Burd. But Bacon roves a bow beyond his reach,
And tells of more than magic can perform,

46. **Resolve you:** be assured. 51. **pentageron:** i.e., pentagram, the five-rayed star used in magic as a defence against demons. 76. **roves, etc.:** tries to shoot at something beyond his reach.

Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.
Have I not passed as far in state of schools,
And read of many secrets? Yet to think
That heads of brass can utter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deep philosophy,
This is a fable Æsop had forgot.

Bacon. Burden, thou wrong'st me in detracting thus;
Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies.
But tell me 'fore these doctors, if thou dare,
Of certain questions I shall move to thee.

Burd. I will; ask what thou can.

Miles. Marry, sir, he'll straight be on your pick-pack, to know whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most worthy.

Bacon. Were you not yesterday, Master Burden, at Henley upon the Thames?

Burd. I was; what then?

Bacon. What book studied you thereon all night?

Burd. I! none at all; I read not there a line.

Bacon. Then, doctors, Friar Bacon's art knows naught.

Clem. What say you to this, Master Burden? Doth he not touch you?

Burd. I pass out of his frivolous speeches.

Miles. Nay, Master Burden, my master, ere he hath done with you, will turn you from a doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leave no more learning in you than is in Balaam's ass.

Bacon. Masters, for that learnéd Burden's skill is deep,
And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism,
I'll show you why he haunts to Henley oft:
Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air,
But there to spend the night in alchemy,
To multiply with secret spells of art;
Thus private steals he learning from us all.
To prove my sayings true, I'll show you straight
The book he keeps at Henley for himself.

Miles. Nay, now my master goes to conjuration, take heed.

Bacon. Masters, stand still, fear not, I'll show you but his book. [*Conjures.*

Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

89. **pick-pack:** shoulders. 100. **pass out of:** care not for. 106. **cabalism:** mystic art.

Enter Hostess *with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and a* Devil.

Miles. O, master, cease your conjuration, or you spoil all; for here's a she-devil come with a shoulder of mutton on a spit. You have marred the devil's supper; but no doubt he thinks our college fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cook with a shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed.

Hostess. O, where am I, or what's become of me?

Bacon. What art thou?

Hostess. Hostess at Henley, mistress of the Bell.

Bacon. How camest thou here?

Hostess. As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the maids,
Spitting the meat 'gainst supper for my guests,
A motion moved me to look forth of door:
No sooner had I pried into the yard,
But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft unto the clouds.
As in a trance I thought nor fearéd naught,
Nor know I where or whither I was ta'en,
Nor where I am nor what these persons be.

Bacon. No? Know you not Master Burden?

Hostess. O, yes, good sir, he is my daily guest. —
What, Master Burden! 'twas but yesternight
That you and I at Henley played at cards.

Burd. I know not what we did. — A pox of all conjuring friars!

Clem. Now, jolly friar, tell us, is this the book
That Burden is so careful to look on?

Bacon. It is. — But, Burden, tell me now,
Think'st thou that Bacon's necromantic skill
Cannot perform his head and wall of brass,
When he can fetch thine hostess in such post?

Miles. I'll warrant you, master, if Master Burden could conjure as well as you, he would have his book every night from Henley to study on at Oxford.

Mason. Burden, what, are you mated by this frolic friar? —
Look how he droops; his guilty conscience
Drives him to 'bash, and makes his hostess blush.

Bacon. Well, mistress, for I will not have you missed,
You shall to Henley to cheer up your guests
'Fore supper 'gin. — Burden, bid her adieu;
Say farewell to your hostess 'fore she goes. —

128. **motion:** impulse. 149. **mated:** confounded. 151. **'bash:** be abashed. 154. **'gin:** begins.

Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home.

Hostess. Master Burden, when shall we see you at Henley?

Burd. The devil take thee and Henley too.

[*Exeunt Hostess and Devil.*

Miles. Master, shall I make a good motion?

Bacon. What's that?

Miles. Marry, sir, now that my hostess is gone to provide supper, conjure up another spirit, and send Doctor Burden flying after.

Bacon. Thus, rulers of our academic state,
You have seen the friar frame his art by proof;
And as the college calléd Brazen-nose
Is under him, and he the master there,
So surely shall this head of brass be framed,
And yield forth strange and uncouth aphorisms;
And hell and Hecate shall fail the friar,
But I will circle England round with brass.

Miles. So be it *et nunc et semper;* amen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *At Harleston Fair.*

Enter MARGARET, *the fair maid of Fressingfield, and* JOAN; THOMAS, RICHARD, *and other* Clowns; *and* LACY *disguised in country apparel.*

Thom. By my troth, Margaret, here's a weather is able to make a man call his father "whoreson"; if this weather hold, we shall have hay good cheap, and butter and cheese at Harleston will bear no price.

Mar. Thomas, maids when they come to see the fair
Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay;
When we have turned our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely upon the racks,
Then let our fathers price it as they please.
We country sluts of merry Fressingfield
Come to buy needless naughts to make us fine,
And look that young men should be frank this day,
And court us with such fairings as they can.
Phœbus is blithe, and frolic looks from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele,
Swearing the pedlers shall have empty packs,
If that fair weather may make chapmen buy.

6. **cope:** bargain. 13. **fairing:** a present, originally one bought at a fair.

Lacy. But, lovely Peggy, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phœbus from his palace pries,
And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shows all his glories for to court yourself.
Mar. This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To soothe me up with such smooth flattery;
But learn of me, your scoff's too broad before. —
Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests;
We serve the turn in jolly Fressingfield.
Joan. Margaret, a farmer's daughter for a farmer's son;
I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church.
[*Lacy whispers Margaret in the ear.*
But, Thomas, what's the news? What, in a dump?
Give me your hand, we are near a pedler's shop;
Out with your purse, we must have fairings now.
Thom. Faith, Joan, and shall. I'll bestow a fairing on you, and then we will to the tavern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.
Mar. Whence are you, sir? Of Suffolk? For your terms
Are finer than the common sort of men.
Lacy. Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,
Your neighbor, not above six miles from hence,
A farmer's son, that never was so quaint
But that he could do courtesy to such dames.
But trust me, Margaret, I am sent in charge
From him that reveled in your father's house,
And filled his lodge with cheer and venison,
'Tired in green. He sent you this rich purse,
His token that he helped you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with yourself.
Mar. To me?
Lacy. You forget yourself;
Women are often weak in memory.
Mar. O, pardon, sir, I call to mind the man.
'Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for love;
For we have little leisure to debate of that.
Joan. What, Margaret! blush not; maids must have their loves.
Thom. Nay, by the mass, she looks pale as if she were angry.
Rich. Sirrah, are you of Beccles? I pray, how doth Good-

24. **before:** too obvious. 40. **quaint:** overwise.

man Cob? My father bought a horse of him. — I'll tell you, Margaret, 'a were good to be a gentleman's jade, for of all things the foul hilding could not abide a dung-cart.

Mar. (*Aside.*) How different is this farmer from the rest
That erst as yet have pleased my wandering sight!
His words are witty, quickened with a smile,
His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court;
Facile and debonair in all his deeds;
Proportioned as was Paris, when, in gray,
He courted Œnon in the vale by Troy.
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love;
Who but the Keeper's lass of Fressingfield?
And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son
Passeth the proudest that hath pleased mine eye.
But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,
And show as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy love;
Keep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn,
To show the grief wherein thy heart doth burn. —
Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the fair? —
You, Beccles man, will not forsake us now?

Lacy. Not whilst I may have such quaint girls as you.

Mar. Well, if you chance to come by Fressingfield,
Make but a step into the Keeper's lodge,
And such poor fare as woodmen can afford,
Butter and cheese, cream and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithal.

Lacy. Gramercies, Peggy; look for me ere long. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

Scene I. *At Hampton Court.*

Enter King Henry the Third, *the* Emperor, *the* King of Castile, Elinor, *his daughter, and* Vandermast, *a German.*

K. Hen. Great men of Europe, monarchs of the west,
Ringed with the walls of old Oceanus,
Whose lofty surge is like the battlements
That compassed high-built Babel in with towers,
Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western kings,

62. **hilding:** low creature. 68. **in gray:** i.e., in shepherd's clothes.

To England's shore, whose promontory cliffs
Show Albion is another little world;
Welcome, says English Henry to you all;
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,
Who dared for Edward's sake cut through the seas,
And venture as Agenor's damsel through the deep,
To get the love of Henry's wanton son.
K. of Cast. England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls,
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor;
But, hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dared to brook Neptunus' haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Æolus.
Then may fair England welcome her the more.
Elin. After that English Henry by his lords
Had sent Prince Edward's lovely counterfeit,
A present to the Castile Elinor,
The comely portrait of so brave a man,
The virtuous fame discourséd of his deeds,
Edward's courageous resolution,
Done at the Holy Land 'fore Damas' walls,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links
To like so of the English monarch's son,
That I attempted perils for his sake.
Emp. Where is the prince, my lord?
K. Hen. He posted down, not long since, from the court,
To Suffolk side, to merry Framlingham,
To sport himself amongst my fallow deer;
From thence, by packets sent to Hampton-house,
We hear the prince is ridden with his lords,
To Oxford, in the académy there
To hear dispute amongst the learnéd men.
But we will send forth letters for my son,
To will him come from Oxford to the court.
Emp. Nay, rather, Henry, let us, as we be,
Ride for to visit Oxford with our train.
Fain would I see your universities,
And what learned men your académy yields.
From Hapsburg have I brought a learnéd clerk
To hold dispute with English orators.
This doctor, surnamed Jaques Vandermast,
A German born, passed into Padua,

22. **counterfeit:** portrait.

To Florence and to fair Bologna,
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,
And, talking there with men of art, put down
The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,
In magic, and the mathematic rules.
Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools.
K. Hen. He shall, my lord; this motion likes me well.
We'll progress straight to Oxford with our trains,
And see what men our académy brings. —
And, wonder Vandermast, welcome to me.
In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar,
Called Friar Bacon, England's only flower;
Set him but nonplus in his magic spells,
And make him yield in mathematic rules,
And for thy glory I will bind thy brows,
Not with a poet's garland made of bays,
But with a coronet of choicest gold.
Whilst then we set to Oxford with our troops,
Let's in and banquet in our English court. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *At Oxford.*

Enter Ralph Simnell *in* Prince Edward's *apparel; and* Prince Edward, Warren, *and* Ermsby, *disguised.*

Ralph. Where be these vagabond knaves, that they attend no better on their master?

P. Edw. If it please your honor, we are all ready at an inch.

Ralph. Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more post-horse to ride on. I'll have another fetch.

Erms. I pray you, how is that, my lord?

Ralph. Marry, sir. I'll send to the Isle of Ely for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them tied six and six together with whip-cord. Now upon their backs will I have a fair field-bed with a canopy; and so, when it is my pleasure, I'll flee into what place I please. This will be easy.

War. Your honor hath said well; but shall we to Brazen-nose College before we pull off our boots?

Erms. Warren, well motioned; we will to the friar
Before we revel it within the town. —

52. **aphorisms:** statements of scientific principles. 58. **wonder:** wonderful. 66. **Whilst:** until. 66. **set:** set out.
3. **at an inch:** for the emergency. 5. **fetch:** device.

Ralph, see you keep your countenance like a prince.

Ralph. Wherefore have I such a company of cutting knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies? Have you not good swords and bucklers?

Erms. Stay, who comes here?

War. Some scholar; and we'll ask him where Friar Bacon is.

Enter Friar Bacon *and* Miles.

Bacon. Why, thou arrant dunce, shall I never make thee a good scholar? Doth not all the town cry out and say, Friar Bacon's subsizer is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? Why, thou canst not speak one word of true Latin.

Miles. No, sir? Yet, what is this else? *Ego sum tuus homo,* "I am your man": I warrant you, sir, as good Tully's phrase as any is in Oxford.

Bacon. Come on, sirrah; what part of speech is *Ego?*

Miles. Ego, that is "I"; marry, *nomen substantivo.*

Bacon. How prove you that?

Miles. Why, sir, let him prove himself an 'a will; I can be heard, felt, and understood.

Bacon. O gross dunce! [*Beats him.*

P. Edw. Come, let us break off this dispute between these two. —
Sirrah, where is Brazen-nose College?

Miles. Not far from Coppersmith's Hall.

P. Edw. What, dost thou mock me?

Miles. Not I, sir; but what would you at Brazen-nose?

Erms. Marry, we would speak with Friar Bacon.

Miles. Whose men be you?

Erms. Marry, scholar, here's our master.

Ralph. Sirrah, I am the master of these good fellows; mayst thou not know me to be a lord by my reparrel?

Miles. Then here's good game for the hawk; for here's the master-fool and a covey of coxcombs. One wise man, I think, would spring you all.

P. Edw. Gog's wounds! Warren, kill him.

War. Why, Ned, I think the devil be in my sheath; I cannot get out my dagger.

17. **cutting:** swaggering. 25. **subsizer:** a student who did menial service for his schooling. 27. **yet:** early editions have *yes.*

Erms. Nor I mine. 'Swounds, Ned, I think I am bewitched.

Miles. A company of scabs! The proudest of you all draw your weapon, if he can. — (*Aside.*) See how boldly I speak, now my master is by.

P. Edw. I strive in vain; but if my sword be shut
And conjured fast by magic in my sheath,
Villain, here is my fist. [*Strikes Miles a box on the ear.*

Miles. O, I beseech you conjure his hands too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, for he is light-fingered!

Ralph. Ned, strike him; I'll warrant thee by mine honor.

Bacon. What means the English prince to wrong my man?

P. Edw. To whom speak'st thou?

Bacon. To thee.

P. Edw. Who art thou?

Bacon. Could you not judge when all your swords grew fast,
That Friar Bacon was not far from hence?
Edward, King Henry's son and Prince of Wales,
Thy fool disguised cannot conceal thyself.
I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl,
Else Friar Bacon had but little skill.
Thou com'st in post from merry Fressingfield,
Fast-fancied to the Keeper's bonny lass,
To crave some succor of the jolly friar;
And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left
To treat fair Margaret to allow thy loves;
But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;
The earl both woos and courts her for himself.

War. Ned, this is strange; the friar knoweth all.

Erms. Apollo could not utter more than this.

P. Edw. I stand amazed to hear this jolly friar
Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts. —
But, learnéd Bacon, since thou know'st the cause
Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield,
Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely Margaret to myself,
And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give
Living and lands to strength thy college state.

War. Good friar, help the prince in this.

Ralph. Why, servant Ned, will not the friar do it? Were

74. **Fast-fancied:** tied fast by love. 77. **treat:** entreat.

not my sword glued to my scabbard by conjuration, I would cut off his head, and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith, my lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike; they are so fast conjured that we shall never see them.

Erms. What, doctor, in a dump! Tush, help the prince,
And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove.

Bacon. Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?
I will, my lord, strain out my magic spells;
For this day comes the earl to Fressingfield,
And 'fore that night shuts in the day with dark,
They'll be betrothéd each to other fast.
But come with me; we'll to my study straight,
And in a glass prospective I will show
What's done this day in merry Fressingfield.

P. Edw. Gramercies, Bacon; I will 'quite thy pain.

Bacon. But send your train, my lord, into the town;
My scholar shall go bring them to their inn;
Meanwhile we'll see the knavery of the earl.

P. Edw. Warren, leave me; — and, Ermsby, take the fool;
Let him be master, and go revel it,
Till I and Friar Bacon talk awhile.

War. We will, my lord.

Ralph. Faith, Ned, and I'll lord it out till thou comest. I'll be Prince of Wales over all the black-pots in Oxford.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. Friar Bacon's *Cell.*

Friar Bacon *and* Prince Edward *go into the study.*

Bacon. Now, frolic Edward, welcome to my cell;
Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys,
And holds this place his consistory-court,
Wherein the devils plead homage to his words.
Within this glass prospective thou shalt see
This day what's done in merry Fressingfield
'Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl.

106. **quite:** repay. 115. **black-pots:** leathern wine jugs.
1. **cell:** The scene, not actually changed on the stage, is supposed to be so in the minds of the audience.

P. Edw. Friar, thou glad'st me. Now shall Edward try
How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign Lord.
Bacon. Stand there and look directly in the glass.

Enter Margaret *and* Friar Bungay.

What sees my lord?
P. Edw. I see the Keeper's lovely lass appear,
As brightsome as the paramour of Mars,
Only attended by a jolly friar.
Bacon. Sit still, and keep the crystal in your eye.
Mar. But tell me, Friar Bungay, is it true
That this fair courteous country swain,
Who says his father is a farmer nigh,
Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?
Bun. Peggy, 'tis true, 'tis Lacy for my life,
Or else mine art and cunning both do fail,
Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves;
For he in green, that holp you run your cheese,
Is son to Henry and the Prince of Wales.
Mar. Be what he will, his lure is but for lust.
But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass,
Friar, I would his humble handmaid be,
And for great wealth 'quite him with courtesy.
Bun. Why, Margaret, dost thou love him?
Mar. His personage, like the pride of vaunting Troy,
Might well avouch to shadow Helen's rape;
His wit is quick and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime.
Courteous, ah friar, full of pleasing smiles!
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more;
Suffice to me he's England's paramour.
Bun. Hath not each eye that viewed thy pleasing face
Surnaméd thee Fair Maid of Fressingfield?
Mar. Yes, Bungay; and would God the lovely earl
Had that in *esse* that so many sought.
Bun. Fear not, the friar will not be behind
To show his cunning to entangle love.

11. **What sees:** Bearing in mind the simplicity of the Elizabethan stage, the reader will find it interesting to figure out how this scene was staged. 16. The Prince is supposed not to hear the conversation in Fressingfield. 32. **shadow:** blot out, excuse. 37. **paramour:** should be *paragon*, but Greene had a fondness for the other word.

P. Edw. I think the friar courts the bonny wench;
Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl.
Bacon. Now look, my lord.

Enter Lacy *disguised as before.*

P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes Lacy!
Bacon. Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy.
Bun. Here's Lacy, Margaret; step aside awhile.
[*Retires with Margaret.*
Lacy. Daphne, the damsel that caught Phœbus fast,
And locked him in the brightness of her looks,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes
As is fair Margaret to the Lincoln Earl.
Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust.
Edward, thy sovereign's son, hath chosen thee,
A secret friend, to court her for himself,
And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treachery?
Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deems it of a prince but as a man.
Honor bids thee control him in his lust;
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to entrap her and beguile the lass.
Lacy, thou lov'st, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown;
For better die than see her live disgraced.
Mar. Come, friar, I will shake him from his dumps. —
[*Comes forward.*
How cheer you, sir? A penny for your thought.
You're early up, pray God it be the near.
What, come from Beccles in a morn so soon?
Lacy. Thus watchful are such men as live in love,
Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their sleep.
I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston fair
My mind hath felt a heap of passions.
Mar. A trusty man, that court it for your friend.
Woo you still for the courtier all in green?
I marvel that he sues not for himself.
Lacy. Peggy, I pleaded first to get your grace for him;
But when mine eyes surveyed your beauteous looks,
Love, like a wag, straight divéd into my heart,
And there did shrine the idea of yourself.
Pity me, though I be a farmer's son,

60. **control:** hold in check. 68. **near:** i.e., nearer, from an old proverb, "Early up and never the nearer."

And measure not my riches, but my love.
Mar. You are very hasty; for to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring:
Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,
For timely ripe is rotten too-too soon.
Bun. (*Coming forward.*) *Deus hic;* room for a merry friar!
What, youth of Beccles, with the Keeper's lass?
'Tis well; but tell me, hear you any news?
Lacy. No, friar. What news?
Bun. Hear you not how the pursuivants do post
With proclamations through each country-town?
Lacy. For what, gentle friar? Tell the news.
Bun. Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st not of these news?
Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, is late fled
From Windsor court, disguiséd like a swain,
And lurks about the country here unknown.
Henry suspects him of some treachery,
And therefore doth proclaim in every way,
That who can take the Lincoln Earl shall have,
Paid in the Exchequer, twenty thousand crowns.
Lacy. The Earl of Lincoln! Friar, thou art mad.
It was some other; thou mistak'st the man.
The Earl of Lincoln! why, it cannot be.
Mar. Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he.
The Keeper's daughter took you prisoner.
Lord Lacy, yield, I'll be your jailer once.
P. Edw. How familiar they be, Bacon!
Bacon. Sit still, and mark the sequel of their loves.
Lacy. Then am I double prisoner to thyself.
Peggy, I yield. But are these news in jest?
Mar. In jest with you, but earnest unto me;
For why these wrongs do wring me at the heart.
Ah, how these earls and noblemen of birth
Flatter and feign to forge poor women's ill!
Lacy. Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln Earl.
I not deny, but, 'tiréd thus in rags,
I lived disguised to win fair Peggy's love.
Mar. What love is there where wedding ends not love?
Lacy. I mean, fair girl, to make thee Lacy's wife.
Mar. I little think that earls will stoop so low.
Lacy. Say, shall I make thee countess ere I sleep?
Mar. Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself;
A wife in name, but servant in obedience.

86. **timely:** too soon. 113. **For why:** because.

Lacy. The Lincoln Countess, for it shall be so;
I'll plight the bands, and seal it with a kiss.
P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, they kiss! I'll stab them.
Bacon. O, hold your hands, my lord, it is the glass!
P. Edw. Choler to see the traitors 'gree so well
Made me think the shadows substances.
Bacon. 'Twere a long poniard, my lord, to reach between
Oxford and Fressingfield; but sit still and see more.
Bun. Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,
To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match.
I'll take my portace forth and wed you here,
Then go to bed and seal up your desires.
Lacy. Friar, content. — Peggy, how like you this?
Mar. What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.
Bun. Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book.
Bacon. What sees my lord now?
P. Edw. Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand,
The friar ready with his portace there
To wed them both; then am I quite undone.
Bacon, help now, if e'er thy magic served;
Help, Bacon; stop the marriage now,
If devils or necromancy may suffice,
And I will give thee forty thousand crowns.
Bacon. Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar
For mumbling up his orisons this day.
Lacy. Why speak'st not, Bungay? Friar, to thy book.
[*Bungay is mute, crying,* "Hud, hud."
Mar. How look'st thou, friar, as a man distraught?
Reft of thy senses, Bungay? Show by signs,
If thou be dumb, what passion holdeth thee.
Lacy. He's dumb indeed. Bacon hath with his devils
Enchanted him, or else some strange disease
Or apoplexy hath possessed his lungs.
But, Peggy, what he cannot with his book,
We'll 'twixt us both unite it up in heart.
Mar. Else let me die, my lord, a miscreant.
P. Edw. Why stands Friar Bungay so amazed?
Bacon. I have struck him dumb, my lord; and, if your honor please,
I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield,
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.
P. Edw. Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me.

129. **'gree:** agree. 136. **portace:** portable prayer-book. 150. **For:** from.

Lacy. Of courtesy, Margaret, let us lead the friar
Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him
With broths, to bring him from this hapless trance.
Mar. Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind
To leave the friar so in his distress.

Enter a Devil, *who carries off* Bungay *on his back.*

O, help, my lord! a devil, a devil, my lord!
Look how he carries Bungay on his back!
Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad. [*Exit with Lacy.*
P. Edw. Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar
Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl
Flees with his bonny lass for fear.
As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose,
And I have chatted with the merry friar,
I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,
And 'quite these wrongs on Lacy ere 't be long.
Bacon. So be it, my lord; but let us to our dinner;
For ere we have taken our repast awhile,
We shall have Bungay brought to Brazen-nose. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Regent-house at Oxford.*

Enter Burden, Mason, *and* Clement.

Mason. Now that we are gathered in the Regent-house,
It fits us talk about the king's repair,
For he, troopéd with all the western kings,
That lie alongst the Dantzic seas by east,
North by the clime of frosty Germany,
The Almain monarch, and the Saxon duke,
Castile and lovely Elinor with him,
Have in their jests resolved for Oxford town.
Burd. We must lay plots of stately tragedies,
Strange comic shows, such as proud Roscius
Vaunted before the Roman emperors,
To welcome all the western potentates.
Clem. But more; the king by letters hath foretold
That Frederick, the Almain emperor,
Hath brought with him a German of esteem,
Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermast,

169. **hapless:** unfortunate. 2. **repair:** visit 6. **Almain:** German.

Skilful in magic and those secret arts.
Mason. Then must we all make suit unto the friar,
To Friar Bacon, that he vouch this task,
And undertake to countervail in skill
The German; else there's none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learnéd Vandermast.
Burd. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Will teach him what an English friar can do.
The devil, I think, dare not dispute with him.
Clem. Indeed, Mas doctor, he displeasured you,
In that he brought your hostess with her spit,
From Henley, posting unto Brazen-nose.
Burd. A vengeance on the friar for his pains!
But leaving that, let's hie to Bacon straight,
To see if he will take this task in hand.
Clem. Stay, what rumor is this? The town is up in a mutiny.
What hurly-burly is this?

Enter a Constable, *with* Ralph Simnell, Warren, Ermsby, *all three disguised as before, and* Miles.

Cons. Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so good, you shall before the doctors to answer your misdemeanor.
Burd. What's the matter, fellow?
Cons. Marry, sir, here's a company of rufflers, that, drinking in the tavern, have made a great brawl and almost killed the vintner.
Miles. *Salve,* Doctor Burden!
This lubberly lurden
Ill-shaped and ill-faced,
Disdained and disgraced,
What he tells unto *vobis*
Mentitur de nobis.
Burd. Who is the master and chief of this crew?
Miles. *Ecce asinum mundi*
Figura rotundi,
Neat, sheat, and fine,
As brisk as a cup of wine.
Burd. What are you?
Ralph. I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the bell-

32. **rumor:** racket. 41. **lurden:** a roughneck. 47. **asinum:** i.e., Ralph. 49. **sheat:** trim.

wether of this company; these are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales.

Clem. Are you Edward, the king's son?

Ralph. Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster that drew the wine, and, I warrant, when they see how soundly I have broke his head, they'll say 'twas done by no less man than a prince.

Mason. I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales.

War. And why so, sir?

Mason. For they say the prince is a brave and a wise gentleman.

War. Why, and think'st thou, doctor, that he is not so?
Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a youth?

Erms. Whose face, shining with many a sugared smile,
Bewrays that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet, master doctor,
To speak like a proctor,
And tell unto you
What is veriment and true;
To cease of this quarrel,
Look but on his apparel;
Then mark but my talis,
He is great Prince of Walis,
The chief of our *gregis*,
And *filius regis;*
Then 'ware what is done,
For he is Henry's white son.

Ralph. Doctors, whose doting night-caps are not capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease will make a ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so carry away the university with a fair wind to the Bankside in Southwark — How sayest thou, Ned Warren, shall I not do it?

War. Yes, my good lord; and, if it please your lordship, I will gather up all your old pantofles, and with the cork make you a pinnace of five-hundred ton, that shall serve the turn marvelous well, my lord.

Erms. And I, my lord, will have pioners to undermine the town, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer-walks.

79. **white:** dear. 87. **pantofles:** slippers with cork soles. 90. **pioners:** diggers.

Miles. And I, with *scientia*
And great *diligentia,*
Will conjure and charm,
To keep you from harm;
That *utrum horum mavis,*
Your very great *navis,*
Like Barclay's ship,
From Oxford do skip
With colleges and schools,
Full-loaden with fools.
Quid dicis ad hoc,
Worshipful *Domine* Dawcock?

Clem. Why, hair-brained courtiers, are you drunk or mad,
To taunt us up with such scurrility?
Deem you us men of base and light esteem,
To bring us such a fop for Henry's son? —
Call out the beadles and convey them hence
Straight to Bocardo; let the roisters lie
Close clapt in bolts, until their wits be tame.

Erms. Why, shall we to prison, my lord?

Ralph. What sayest, Miles, shall I honor the prison with my presence?

Miles. No, no; out with your blades,
And hamper these jades;
Have a flurt and a crash,
Now play revel-dash,
And teach these sacerdos
That the Bocardos,
Like peasants and elves,
Are meet for themselves.

Mason. To the prison with them, constable.

War. Well, doctors, seeing I have sported me
With laughing at these mad and merry wags,
Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose,
And this, attiréd like the Prince of Wales,
Is Ralph, King Henry's only lovéd fool;
I, Earl of Sussex, and this Ermsby,
One of the privy-chamber to the king;
Who, while the prince with Friar Bacon stays,
Have reveled it in Oxford as you see.

99. **Barclay:** author of *The Ship of Fools.* 104. **Dawcock:** a name borrowed from Skelton's *Ware the Hawk.* Miles is imitating Skelton's style. 110. **Bocardo:** the old North Gate of Oxford, used as a jail. It was taken down in 1771. 128. **only:** best.

Mason. My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were;
But courtiers may make greater scapes than these.
Wilt please your honor dine with me today?
War. I will, Master doctor, and satisfy the vintner for his hurt; only I must desire you to imagine him all this forenoon the Prince of Wales.
Mason. I will, sir.
Ralph. And upon that I will lead the way; only I will have Miles go before me, because I have heard Henry say that wisdom must go before majesty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

Scene I. *At Fressingfield.*

Enter Prince Edward *with his poniard in his hand,* Lacy, *and* Margaret.

P. Edw. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,
Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles;
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
As Lynceus from the shores of Græcia.
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar,
And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portace forth,
And joining hand in hand had married you,
If Friar Bacon had not struck him dumb,
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?
Traitor, what answer'st? Is not all this true?
Lacy. Truth all, my lord; and thus I make reply:
At Harleston fair, there courting for your grace,
Whenas mine eye surveyed her curious shape,
And drew the beauteous glory of her looks
To dive into the center of my heart,
Love taught me that your honor did but jest,
That princes were in fancy but as men;
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

134. **scapes:** escapades.
20. **fancy:** love.

P. Edw. Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more
Than Alexander his Hephæstion?
Did I unfold the passions of my love,
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves?
And could a glance of fading beauty break
Th' enchained fetters of such private friends?
Base coward, false, and too effeminate
To be corrival with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I dined,
To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.
Mar. 'Twas I, my lord, not Lacy stept awry;
For oft he sued and courted for yourself,
And still wooed for the courtier all in green;
But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,
Pleaded myself with looks as if I loved;
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitched loved Lacy with my looks;
My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,
My face held pity and content at once,
And more I could not cipher-out by signs,
But that I loved Lord Lacy with my heart.
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind
If women's favors will not force men fall,
If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,
Are not of force to bury thoughts of friends.
P. Edw. I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves;
Edward or none shall conquer Margaret.
In frigates bottomed with rich Sethin planks,
Topt with the lofty firs of Lebanon,
Stemmed and incased with burnished ivory,
And over-laid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,
And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To dance lavoltas in the purple streams;
Sirens, with harps and silver psalteries,
Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem,
And entertain fair Margaret with their lays.
England and England's wealth shall wait on thee;
Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,
And do due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.

59. **lavoltas:** a dance for two with much kicking, not unlike the Charleston.

Mar. Pardon, my lord; if Jove's great royalty
Sent me such presents as to Danaë;
If Phœbus, 'tiréd in Latona's webs,
Came courting from the beauty of his lodge;
The dulcet tunes of frolic Mercury,
Nor all the wealth heaven's treasury affords,
Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love.
P. Edw. I have learned at Oxford, then, this point of schools, —
Ablata causa, tollitur effectus:
Lacy, the cause that Margaret cannot love
Nor fix her liking on the English prince,
Take him away, and then th' effects will fail.
Villain, prepare thyself; for I will bathe
My poniard in the bosom of an earl.
Lacy. Rather than live, and miss fair Margaret's love,
Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,
But stab it home; end both my loves and life.
Mar. Brave Prince of Wales, honored for royal deeds,
'Twere sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood;
Love's conquest ends, my lord, in courtesy.
Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,
For so both you and he do cease your loves.
P. Edw. Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord.
Lacy. I have deserved it, Edward; act it well.
Mar. What hopes the prince to gain by Lacy's death?
P. Edw. To end the loves 'twixt him and Margaret.
Mar. Why, thinks King Henry's son that Margaret's love
Hangs in th' uncertain balance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
No, stab the earl, and, 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.
Lacy. If aught betides to lovely Margaret
That wrongs or wrings her honor from content,
Europe's rich wealth nor England's monarchy
Should not allure Lacy to over-live.
Then, Edward, short my life, and end her loves.
Mar. Rid me, and keep a friend worth many loves.
Lacy. Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many friends.
Mar. An if thy mind be such as fame hath blazed,
Then, princely Edward, let us both abide
The fatal resolution of thy rage.

99. **betides:** happens. 104. **Rid me:** get rid of me.

Banish thou fancy, and embrace revenge,
And in one tomb knit both our carcasses,
Whose hearts were linkéd in one perfect love.
P. Edw. (*Aside.*) Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,
Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,
And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point?
And shall thy plumes be pulled by Venus down?
Is't princely to dissever lovers' leagues,
To part such friends as glory in their loves?
Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacy in their loves;
So in subduing fancy's passion,
Conquering thyself, thou gett'st the richest spoil. —
Lacy, rise up. Fair Peggy, here's my hand.
The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,
And all his loves he yields unto the earl.
Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield;
Make her thy Lincoln Countess at the church,
And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.
Lacy. Humbly I take her of my sovereign,
As if that Edward gave me England's right,
And riched me with the Albion diadem.
Mar. And doth the English prince mean true?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
And yield the title of a country maid
Unto Lord Lacy?
P. Edw. I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.
Mar. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering love, as Cæsar's victories,
Margaret, as mild and humble in her thoughts
As was Aspasia unto Cyrus self,
Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth enshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart.
P. Edw. Gramercy, Peggy. Now that vows are past,
And that your loves are not to be revolt,
Once, Lacy, friends again. Come, we will post
To Oxford; for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castile Elinor.
Peggy, I must go see and view my wife;
I pray God I like her as I lovéd thee.
Beside, Lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute

144. **revolt:** broken.

'Twixt Friar Bacon and learnéd Vandermast.
Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.
Mar. As it please Lord Lacy; but love's foolish looks
Think footsteps miles and minutes to be hours.
Lacy. I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return. —
But please your honor go unto the lodge,
We shall have butter, cheese, and venison;
And yesterday I brought for Margaret
A lusty bottle of neat claret-wine;
Thus can we feast and entertain your grace.
P. Edw. 'Tis cheer, Lord Lacy, for an emperor,
If he respect the person and the place.
Come, let us in; for I will all this night
Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *At Oxford.*

Enter King Henry, *the* Emperor, *the* King of Castile, Elinor, Vandermast, *and* Bungay.

Emp. Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford schools
Are richly seated near the river-side;
The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,
The battling pastures lade with kine and flocks,
The town gorgeous with high-built colleges,
And scholars seemly in their grave attire,
Learnéd in searching principles of art. —
What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermast?
Van. That lordly are the buildings of the town,
Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks;
But for the doctors, how that they be learnéd,
It may be meanly, for aught I can hear.
Bun. I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds none such,
None read so deep as Oxenford contains.
There are within our academic state
Men that may lecture it in Germany
To all the doctors of your Belgic schools.
K. Hen. Stand to him, Bungay, charm this Vandermast,
And I will use thee as a royal king.
Van. Wherein dar'st thou dispute with me?
Bun. In what a doctor and a friar can.
Van. Before rich Europe's worthies put thou forth
The doubtful question unto Vandermast.

4. **battling:** causing to grow fat.

Bun. Let it be this, — Whether the spirits of pyromancy or geomancy be most predominant in magic?

Van. I say, of pyromancy.

Bun. And I, of geomancy.

Van. The cabalists that write of magic spells,
As Hermes, Melchie, and Pythagoras,
Affirm that, 'mongst the quadruplicity
Of elemental essence, *terra* is but thought
To be a *punctum* squared to the rest;
And that the compass of ascending elements
Exceed in bigness as they do in height;
Judging the concave circle of the sun
To hold the rest in his circumference.
If, then, as Hermes says, the fire be greatest,
Purest, and only giveth shape to spirits,
Then must these dæmones that haunt that place
Be every way superior to the rest.

Bun. I reason not of elemental shapes,
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,
Noting their essence nor their quality,
But of the spirits that pyromancy calls,
And of the vigor of the geomantic fiends.
I tell thee, German, magic haunts the ground,
And those strange necromantic spells,
That work such shows and wondering in the world,
Are acted by those geomantic spirits
That Hermes calleth *terræ filii.*
The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,
That lightly pass as heralds to bear news;
But earthly fiends, closed in the lowest deep,
Dissever mountains, if they be but charged,
Being more gross and massy in their power.

Van. Rather these earthly geomantic spirits
Are dull and like the place where they remain;
For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,
The spirits and angels that did sin with him,
Retained their local essence as their faults,
All subject under Luna's continent.
They which offended less hung in the fire,
And second faults did rest within the air;
But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends
Were thrown into the center of the earth,

29. **Melchie:** i.e., Malchus, known as Porphyry. 32. ***punctum* squared:** an atom compared.

Having less understanding than the rest,
As having greater sin and lesser grace.
Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve
For jugglers, witches, and vile sorcerers;
Whereas the pyromantic genii
Are mighty, swift, and of far-reaching power.
But grant that geomancy hath most force;
Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,
Prove by some instance what thy art can do.
Bun. I will.
Emp. Now, English Harry, here begins the game;
We shall see sport between these learnéd men.
Van. What wilt thou do?
Bun. Show thee the tree, leaved with refinéd gold,
Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
That watched the garden called Hesperides,
Subdued and won by conquering Hercules.

Here Bungay *conjures, and the tree appears with the dragon shooting fire.*

Van. Well done!
K. Hen. What say you, royal lordings, to my friar?
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?
Van. Each scholar in the necromantic spells
Can do as much as Bungay hath performed.
But as Alcmena's bastard razed this tree,
So will I raise him up as when he lived,
And cause him pull the dragon from his seat,
And tear the branches piecemeal from the root. —
Hercules! *Prodi, prodi,* Hercules!

Hercules *appears in his lion's skin.*

Her. Quis me vult?
Van. Jove's bastard son, thou Libyan Hercules,
Pull off the sprigs from off th' Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.
Her. Fiat. [*Begins to break the branches.*
Van. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic charm
The fiend, appearing like great Hercules,
From pulling down the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learnéd.
Bun. I cannot.

Van. Cease, Hercules, until I give thee charge. —
Mighty commander of this English isle,
Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learnéd enough to be a friar;
But to compare with Jaques Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells
To find a man to match him in his art.
I have given non-plus to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,
Rheims, Louvain, and fair Rotterdam,
Frankfort, Lutetia, and Orleans;
And now must Henry, if he do me right,
Crown me with laurel, as they all have done.

Enter Bacon.

Bacon. All hail to this royal company,
That sit to hear and see this strange dispute! —
Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amazed?
What, hath the German acted more than thou?
Van. What art thou that question'st thus?
Bacon. Men call me Bacon.
Van. Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou were learned;
Thy countenance as if science held her seat
Between the circled arches of thy brows.
K. Hen. Now, monarchs, hath the German found his match.
Emp. Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the foil,
Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou didst gain.
Van. Bacon, wilt thou dispute?
Bacon. No,
Unless he were more learnéd than Vandermast;
For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?
Van. Raised Hercules to ruinate that tree
That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.
Bacon. Set Hercules to work.
Van. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task;
Pull off the golden branches from the root.
Her. I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon here,
Whose frown doth act more than my magic can?
Van. By all the thrones, and dominations,
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.

113. **Lutetia:** Paris.

Her. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,
And rules Asmenoth, guider of the north,
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast.
K. Hen. How now, Vandermast! Have you met with your match?
Van. Never before was't known to Vandermast
That men held devils in such obedient awe.
Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail.
Emp. Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome? —
Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill.
Bacon. I came not, monarchs, for to hold dispute
With such a novice as is Vandermast;
I came to have your royalties to dine
With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose;
And, for this German troubles but the place,
And holds this audience with a long suspense,
I'll send him to his académy hence. —
Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,
That he may learn by travail, 'gainst the spring,
More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.
Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!
[*Exit Hercules with Vandermast and the tree.*
Emp. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him?
Bacon. To Hapsburg; there your highness at return
Shall find the German in his study safe.
K. Hen. Bacon, thou hast honored England with thy skill,
And made fair Oxford famous by thine art;
I will be English Henry to thyself.
But tell me, shall we dine with thee today?
Bacon. With me, my lord; and while I fit my cheer,
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,
Gracious as the morning-star of Heaven. [*Exit.*

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY.

Emp. Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal son?
How martial is the figure of his face!
Yet lovely and beset with amorets.
K. Hen. Ned, where hast thou been?
P. Edw. At Framlingham, my lord, to try your bucks
If they could 'scape the teasers or the toil.
But hearing of these lordly potentates

176. **amorets:** looks that kindle love.

Landed, and progressed up to Oxford town,
I posted to give entertain to them;
Chief to the Almain monarch; next to him,
And joint with him, Castile and Saxony
Are welcome as they may be to the English court.
Thus for the men: but see, Venus appears,
Or one that overmatcheth Venus in her shape!
Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride,
Rich nature's glory and her wealth at once,
Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion;
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,
If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself.

Elin. Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-minded son,
The mark that Elinor did count her aim,
I liked thee 'fore I saw thee; now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

K. of Cast. Fear not, my lord, this couple will agree,
If love may creep into their wanton eyes: —
And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,
Without suspense, as my adopted son.

K. Hen. Let me that joy in these consorting greets,
And glory in these honors done to Ned,
Yield thanks for all these favors to my son,
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter Miles *with a cloth and trenchers and salt.*

Miles. *Salvete, omnes reges,*
That govern your *greges*
In Saxony and Spain,
In England and in Almain!
For all this frolic rabble
Must I cover the table
With trenchers, salt, and cloth;
And then look for your broth.

Emp. What pleasant fellow is this?

K. Hen. 'Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacon's poor scholar.

Miles. (*Aside.*) My master hath made me sewer of these great lords; and, God knows, I am as serviceable at a table as a sow is under an apple-tree. 'Tis no matter; their cheer shall

203. **greets:** greetings. 217. **sewer:** a servant that sets the table.

not be great, and therefore what skills where the salt stand, before or behind? [*Exit.*

K. of Cast. These scholars know more skill in axioms,
How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,
Than for to cover courtly for a king.

Re-enter Miles *with a mess of pottage and broth; and, after him,* Bacon.

Miles. Spill, sir? why, do you think I never carried two-penny chop before in my life? —
By your leave, *nobile decus,*
For here comes Doctor Bacon's *pecus,*
Being in his full age
To carry a mess of pottage.

Bacon. Lordings, admire not if your cheer be this,
For we must keep our academic fare;
No riot where philosophy doth reign:
And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,
And bid them fall unto their frugal cates.

Emp. Presumptuous friar! What, scoff'st thou at a king?
What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasants' fare,
And give us cates fit for country swains? —
Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,
To twit us with a pittance of such price?
Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long.

K. Hen. By Henry's honor, and the royal faith
The English monarch beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleased he entertains you thus.

Bacon. Content thee, Frederick, for I showed these cates,
To let thee see how scholars use to feed;
How little meat refines our English wits. —
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Marry, sir, I will.
This day shall be a festival-day with me;
For I shall exceed in the highest degree. [*Exit.*

Bacon. I tell thee, monarch, all the German peers
Could not afford thy entertainment such,
So royal and so full of majesty,

220. **skills:** signifies. The salt-cellar was set in the middle of the table, with the persons of higher rank above it, the others below. 225. **twopenny chop:** perhaps some sort of hash. 230. **admire:** wonder. 234. **cates:** delicacies.

As Bacon will present to Frederick.
The basest waiter that attends thy cups
Shall be in honors greater than thyself;
And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugs,
Fetched by carvels from Ægypt's richest straits,
Found in the wealthy strand of Africa,
Shall royalize the table of my king;
Wines richer than th' Ægyptian courtesan
Quaffed to Augustus' kingly countermatch,
Shall be caroused in English Henry's feast;
Candy shall yield the richest of her canes;
Persia, down her Volga by canoes,
Send down the secrets of her spicery;
The Afric dates, mirabolans of Spain,
Conserves and suckets from Tiberias,
Cates from Judæa, choicer than the lamp
That firéd Rome with sparks of gluttony,
Shall beautify the board for Frederick:
And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *At Fressingfield.*

Enter two gentlemen, Lambert *and* Serlsby, *with the Keeper.*

Lam. Come, frolic Keeper of our liege's game,
Whose table spread hath ever venison
And jacks of wine to welcome passengers,
Know I'm in love with jolly Margaret,
That overshines our damsels as the moon
Darkeneth the brightest sparkles of the night.
In Laxfield here my land and living lies;
I'll make thy daughter jointer of it all,
So thou consent to give her to my wife;
And I can spend five hundred marks a-year.
Ser. I am the lands-lord, Keeper, of thy holds,
By copy all thy living lies in me;
Laxfield did never see me raise my due;
I will enfeoff fair Margaret in all,
So she will take her to a lusty squire.
Keep. Now, courteous gentles, if the Keeper's girl

258. **drugs:** spices. 259. **carvels:** i.e., caravels, light fast merchant ships. 265. **Candy:** Candia. 266. **Volga:** Greene is as careless in geography as in history and mythology. 268. **mirabolans:** dried plums. 269. **suckets:** "suckers," i.e., candy. 270. **lamp:** perhaps *lamprey*, a variety of eel.
3. **jacks:** pitchers.

Hath pleased the liking fancy of you both,
And with her beauty hath subdued your thoughts,
'Tis doubtful to decide the question.
It joys me that such men of great esteem
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate
To be a wife to meaner men than you.
But sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,
I will, to avoid displeasure of you both,
Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her choice.
Lam. Content, Keeper; send her unto us. [*Exit Keeper.*
Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead,
Are all thy loves so lightly passéd over,
As thou canst wed before the year be out?
Ser. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her;
The grave ends and begins a married state.

Enter Margaret.

Lam. Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,
Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star,
Whose beauty, tempered with her huswifery,
Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield!
Ser. I cannot trick it up with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tale of Phœbus and his loves;
But this believe me, — Laxfield here is mine,
Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a-year,
And if thou canst but love a country squire,
I will enfeoff thee, Margaret, in all.
I cannot flatter; try me, if thou please.
Mar. Brave neighboring squires, the stay of Suffolk's clime,
A keeper's daughter is too base in gree
To match with men accounted of such worth;
But might I not displease, I would reply.
Lam. Say, Peggy; naught shall make us discontent.
Mar. Then, gentles, note that love hath little stay,
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire
Be kindled but by fancy's motion.
Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply
Be doubtful, while I have debated with myself,
Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me like.
Ser. Let it be me; and trust me, Margaret,

24. **fee:** estate. 47. **gree:** degree. 55. **while:** until.

The meads environed with the silver streams,
Whose battling pastures fatten all my flocks,
Yielding forth fleeces stapled with such wool
As Lempster cannot yield more finer stuff,
And forty kine with fair and burnished heads,
With strouting dugs that paggle to the ground,
Shall serve thy dairy, if thou wed with me.
Lam. Let pass the country wealth, as flocks and kine,
And lands that wave with Ceres' golden sheaves,
Filling my barns with plenty of the fields;
But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me,
Thou shalt have garments of embroidered silk,
Lawns, and rich net-works for thy head-attire.
Costly shall be thy fair habiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife.
Mar. Content you, gentles, you have proffered fair,
And more than fits a country maid's degree;
But give me leave to counsel me a time,
For fancy blooms not at the first assault;
Give me but ten days' respite, and I will reply,
Which or to whom myself affectionates.
Ser. Lambert, I tell thee, thou'rt importunate;
Such beauty fits not such a base esquire;
It is for Serlsby to have Margaret.
Lam. Think'st thou with wealth to overreach me?
Serlsby, I scorn to brook thy country braves;
I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong,
At dint of rapier, single in the field.
Ser. I'll answer, Lambert, what I have avouched. —
Margaret, farewell; another time shall serve. [*Exit.*
Lam. I'll follow. — Peggy, farewell to thyself;
Listen how well I'll answer for thy love. [*Exit.*
Mar. How fortune tempers lucky haps with frowns,
And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight!
Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.
Shall I be Helen in my froward fates,
As I am Helen in my matchless hue,
And set rich Suffolk with my face afire?
If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,
The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.
Before the term of ten days be expired,

61. **Lempster:** Leominster, pronounced as in the text. 63. **strouting:** swelling. 63. **paggle:** hang down.

Whenas they look for answer of their loves,
My lord will come to merry Fressingfield,
And end their fancies and their follies both.
Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

Enter a Post *with a letter and a bag of gold.*

Post. Fair lovely damsel, which way leads this path?
How might I post me unto Fressingfield?
Which footpath leadeth to the Keeper's lodge?
Mar. Your way is ready, and this path is right;
Myself do dwell hereby in Fressingfield;
And if the Keeper be the man you seek,
I am his daughter: may I know the cause?
Post. Lovely, and once belovéd of my lord, —
No marvel if his eye was lodged so low,
When brighter beauty is not in the heavens, —
The Lincoln Earl hath sent you letters here,
And, with them, just an hundred pounds in gold.
[*Gives letter and bag.*
Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.
Mar. The scrolls that Jove sent Danaë,
Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnished gold,
Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals,
Lives Lacy well? How fares my lovely lord?
Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.
Mar. (*Reads.*) *The blooms of the almond-tree grow in a night, and vanish in a morn; the flies hæmeræ, fair Peggy, take life with the sun, and die with the dew; fancy that slippeth in with a gaze, goeth out with a wink; and too timely loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as thy grief, and my folly, who at Fressingfield loved that which time hath taught me to be but mean dainties. Eyes are dissemblers, and fancy is but queasy; therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen a Spanish lady to be my wife, chief waiting-woman to the Princess Elinor; a lady fair, and no less fair than thyself, honorable and wealthy. In that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own liking; and for thy dowry I have sent thee an hundred pounds; and ever assure thee of my favor, which shall avail thee and thine much.*
Farewell. *Not thine, nor his own,*
Edward Lacy.

124. **haemerae:** ephemerae. 126. **timely:** premature.

Fond Até, doomer of bad-boding fates,
That wrapp'st proud fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou enchant my birthday with such stars
As lightened mischief from their infancy?
If heavens had vowed, if stars had made decree,
To show on me their froward influence,
If Lacy had but loved, heavens, hell, and all,
Could not have wronged the patience of my mind.
Post. It grieves me, damsel; but the earl is forced
To love the lady by the king's command.
Mar. The wealth combined within the English shelves,
Europe's commander, nor the English king,
Should not have moved the love of Peggy from her lord.
Post. What answer shall I return to my lord?
Mar. First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom I loved, —
Ah, give me leave to sigh at every thought! '
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he sent;
For Margaret's resolution craves no dower.
The world shall be to her as vanity;
Wealth, trash; love, hate; pleasure, despair —
For I will straight to stately Framlingham,
And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,
And yield my loves and liberty to God.
Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news,
For those be hateful unto Margaret,
But for thou'rt Lacy's man, once Margaret's love.
Post. What I have heard, what passions I have seen,
I'll make report of them unto the earl.
Mar. Say that she joys his fancies be at rest,
And prays that his misfortunes may be hers. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

Scene I. *Friar Bacon's cell.*

Friar Bacon *is discovered in his cell, lying on a bed, with a white stick in one hand, a book in the other, and a lamp lighted beside him; and the* Brazen Head, *and* Miles *with weapons by him.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?
Miles. Here, sir.
Bacon. How chance you tarry so long?
Miles. Think you that the watching of the Brazen Head

craves no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I have so armed myself that if all your devils come, I will not fear them an inch.

Bacon. Miles, thou know'st that I have divéd into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of fiends;
That with my magic spells great Belcephon
Hath left his lodge and kneeléd at my cell;
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-formed Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave continent,
When Bacon read upon his magic book.
With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,
I have framed out a monstrous head of brass,
That, by the enchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And girt fair England with a wall of brass.
Bungay and I have watched these threescore days,
And now our vital spirits crave some rest.
If Argus lived, and had his hundred eyes,
They could not over-watch Phobetor's night.
Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:
The honor and renown of all his life
Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God,
That holds the souls of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for ere the morning-star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speak: then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me; for then by magic art I'll work
To end my seven years' task with excellence.
If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,
Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!
Draw close the curtains, Miles: now, for thy life,
Be watchful, and — [*Falls asleep.*

Miles. So; I thought you would talk yourself asleep anon; and 'tis no marvel, for Bungay on the days, and he on the nights, have watched just these ten and fifty days; now this is the night, and 'tis my task, and no more. Now, Jesus bless me, what a goodly head it is! and a nose! you talk of *nos autem glorificare;* but here's a nose that I warrant may be called *nos autem populare* for the people of the parish. Well, I am furnished with weapons; now, sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it as good as a watchman to wake me, if I chance to slumber. I thought, Goodman Head, I would call

you out of your *memento*. Passion o' God, I have almost broke my pate! (*A great noise.*) Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown-bill in your hand; here's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad.

The Brazen Head. Time is!

Miles. Time is! Why, Master Brazen-head, have you such a capital nose, and answer you with syllables, "Time is"? Is this all my master's cunning, to spend seven years' study about "Time is"? Well, sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it anon. Well, I'll watch you as narrowly as ever you were watched, and I'll play with you as the nightingale with the slow-worm; I'll set a prick against my breast. Now rest there, Miles. Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost killed myself! (*A great noise.*) Up, Miles; list how they rumble.

The Brazen Head. Time was!

Miles. Well, Friar Bacon, you have spent your seven-years' study well, that can make your head speak but two words at once, "Time was." Yea, marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen Head. You shall lie while your arse ache, an your head speak no better. Well, I will watch, and walk up and down, and be a peripatetian and a philosopher of Aristotle's stamp. (*A great noise.*) What, a fresh noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles.

The Brazen Head. Time is past!

[*A lightning flashes forth, and a hand appears that breaks down the Head with a hammer.*

Miles. Master, master, up! Hell's broken loose; your head speaks; and there's such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms. Out of your bed, and take a brown-bill in your hand; the latter day is come.

Bacon. Miles, I come. (*Rises and comes forward.*) O, passing warily watched!
Bacon will make thee next himself in love.
When spake the head?

Miles. When spake the head! Did not you say that he should tell strange principles of philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words at a time.

Bacon. Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft! ay, marry, hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.

51. **brown-bill**; a pike with a blade or hook at one end, *brown* because rusty. 60. **prick**: the sharp end of the pike. 69. **while**: until.

Bacon. As how?

Miles. Marry, sir, the first time he said " Time is," as if Fabius Commentator should have pronounced a sentence; the second time he said " Time was "; and the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said, " Time is past."

Bacon. 'Tis past indeed. Ah, villain! time is past.
My life, my fame, my glory, all are past. —
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruined down,
Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust;
Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave
That watched, and would not when the head did will. —
What said the head first?

Miles. Even, sir, " Time is."

Bacon. Villain, if thou hadst called to Bacon then,
If thou hadst watched, and waked the sleepy friar,
The Brazen Head had uttered aphorisms,
And England had been circled round with brass;
But proud Asmenoth, ruler of the north,
And Demogorgon, master of the fates,
Grudge that a mortal man should work so much.
Hell trembled at my deep-commanding spells,
Fiends frowned to see a man their over-match;
Bacon might boast more than a man might boast.
But now the braves of Bacon have an end,
Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end,
His seven years' practice sorteth to ill end:
And, villain, sith my glory hath an end,
I will appoint thee to some fatal end.
Villain, avoid! get thee from Bacon's sight!
Vagrant, go roam and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth!

Miles. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your service?

Bacon. My service, villain! with a fatal curse,
That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee.

Miles. 'Tis no matter, I am against you with the old proverb, — The more the fox is cursed, the better he fares. God be with you, sir. I'll take but a book in my hand, a wide-sleeved gown on my back, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want promotion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,
Until they do transport thee quick to hell;

90. **Commentator:** Miles's mistake for *Cunctator*, Delayer. 112. **braves:** boasts. 114. **sorteth:** comes to. 124. **cursed:** a pun. He means *coursed.*

For Bacon shall have never merry day,
To lose the fame and honor of his head. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *At Court.*

Enter the Emperor, *the* King of Castile, King Henry, Elinor, Prince Edward, Lacy, *and* Ralph Simnell.

Emp. Now, lovely prince, the prime of Albion's wealth,
How fare the Lady Elinor and you?
What, have you courted and found Castile fit
To answer England in equivalence?
Will't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee?

P. Edw. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fettered in fair Helen's looks?
Or Phœbus 'scape those piercing amorets
That Daphne glancéd at his deity?
Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze,
Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down?
Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we gree.

K. Hen. What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?

Elin. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,
And hearing how his mind and shape agreed,
I came not, trooped with all this warlike train,
Doubting of love, but so affectionate
As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain.

K. of Cast. A match, my lord; these wantons needs must love;
Men must have wives, and women will be wed.
Let's haste the day to honor up the rites.

Ralph. Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

K. Hen. Ay, Ralph; how then?

Ralph. Marry, Harry, follow my counsel. Send for Friar Bacon to marry them, for he'll so conjure him and her with his necromancy, that they shall love together like pig and lamb whilst they live.

K. of Cast. But hearest thou, Ralph, art thou content to have Elinor to thy lady?

Ralph. Ay, so she will promise me two things.

K. of Cast. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. That she will never scold with Ned, nor fight with me. — Sirrah Harry, I have put her down with a thing unpossible.

14. **counterfeit:** portrait.

K. Hen. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her hands? No; but when eggpies grow on apple-trees, then will thy gray mare prove a bagpiper.

Emp. What say the Lord of Castile and the Earl of Lincoln, that they are in such earnest and secret talk?

K. of Cast. I stand, my lord, amazéd at his talk,
How he discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnamed, for beauty's excellence,
The Fair Maid of merry Fressingfield.

K. Hen. 'Tis true, my lord, 'tis wondrous for to hear;
Her beauty passing Mars's paramour,
Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.
Lacy and Ned have told me miracles.

K. of Cast. What says Lord Lacy? Shall she be his wife?

Lacy. Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live. —
May it please your highness give me leave to post
To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,
And prove, in true appearance at the court,
What I have vouchéd often with my tongue.

K. Hen. Lacy, go to the 'querry of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn;
Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the lass;
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the Lady Elinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.

Elin. We Castile ladies are not very coy;
Your highness may command a greater boon;
And glad were I to grace the Lincoln Earl
With being partner of his marriage-day.

P. Edw. Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the lord,
As he that's second to thyself in love.

Ralph. You love her? — Madame Nell, never believe him you, though he swears he loves you.

Elin. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, his love is like unto a tapster's glass that is broken with every touch; for he loved the fair maid of Fressingfield once out of all ho. — Nay, Ned, never wink upon me; I care not, I.

K. Hen. Ralph tells all; you shall have a good secretary of him. —
But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressingfield;

74. **ho**: out of measure.

For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,
The solemn marriage-day will be at hand.
Lacy. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
Emp. How shall we pass this day, my lord?
K. Hen. To horse, my lord; the day is passing fair,
We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer.
Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. Friar Bacon's *cell.*

Enter, to Friar Bacon *in his cell,* Friar Bungay.

Bun. What means the friar that frolicked it of late,
To sit as melancholy in his cell
As if he had neither lost nor won today?
Bacon. Ah, Bungay, my Brazen Head is spoiled,
My glory gone, my seven years' study lost!
The fame of Bacon, bruited through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deep disgrace.
Bun. Bacon hath built foundation of his fame
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncouth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserves.
Bacon. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective skill
I find this day shall fall out ominous;
Some deadly act shall 'tide me ere I sleep;
But what and wherein little can I guess.
Bun. My mind is heavy, whatsoe'er shall hap.
[*Knocking within.*
Bacon. Who's that knocks?
Bun. Two scholars that desire to speak with you.
Bacon. Bid them come in.

Enter Two Scholars, *sons to* Lambert *and* Serlsby.

Now, my youths, what would you have?
First Schol. Sir, we are Suffolk-men and neighboring friends;
Our fathers in their countries lusty squires;
Their lands adjoin; in Cratfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are college-mates,
Sworn brothers, as our fathers live as friends.
Bacon. To what end is all this?

6. **bruited:** noised. 14. **'tide:** happen to.

Second Schol. Hearing your worship kept within your cell
A glass prospective, wherein men might see
Whatso their thoughts or hearts' desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.
Bacon. My glass is free for every honest man.
Sit down, and you shall see ere long, how
Or in what state your friendly fathers live.
Meanwhile, tell me your names.
First Schol. Mine Lambert.
Second Schol. And mine Serlsby.
Bacon. Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedy.

Enter LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY *with rapiers and daggers.*

Lam. Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like a man;
Thou'rt worthy of the title of a squire,
That durst, for proof of thy affection
And for thy mistress' favor, prize thy blood.
Thou know'st what words did pass at Fressingfield,
Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook.
Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,
Prepare thee, Serlsby; one of us will die.
Ser. Thou see'st I single meet thee in the field,
And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword.
Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.
An if thou kill me, think I have a son,
That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates-hall,
Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.
Lam. And, Serlsby, I have there a lusty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with thy son,
And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine.
But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout.
Bacon. Now, lusty younkers, look within the glass,
And tell me if you can discern your sires.
First Schol. Serlsby, 'tis hard; thy father offers wrong,
To combat with my father in the field.
Second Schol. Lambert, thou liest, my father's is th' abuse,
And thou shalt find it, if my father harm.
Bun. How goes it, sirs?
First Schol. Our fathers are in combat hard by Fressingfield.
Bacon. Sit still, my friends, and see the event.
Lam. Why stand'st thou, Serlsby? Doubt'st thou of thy life?

41. **prize**: risk in fight.

A veney, man! fair Margaret craves so much.
Ser. Then this for her.
First Schol. Ah, well thrust!
Second Schol. But mark the ward.
[*Lambert and Serlsby stab each other.*
Lam. O, I am slain! [*Dies.*
Ser. And I, — Lord have mercy on me! [*Dies.*
First Schol. My father slain! — Serlsby, ward that.
Second Schol. And so is mine! — Lambert, I'll 'quite thee well.
[*The two Scholars stab each other, and die.*
Bun. O strange strategem!
Bacon. See, friar, where the fathers both lie dead! —
Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre.
This glass prospective worketh many woes;
And therefore seeing these brave lusty Brutes,
These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,
End all thy magic and thine art at once.
The poniard that did end their fatal lives,
Shall break the cause efficiat of their woes.
So fade the glass, and end with it the shows
That necromancy did infuse the crystal with.
[*Breaks the glass.*
Bun. What means learned Bacon thus to break his glass?
Bacon. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore
That ever Bacon meddled in this art.
The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,
The fearful tossing in the latest night
Of papers full of necromantic charms,
Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends,
With stole and alb and strong pentageron;
The wresting of the holy name of God,
As Sother, Eloim, and Adonai,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,
With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,
Are instances that Bacon must be damned
For using devils to countervail his God. —
Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair;
Sins have their salves, repentance can do much.
Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,
And from those wounds those bloody Jews did pierce,
Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh,

68. **veney:** bout. 78. **fathers:** This should no doubt be "scholars." 81. **Brutes:** probably "Britons" or "braves." 84. **fatal:** fated, doomed. 85. **efficiat:** efficient.

From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire,
And make thee as a new-born babe from sin.
Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God
That he would save what Bacon vainly lost. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

Scene I. *At Fressingfield.*

Enter Margaret *in nun's apparel, the* Keeper, *and their* Friend.

Keeper. Margaret, be not so headstrong in these vows;
O, bury not such beauty in a cell,
That England hath held famous for the hue!
Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms
That beautify the shrubs of Africa,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forego his lovely Margaret.

Mar. Ah, father, when the harmony of heaven
Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vain illusions of this flattering world
Seem odious to the thoughts of Margaret.
I lovéd once, — Lord Lacy was my love,
And now I hate myself for that I loved,
And doted more on him than on my God,
For this I scourge myself with sharp repents.
But now the touch of such aspiring sins
Tells me all love is lust but love of heavens;
That beauty used for love is vanity.
The world contains naught but alluring baits,
Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts.
To shun the pricks of death, I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,
To live in Framlingham a holy nun,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed;
And for to wish all maids to learn of me
To seek heaven's joy before earth's vanity.

Friend. And will you, then, Margaret, be shorn a nun, and so leave us all?

Mar. Now farewell world, the engine of all woe!
Farewell to friends and father! Welcome Christ!

112. **save:** Contrast the fate of Bacon with that of Dr. Faustus.

Adieu to dainty robes! This base attire
Better befits an humble mind to God
Than all the show of rich habiliments.
Farewell, O love! and, with fond love, farewell
Sweet Lacy, whom I lovéd once so dear!
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love:
But even to that, as to the rest, farewell!

Enter Lacy, Warren, *and* Ermsby, *booted and spurred.*

Lacy. Come on, my wags, we're near the Keeper's lodge.
Here have I oft walked in the watery meads,
And chatted with my lovely Margaret.
War. Sirrah Ned, is not this the Keeper?
Lacy. 'Tis the same.
Erms. The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton to him; a nun, my lord.
Lacy. Keeper, how far'st thou? Holla, man, what cheer?
How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?
Keeper. Ah, good my lord! O, woe is me for Peggy!
See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,
Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham;
She leaves the world because she left your love.
O, good my lord, persuade her if you can!
Lacy. Why, how now, Margaret! what, a malcontent?
A nun? What holy father taught you this,
To task yourself to such a tedious life
As die a maid? 'Twere injury to me,
To smother up such beauty in a cell.
Mar. Lord Lacy, thinking of my former 'miss,
How fond the prime of wanton years were spent
In love (O, fie upon that fond conceit,
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!),
I leave both love and love's content at once,
Betaking me to Him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of Him.
Lacy. Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis?
What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with coursers to convey thee hence
To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept!
Thy wedding-robes are in the tailor's hands.
Come, Peggy, leave these peremptory vows.

44. **mutton:** slang for lewd woman. 58. **'miss:** amiss, i.e., fault. 59. **fond:** foolishly.

Mar. Did not my lord resign his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?
Lacy. 'Twas but to try sweet Peggy's constancy.
But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord?
Mar. Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss,
And life above sweeter than life in love?
Lacy. Why, then, Margaret will be shorn a nun?
Mar. Margaret hath made a vow which may not be revoked.
War. We cannot stay, my lord; an if she be so strict,
Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh.
Erms. Choose you, fair damsel, yet the choice is yours, —
Either a solemn nunnery or the court,
God or Lord Lacy. Which contents you best,
To be a nun or else Lord Lacy's wife?
Lacy. A good motion. — Peggy, your answer must be short. [85
Mar. The flesh is frail; my lord doth know it well
That when he comes with his enchanting face,
Whate'er betide, I cannot say him nay.
Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,
And, seeing fortune will, fair Framlingham,
And all the show of holy nuns, farewell!
Lacy for me, if he will be my lord.
Lacy. Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king
Stays for to marry matchless Elinor,
Until I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee. —
How say'st thou, Keeper? Art thou glad of this?
Keep. As if the English king had given
The park and deer of Fressingfield to me.
Erms. I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why art thou in a brown study?
War. To see the nature of women; that be they never so near
God, yet they love to die in a man's arms.
Lacy. What have you fit for breakfast? We have hied
And posted all this night to Fressingfield.
Mar. Butter and cheese, and umbles of a deer,
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.
Lacy. And not a bottle of wine?
Mar. We'll find one for my lord.
Lacy. Come, Sussex, let us in; we shall have more,
For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure. [*Exeunt.*

109. **umbles:** inward parts.

Scene II. Friar Bacon's *cell.*

Enter a Devil, *to seek* Miles.

Devil. How restless are the ghosts of hellish spirits,
When every charmer with his magic spells
Calls us from nine-fold-trenchéd Phlegethon,
To scud and over-scour the earth in post
Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds!
Now Bacon hath raised me from the darkest deep,
To search about the world for Miles his man,
For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones
For careless watching of his Brazen Head.
See where he comes. O, he is mine.

Enter Miles *in a gown and a corner-cap.*

Miles. A scholar, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I had been a bottle-maker when I was made a scholar; for I can get neither to be a deacon, reader, nor schoolmaster, no, not the clerk of a parish. Some call me a dunce; another saith, my head is as full of Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal. Thus I am tormented, that the devil and Friar Bacon haunt me. — Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils! I'll go speak to him. — What, master Plutus, how cheer you?

Dev. Dost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! Why, are not you one of my master's devils, that were wont to come to my master, Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

Dev. Yes, marry, am I.

Miles. Good Lord, Master Plutus, I have seen you a thousand times at my master's, and yet I had never the manners to make you drink. But, sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute. — I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see; mark you, masters, here's a plain, honest man, without welt or guard. — But I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hell?

Dev. Ay, marry; how then?

Miles. Faith, 'tis a place I have desired long to see. Have you not good tippling-houses there? May not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, a pair of cards, a swinging piece of chalk, and a brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drink?

13. **reader,** i.e., in the church. 29. **welt or guard:** facings, trimmings. 34. **pair:** pack. 35. **chalk:** with which to keep the drink account. 35. **white waistcoat:** foam.

Dev. All this you may have there.

Miles. You are for me, friend, and I am for you. But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Dev. Yes, a thousand. What wouldst thou be?

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit myself. I know hell is a hot place, and men are marvelous dry, and much drink is spent there; I would be a tapster.

Dev. Thou shalt.

Miles. There's nothing lets me from going with you, but that 'tis a long journey, and I have never a horse.

Dev. Thou shalt ride on my back.

Miles. Now surely here's a courteous devil, that, for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of himself. — But I pray you, goodman friend, let me move a question to you.

Dev. What's that?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Dev. An amble.

Miles. 'Tis well; but take heed it be not a trot: but 'tis no matter, I'll prevent it. [*Puts on spurs.*

Dev. What dost?

Miles. Marry, friend, I put on my spurs; for if I find your pace either a trot or else uneasy, I'll put you to a false gallop; I'll make you feel the benefit of my spurs.

Dev. Get up upon my back.

[*Miles mounts on the Devil's back.*

Miles. O Lord, here's even a goodly marvel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back! [*Exeunt, the Devil roaring.*

Scene III. *At Court.*

Enter the Emperor *with a pointless sword; next the* King of Castile *carrying a sword with a point;* Lacy *carrying the globe;* Prince Edward; Warren *carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it;* Ermsby *with a crown and scepter;* Princess Elinor *with* Margaret, *Countess of Lincoln, on her left hand;* King Henry; Bacon; *and* Lords *attending.*

P. Edw. Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,
Think that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And, for these favors, on his martial sword

45. **lets:** prevents.

Stage direction: The pointless sword for mercy, the pointed for justice, and the rod of gold for equity.

He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,
Yielding these honors unto Elinor.
K. Hen. Gramercies, lordings; old Plantagenet,
That rules and sways the Albion diadem,
With tears discovers these conceivéd joys,
And vows requital, if his men-at-arms,
The wealth of England, or due honors done
To Elinor, may 'quite his favorites.
But all this while what say you to the dames
That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven?
Emp. If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpass those gorgeous images
That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.
Mar. 'Tis I, my lords, who humbly on my knee
Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove
For lifting up his handmaid to this state;
Brought from her homely cottage to the court,
And graced with kings, princes, and emperors,
To whom (next to the noble Lincoln Earl)
I vow obedience, and such humble love
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.
P. Elin. Thou martial man that wears the Almain crown,
And you the western potentates of might,
The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,
Fair Margaret, Countess to the Lincoln Earl,
Attends on Elinor, — gramercies, lord, for her, —
'Tis I give thanks for Margaret to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to yourselves.
K. Hen. Seeing the marriage is solémnizéd,
Let's march in triumph to the royal feast. —
But why stands Friar Bacon here so mute?
Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That magic's secret mysteries misled,
And joyful that this royal marriage
Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm.
K. Hen. Why, Bacon,
What strange event shall happen to this land?
Or what shall grow from Edward and his queen?
Bacon. I find by deep prescience of mine art,

9. **requital:** compensation. 14. **third:** The three were Minerva, Juno, and Venus. 43. **find:** The rest of the play is one of those compliments to Queen Elizabeth so often found in the plays of the period.

Which once I tempered in my secret cell,
That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,
From forth the royal garden of a king
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,
Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus' flower,
And over-shadow Albion with her leaves.
Till then Mars shall be master of the field,
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease;
The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,
Drums shall be turned to timbrels of delight;
With wealthy favors plenty shall enrich
The strand that gladded wandering Brute to see,
And peace from heaven shall harbor in these leaves
That gorgeous beautify this matchless flower;
Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop,
And Venus' hyacinth shall vail her top;
Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,
And Pallas' bay shall 'bash her brightest green;
Ceres' carnation, in consort with those,
Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.
K. Hen. This prophecy is mystical. —
But, glorious commanders of Europa's love,
That make fair England like that wealthy isle
Circled with Gihon and swift Euphrates,
In royalizing Henry's Albion
With presence of your princely mightiness, —
Let's march: the tables all are spread,
And viands, such as England's wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the boards.
You shall have welcome, mighty potentates;
It rests to furnish up this royal feast,
Only your hearts be frolic; for the time
Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance.
Thus glories England over all the west. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

58. **heliotropion:** heliotrope, an ancient astronomical instrument. 59. **vail:** lower. 67. **Euphrates:** Paradise was supposed to have been "circled" by four rivers, of which the Euphrates was one. ***Omme tulit*, etc.:** Greene's favorite motto.

NOTE

Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay is one of a group of Elizabethan plays that followed in the wake of the success of Marlowe's *Faustus,* produced in 1588, the year before Greene's play. Stories involving the supernatural had become almost a fad, and the dramatists were not slow in capitalizing it. The devil scenes and the practice of black magic in *Faustus* took immediate hold with audiences. Marlowe drew his material from the translation of the German *Faustbuch,* the story of which was tragic; Greene used an English work, *The Famous History of Friar Bacon,* based upon the exploits, real and imaginary, of the famous Roger Bacon. It was not tragic. Marlowe's play remained German and tragic; Greene's was essentially English, and a comedy. A number of parallels might be drawn between these two plays, but they would in no way imply that Greene borrowed more than the original idea of writing a play containing magic. Most of the similarities are inherent in the source books which they used.

The title of this play indicates that Greene meant the Bacon scenes, with their magic, to constitute the main plot. Whether the Elizabethan audiences followed him in that is not known, but there can be no doubt in the mind of the reader today. The only part of the story that holds him is the story of Lacy and "the Fair Maid of Fressingfield," a part of the story that Greene almost entirely drew from his own imagination. This sub-plot is really a beautiful pastoral, the story of which is universal in its attractiveness. A princely suitor for dishonorable love, his wooing by proxy through the gallant Lacy, the immediate love between the proxy and the fair Margaret, the happy outcome of that love — what more is needed? The country scenes are exceptionally well done, with their pictures of rustic English life forming an admirable setting for a love so romantic as that between Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, and Margaret, the daughter of an English farmer.

Greene was the first of the Elizabethan dramatists to create a feminine character so charming as that of Margaret, and his ability to do this was part of his own genius. There were no originals to copy, and Shakespeare alone was destined to equal his unhappy contemporary in this particular. In a sense, it is regrettable that Greene did not confine himself solely to a development of what he considered his minor motive, but he had audiences to think of, and probably a manager or producer. They wanted not only comedy, they wanted comic scenes, and that suggests the difference between the real play as we see it, and its technical main plot.

No doubt there is something comic in having a friar dallying with forbidden things, like magic, even though white magic, like that of Bacon. Marlowe has Faustus gleefully order Mephistophilis to change his devil shape into that of a Franciscan friar. Likewise, there is genuine fun in Bacon having the German Vandermast conveyed home on the back of the figure of Hercules, and much more in Miles's gay journey to hell on the back of an accommodating devil. But the thing that really mattered in the Bacon scenes was that an English conjurer overcame a foreigner at his own game, for so soon after the Armada nationalism ran high in England, and audiences no doubt found their dramatic climax at the

moment when Bacon conjured Vandermast to a standstill, made him acknowledge defeat, and had Hercules nonchalantly transport him.

The second love story leaves the reader cold, at least the American reader, who is not much interested in political matches. Nor can he forget the erstwhile character of the Prince and his dirty attempt to seduce the lovable Maid of Fressingfield. Greene, in the manner of the early plays, totally disregarded history, for neither the German Emperor nor the King of Castile ever visited England, and the character of the Prince, as here portrayed, had no reality in fact.

The low comedy scenes are somewhat better. Ralph, the King's Fool, moves in the same sphere as that of Shakespeare's clowns. Miles, the stupidly arrogant assistant to Bacon, is one of those gulls in whom the Elizabethan audiences delighted. He really provides the best fun in the play. The episode of the Brazen Head would be more dull than it is but for him, and his manner of final exit has already been mentioned. Readers of this volume should contrast him with Wagner in *Doctor Faustus*. Wagner is a clod; Miles is vividly human.

While the audiences of the day did not balk at stark tragedy, sufficiently proved by the favor accorded *Doctor Faustus,* they no doubt also liked to see the way Bacon laid aside his magic, like Prospero in *The Tempest*. The ending of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* seems tame compared to the dramatic fate of Faustus, but artistically both plays end properly.

The standard edition of Greene is that of Collins, 2 vols., Oxford University Press, 1905.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

By Thomas Kyd

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Ghost of Andrea, a Spanish nobleman, Revenge. } Chorus.

King of Spain.
Cyprian, Duke of Castile, his brother.
Lorenzo, the Duke's son.
Bel-imperia, Lorenzo's sister.

Viceroy of Portugal.
Balthazar, his son.
Don Pedro, the Viceroy's brother.

Hieronimo, Marshal of Spain.
Isabella, his wife.
Horatio, their son.

Spanish General.
Deputy.
Don Bazulto, an old man.
Three Citizens.

Portuguese Ambassador.

Alexandro, Villuppo, } Portuguese Noblemen.
Two Portuguese.

Pedringano, Bel-imperia's servant.
Christophil, Bel-imperia's custodian.
Lorenzo's Page.
Serberine, Balthazar's servant.
Isabella's Maid.
Messenger.
Hangman.
Three Kings and three Knights in the first Dumb-show.
Hymen and two torch-bearers in the second.

Bazardo, a Painter.
Pedro and Jaques, Hieronimo's servants.

Army, Royal suites, Noblemen, Halberdiers, Officers, Three Watchmen, Servants, etc.

ACT I

Scene I. *Induction.*

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, *and with him* Revenge.

Ghost. When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court.
My name was Don Andrea; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth.
For there in prime and pride of all my years,
By duteous service and deserving love,

In secret I possessed a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet Bel-imperia by name.
But, in the harvest of my summer joys,
Death's winter nipped the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.
For in the late conflict with Portingal
My valor drew me into danger's mouth
Till life to death made passage through my wounds.
When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron;
But churlish Charon, only boatman there,
Said that, my rites of burial not performed,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,
And slaked his smoking chariot in her flood,
By Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
My funerals and obsequies were done.
Then was the ferryman of hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strand,
That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves.
There, pleasing Cerberus with honeyed speech,
I passed the perils of the foremost porch.
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
Sat Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanth;
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
To crave a passport for my wandering ghost,
But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
" This knight," quoth he, " both lived and died in love;
And for his love tried fortune of the wars;
And by war's fortune lost both love and life."
" Why then," said Aeacus, " convey him hence,
To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
And spend the course of everlasting time
Under green myrtle-trees and cypress shades."
" No, no," said Rhadamanth, " it were not well,
With loving souls to place a martialist.
He died in war, and must to martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain."
Then Minos, mildest censor of the three,
Made this device to end the difference:
" Send him," quoth he, " to our infernal king,
To doom him as best seems his majesty."

To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
In keeping on my way to Pluto's court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side
Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields,
Where lovers live and bloody martialists;
But either sort contained within his bounds.
The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,
Where bloody Furies shake their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
Where usurers are choked with melting gold,
And wantons are embraced with ugly snakes,
And murderers groan with never-killing wounds,
And perjured wights scalded in boiling lead,
And all foul sins with torments overwhelmed.
'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant.
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I showed my passport, humbled on my knee;
Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
And begged that only she might give my doom.
Pluto was pleased, and sealed it with a kiss.
Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th' ear,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of horn,
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke, but we were here —
I wot not how — in twinkling of an eye.
Revenge. Then know, Andrea, that thou art arrived
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingal,
Deprived of life by Bel-imperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

81. **rounded:** whispered.

Scene II. *The Court of Spain.*

Enter Spanish King, General, Castile, *and* Hieronimo.

King. Now say, lord General, how fares our camp?
Gen. All well, my sovereign liege, except some few
That are deceased by fortune of the war.
King. But what portends thy cheerful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory?
Gen. Victory, my liege, and that with little loss.
King. Our Portingals will pay us tribute then?
Gen. Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.
King. Then blessed be heaven and guider of the heavens,
From whose fair influence such justice flows.
Cast. O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,
Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt; recti soror est victoria juris.
King. Thanks to my loving brother of Castile.
But, General, unfold in brief discourse
Your form of battle and your war's success,
That, adding all the pleasure of thy news
Unto the height of former happiness,
With deeper wage and greater dignity
We may reward thy blissful chivalry.
Gen. Where Spain and Portingal do jointly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,
There met our armies in their proud array;
Both furnished well, both full of hope and fear,
Both menacing alike with daring shows,
Both vaunting sundry colors of device,
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,
Both raising dreadful clamors to the sky,
That valleys, hills, and rivers made rebound,
And heaven itself was frighted with the sound.
Our battles both were pitched in squadron form,
Each corner strongly fenced with wings of shot;
But ere we joined and came to push of pike,
I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
From out our rearward, to begin the fight;
They brought another wing t' encounter us.

12. ***O multum*, etc.:** The copious Latin throughout this play has no special significance and the reader can safely neglect it.

Meanwhile, our ordnance played on either side,
And captains strove to have their valors tried.
Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel,
Did with his cornet bravely make attempt
To break the order of our battle ranks;
But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
Marched forth against him with our musketeers,
And stopped the malice of his fell approach.
While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows,
Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,
When, roaring loud, and with a swelling tide,
It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks,
And gapes to swallow neighbor-bounding lands.
Now while Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
And shivered lances dark the troubled air.
Pede pes et cuspide cuspis;
Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.
On every side drop captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maimed, some slain outright;
Here falls a body sundered from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
Mingled with weapons and unboweled steeds,
That scattering overspread the purple plain.
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclined;
Till Don Andrea, with his brave lanciers,
In their main battle made so great a breach,
That, half dismayed, the multitude retired;
But Balthazar, the Portingals' young prince,
Brought rescue, and encouraged them to stay.
Here-hence the fight was eagerly renewed,
And in that conflict was Andrea slain;
Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar.
Yet while the prince, insulting over him,
Breathed out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and hardy valor joined in one,
Pricked forth Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
To challenge forth that prince in single fight.
Not long between these twain the fight endured,
But straight the prince was beaten from his horse,

41. **cornet:** troop of cavalry. 58. **ill-maimed:** badly wounded. 76. **Pricked:** rode.

And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe.
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our carbines pursued them to the death,
Till, Phœbus waving to the western deep,
Our trumpeters were charged to sound retreat.
King. Thanks, good lord General, for these good news;
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.
[*Gives him his chain.*
But tell me now, hast thou confirmed a peace?
Gen. No peace, my liege, but peace conditional,
That if with homage tribute be well paid,
The fury of your forces will be stayed;
And to this peace their viceroy hath subscribed,
[*Gives the King a paper.*
And made a solemn vow that, during life,
His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.
King. These words, these deeds, become thy person well.
But now, knight marshal, frolic with thy king,
For 'tis thy son that wins this battle's prize.
Hier. Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,
And soon decay, unless he serve my liege.
King. Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward.
[*A tucket afar off.*
What means the warning of this trumpet's sound?
Gen. This tells me that your grace's men of war,
Such as war's fortune hath reserved from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your majesty;
For so I gave in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appear
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe returned, and by their foes enriched.

The Army enters; Balthazar, *between* Lorenzo *and* Horatio, *captive.*

King. A gladsome sight! I long to see them here.
[*They enter and pass by.*
Was that the warlike prince of Portingal,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?
Gen. It was, my liege, the prince of Portingal.

83. **waving:** descending. 96. **frolic:** rejoice.

King. But what was he that on the other side
Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize?
Hier. That was my son, my gracious sovereign;
Of whom though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleased his father's eyes till now,
Nor filled my heart with over-cloying joys.
King. Go, let them march once more about these walls,
That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.
[*Exit Messenger.*
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
That in our victory thou have a share,
By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit. [*Enter again.*
Bring hither the young prince of Portingal;
The rest march on; but, ere they be dismissed,
We will bestow on every soldier
Two ducats, and on every leader ten,
That they may know our largess welcomes them.
[*Exeunt all but the King, Balthazar, Lorenzo, and Horatio.*
Welcome, Don Balthazar! welcome, nephew!
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.
Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honorable.
Bal. The trespass that my father made in peace
Is now controlled by fortune of the wars;
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so.
His men are slain, a weakening to his realm;
His colors seized, a blot unto his name;
His son distressed, a cor'sive to his heart:
These punishments may clear his late offence.
King. Ay, Balthazar, if he observe this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars.
Meanwhile live thou, though not in liberty,
Yet free from bearing any servile yoke;
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thyself art gracious.
Bal. And I shall study to deserve this grace.
King. But tell me — for their holding makes me doubt —
To which of these twain art thou prisoner?

130. **ducat:** Gold ducats were worth about $2.30 and silver half of that.
143. **cor'sive:** corrosive.

Lor. To me, my liege.
Hor. To me, my sovereign.
Lor. This hand first took his courser by the reins.
Hor. But first my lance did put him from his horse.
Lor. I seized his weapon, and enjoyed it first.
Hor. But first I forced him lay his weapons down.
King. Let go his arm, upon our privilege.
[*They let him go.*
Say, worthy prince, to whether did'st thou yield?
Bal. To him in courtesy, to this perforce;
He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes;
He promised life, this other threatened death;
He won my love, this other conquered me,
And, truth to say, I yield myself to both.
Hier. But that I know your grace for just and wise,
And might seem partial in this difference,
Enforced by nature and by law of arms,
My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right.
He hunted well that was a lion's death,
Not he that in a garment wore his skin;
So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.
King. Content thee, marshal, thou shalt have no wrong;
And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doom?
Lor. I crave no better than your grace awards.
Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.
King. Then, by my judgment, thus your strife shall end:
You both deserve, and both shall have reward.
Nephew, thou took'st his weapon and his horse:
His weapons and his horse are thy reward.
Horatio, thou did'st force him first to yield:
His ransom therefore is thy valor's fee;
Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.
But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest;
Horatio's house were small for all his train.
Yet, in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that just guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yield the armor of the prince.
How likes Don Balthazar of this device?
Bal. Right well, my liege, if this proviso were,
That Don Horatio bear us company,
Whom I admire and love for chilvary.

160. **whether:** which one of the two. 175. **censure:** judgment.

King. Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so. —
Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Court of Portugal.*

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Vic. Is our ambassador despatched for Spain?
Alex. Two days, my liege, are past since his depart.
Vic. And tribute-payment gone along with him?
Alex. Ay, my good lord.
Vic. Then rest we here awhile in our unrest,
And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs;
For deepest cares break never into tears.
But wherefore sit I in a regal throne?
This better fits a wretch's endless moan.
[*Falls to the ground.*
Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach,
And therefore better than my state deserves.
Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy,
Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery.
Here let me lie; now am I at the lowest.
Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:
Nil superest ut jam possit obesse magis.
Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my crown:
Here, take it now; — let Fortune do her worst,
She will not rob me of this sable weed.
O no, she envies none but pleasant things.
Such is the folly of despiteful chance!
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts;
So is she deaf, and hears not my laments;
And could she hear, yet is she wilful-mad,
And therefore will not pity my distress.
Suppose that she could pity me, what then?
What help can be expected at her hands
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,
And mind more mutable than fickle winds?
Why wail I, then, where's hope of no redress?
O yes, complaining makes my grief seem less.
My late ambition hath distained my faith;

9. *Stage direction,* **falls to the ground:** a common device in the old drama to express emotion. 33. **distained:** tarnished.

My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
Those bloody wars have spent my treasure;
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best beloved,
My best beloved, my sweet and only son.
O, wherefore went I not to war myself?
The cause was mine; I might have died for both.
My years were mellow, his but young and green;
My death were natural, but his was forced.
Alex. No doubt, my liege, but still the prince survives.
Vic. Survives! Ay, where?
Alex. In Spain — a prisoner by mischance of war.
Vic. Then they have slain him for his father's fault.
Alex. That were a breach to common law of arms.
Vic. They reck no laws that meditate revenge.
Alex. His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.
Vic. No; if he lived, the news would soon be here.
Alex. Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.
Vic. Tell me no more of news; for he is dead.
Vil. My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,
And I'll bewray the fortune of thy son.
Vic. Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be.
Mine ear is ready to receive ill news;
My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.
Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.
Vil. Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen.
When both the armies were in battle joined,
Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,
To win renown did wondrous feats of arms.
Amongst the rest I saw him, hand to hand,
In single fight with their lord-general;
Till Alexandro, that here counterfeits,
Under the color of a duteous friend,
Discharged his pistol at the prince's back
As though he would have slain their general;
But therewithal Don Balthazar fell down;
And when he fell, then we began to fly;
But, had he lived, the day had sure been ours.
Alex. O wicked forgery! O traitorous miscreant!
Vic. Hold thou thy peace! But now, Villuppo, say
Where then became the carcass of my son?
Vil. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.
Vic. Ay, ay, my nightly dreams have told me this.

54. **bewray:** reveal. 74. **where then became:** what then became of.

Thou false, unkind, unthankful, traitorous beast,
Wherein had Balthazar offended thee
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Was't Spanish gold that blearéd so thine eyes
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchance, because thou art Terceira's lord,
Thou hadst some hope to wear this diadem,
If first my son and then myself were slain;
But thy ambitious thought shall break thy neck.
Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood:
[*Takes the crown and puts it on again.*
But I'll now wear it till thy blood be spilt.
Alex. Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to hear me speak.
Vic. Away with him! His sight is second hell.
[*Alexandro is taken out.*
Keep him till we determine of his death;
If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.
Villuppo, follow us for thy reward. [*Exit Viceroy.*
Vil. Thus have I with an envious, forgéd tale
Deceived the king, betrayed mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villainy. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *The Court of Spain.*

Enter Horatio *and* Bel-imperia.

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour,
Wherein I must entreat thee to relate
The circumstance of Don Andrea's death,
Who, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.
Hor. For love of him and service to yourself,
I nill refuse this heavy doleful charge;
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoined in fight,
Your worthy chevalier amidst the thickest,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
Encountered hand to hand. Their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamors menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,

82. **Terceira:** one of the Azores.
7. **nill:** ne will, will not.

Envying at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth.
She, she herself, disguised in armor's mask —
As Pallas was before proud Pergamus —
Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers,
Which paunched his horse, and dinged him to the ground.
Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his halberdiers begun,
And left not, till Andrea's life was done.
Then, though too late, incensed with just remorse,
I with my band set forth against the prince,
And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers.
Bel. Would thou hadst slain him that so slew my love!
But then was Don Andrea's carcass lost?
Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stepped I back till I recovered him:
I took him up, and wound him in mine arms;
And wielding him unto my private tent,
There laid him down, and dewed him with my tears,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrow, sighs, nor tears
Could win pale Death from his usurpéd right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do:
I saw him honored with due funeral.
This scarf I plucked from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.
Bel. I know the scarf: would he had kept it still!
For had he lived, he would have kept it still,
And worn it for his Bel-imperia's sake;
For 'twas my favor at his last depart.
But now wear thou it both for him and me;
For after him thou hast deserved it best.
But for thy kindness in his life and death,
Be sure, while Bel-imperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.
Hor. And, madam, Don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Bel-imperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince;
For so the duke, your father, gave me charge.
Bel. Ay, go, Horatio, leave me here alone;

22. **paunched:** disemboweled. 22. **dinged:** threw violently. 27. **remorse:** distress. 35. **wielding:** carrying.

For solitude best fits my cheerless mood. [*Exit Hor.*
Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death,
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not loved Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbor in my breast,
Till I revenge the death of my beloved?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge!
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the prince that wrought his end;
And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favor at my hands,
He shall, in rigor of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murderous deed.
For what was't else but murderous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honor in the fight?
And here he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Balthazar.

Lor. Sister, what means this melancholy walk?
Bel. That for a while I wish no company.
Lor. But here the prince is come to visit you.
Bel. That argues that he lives in liberty.
Bal. No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.
Bel. Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.
Bal. Ay, by conceit my freedom is enthralled.
Bel. Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.
Bal. What, if conceit have laid my heart to gage?
Bel. Pay that you borrowed, and recover it.
Bal. I die, if it return from whence it lies.
Bel. A heartless man, and live? A miracle!
Bal. Ay, lady, love can work such miracles.
Lor. Tush, tush, my lord! let go these ambages,
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.
Bel. What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?
Bal. Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,
In whose fair answer lies my remedy;
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend;
On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower;
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodged.

82. **conceit:** fancy. 90. **ambages:** roundabout phrases.

Bel. Alas, my lord, these are but words of course,
And but device to drive me from this place.
[*She, in going in, lets fall her glove, which Horatio, coming out, takes up.*
Hor. Madam, your glove.
Bel. Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy pains.
Bal. Signior Horatio stooped in happy time!
Hor. I reaped more grace than I deserved or hoped.
Lor. My lord, be not dismayed for what is past;
You know that women oft are humorous;
These clouds will overblow with little wind;
Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself.
Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time
In some delightful sports and reveling.
Hor. The king, my lords, is coming hither straight,
To feast the Portingal ambassador;
Things were in readiness before I came.
Bal. Then here it fits us to attend the king,
To welcome hither our ambassador,
And learn my father and my country's health.

Scene V. *The Court of Spain.*

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the King, *and* Ambassador.

King. See, lord Ambassador, how Spain entreats
Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroy's son.
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.
Amb. Sad is our king, and Portingal laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain.
Bal. So am I! — slain by beauty's tyranny.
You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain:
I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,
Wrapped every hour in pleasures of the court,
And graced with favors of his majesty.
King. Put off your greetings, till our feast be done;
Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer.
[*Sit to the banquet.*
Sit down, young prince, you are our second guest;
Brother, sit down; and, nephew, take your place.
Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup;

98. **words of course:** i.e., formal. 105. **humorous:** capricious.
1. **entreats:** treats. 4. **laments:** grieves.

For well thou hast deservéd to be honored.
Now, lordings, fall to; Spain is Portugal,
And Portugal is Spain: we both are friends;
Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.
But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal?
He promised us, in honor of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.

Enter Hieronimo *with a drum, three knights, each his scutcheon; then he fetches three kings; they take their crowns and them captive.*

Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye,
Although I sound not well the mystery.
Hier. The first armed knight, that hung his scutcheon up, [*He takes the scutcheon and gives it to the King.*
Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,
Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arrived with five and twenty thousand men
In Portingal, and by success of war
Enforced the king, then but a Saracen,
To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.
King. My lord of Portingal, by this you see
That which may comfort both your king and you,
And make your late discomfort seem the less.
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?
Hier. The second knight, that hung his scutcheon up, [*He doth as he did before.*
Was Edmund, Earl of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem.
He came likewise, and razéd Lisbon walls,
And took the King of Portingal in fight;
For which and other such-like service done
He after was created Duke of York.
King. This is another special argument,
That Portingal may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yoked.
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?
Hier. The third and last, not least, in our account, [*Doing as before.*
Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his scutcheon plainly may appear.

22. **pompous jest:** stately masque.

He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.
Amb. This is an argument for our viceroy
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquered Spain,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.
King. Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device.
Which hath pleased both the ambassador and me;
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love thy king.
[*Takes the cup of Horatio.*
My lord, I fear we sit but over-long,
Unless our dainties were more delicate;
But welcome are you to the best we have.
Now let us in, that you may be despatched:
I think our council is already set. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Ghost of Andrea *and* Revenge, *as Chorus.*

Andrea. Come we for this from depth of underground,
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul:
Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting?
Revenge. Be still, Andrea; ere we go from hence,
I'll turn their friendship into fell despite,
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night,
Their hope into despair, their peace to war,
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

ACT II

Scene I. *Palace of* Don Cyprian.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Balthazar.

Lor. My lord, though Bel-imperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wanted joy.
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,
In time the flint is pierced with softest shower,
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.

54. **insult:** gloat.
4. **haggard:** untamed.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
But wherefore blot I Bel-imperia's name?
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her sight,
My words are rude and work her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas' quill.
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthless, all my labor's lost.
Yet might she love me for my valiancy;
Ay, but that's slandered by captivity.
Yet might she love me to content her sire:
Ay, but her reason masters his desire.
Yet might she love me as her brother's friend;
Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.
Yet might she love me to uprear her state;
Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall;
Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

Lor. My lord, for my sake leave this ecstasy,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy.
Some cause there is that lets you not be loved;
First that must needs be known, and then removed.
What, if my sister love some other knight?

Bal. My summer's day will turn to winter's night.

Lor. I have already found a stratagem,
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My lord, for once you shall be ruled by me;
Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see.
By force or fair means will I cast about
To find the truth of all this question out.
Ho, Pedringano!

Ped. Signior!

Lor. Vien qui presto.

Enter Pedringano.

Ped. Hath your lordship any service to command me?

Lor. Ay, Pedringano, service of import;
And — not to spend the time in trifling words —
Thus stands the case: it is not long, thou know'st,
Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,
For thy conveyance in Andrea's love,

49. **conveyance**: secret management.

For which thou wert adjudged to punishment.
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment,
And since, thou know'st how I have favored thee.
Now to these favors will I add reward,
Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,
And lands and living joined with dignities,
If thou but satisfy my just demand;
Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.
Ped. Whate'er it be your lordship shall demand,
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
If case it lie in me to tell the truth.
Lor. Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:
Whom loves my sister Bel-imperia?
For she reposeth all her trust in thee.
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward:
I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?
Ped. Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's death
I have no credit with her as before;
And therefore know not, if she love or no.
Lor. Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe,
[*Draws his sword.*
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win.
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals;
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me.
Ped. O, stay, my lord.
Lor. Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee.
But if thou dally once again, thou diest.
Ped. If madam Bel-imperia be in love ——
Lor. What, villain! Ifs and ands?
[*Threatens with his sword.*
Ped. O, stay, my lord, she loves Horatio.
[*Balthazar starts back.*
Lor. What, Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son?
Ped. Even him, my lord.
Lor. Now say but how know'st thou he is her love,
And thou shalt find me kind and liberal;
Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.
Ped. She sent him letters, which myself perused,
Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love,
Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.
Lor. Swear on this cross that what thou say'st is true;

60. **If:** in. 89. **cross:** sword-hilt.

And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.
Ped. I swear to both, by him that made us all.
Lor. In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward;
But if I prove thee perjured and unjust,
This very sword, whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.
Ped. What I have said is true, and shall — for me —
Be still concealed from Bel-imperia.
Besides, your honor's liberality
Deserves my duteous service, even till death.
Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:
Be watchful when and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort.
Ped. I will, my lord.
Lor. Then shalt thou find that I am liberal.
Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state
Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not.
Go and attend her, as thy custom is,
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.
[*Exit Pedringano.*
Why so: *tam armis quam ingenio;*
Where words prevail not, violence prevails;
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem?
Bal. Both well and ill; it makes me glad and sad;
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love;
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love.
Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged;
Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge.
Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatient.
I think Horatio be my destined plague;
First, in his hand he brandishéd a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely wagéd war,
And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds he forcéd me to yield,
And by my yielding I became a slave.
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears,
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him, where I should stand.

117. **fly**: i.e., fly from.

Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force,
And now by sleight would captivate my soul;
But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my love.
Lor. Let's go, my lord; your staying stays revenge.
Do you but follow me, and gain your love;
Her favor must be won by his remove. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Palace of* Don Cyprian.

Enter Horatio *and* Bel-imperia.

Hor. Now, madam, since by favor of your love
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame,
And that with looks and words we feed our thought
(Two chief contents, where more cannot be had);
Thus, in the midst of love's fair blandishments,
Why show you sign of inward languishments?
[*Pedringano showeth all to the Prince and Lorenzo, placing them in secret.*
Bel. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea:
She wisheth port, where, riding all at ease,
She may repair what stormy times have worn,
And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy,
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.
Possession of thy love is th' only port,
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long tossed,
Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repair the joys that it hath lost,
And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's choir
That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.
[*Balthazar and Lorenzo above.*
Bal. O sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profaned;
Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent;
Die, heart; another joys what thou deserv'st.
Lor. Watch still, mine eyes, to see this love disjoined;
Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament;
Live, heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.
Bel. Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?
Hor. The less I speak, the more I meditate.
Bel. But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?
Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.
Bal. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.
Bel. What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean?

Hor. Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love.
Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.
Bel. Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me;
But such a war as breaks no bond of peace.
Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words;
Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks;
Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines;
Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kiss;
Be this our warring peace or peaceful war.
Hor. But, gracious madam, then appoint the field,
Where trial of this war shall first be made.
Bal. Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!
Bel. Then be thy father's pleasant bower the field,
Where first we vowed a mutual amity;
The court were dangerous, that place is safe.
Our hour shall be, when Vesper 'gins to rise,
That summons home distressful travelers.
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;
Haply the gentle nightingale
Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware,
And, singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance.
Till then each hour will seem a year and more.
Hor. But, honey-sweet and honorable love,
Return we now into your father's sight;
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.
Lor. Ay, danger mixed with jealous despite
Shall send thy soul into eternal night. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Court of Spain.*

Enter King of Spain, Portingal Ambassador, Don Cyprian, *etc.*

King. Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
What says your daughter Bel-imperia?
Cyp. Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loves the prince,
I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time.
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my advice,
Which is to love him, or forego my love.

46. **travelers:** i.e., laborers.
3. **coy it:** pretends to be shy.

King. Then, lord Ambassador of Portingal,
Advise thy king to make this marriage up,
For strengthening of our late-confirméd league;
I know no better means to make us friends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberal;
Besides that she is daughter and half-heir
Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian,
And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift,
And this it is — in case the match go forward:
The tribute which you pay, shall be released;
And if by Balthazar she have a son,
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.
Amb. I'll make the motion to my sovereign liege,
And work it, if my counsel may prevail.
King. Do so, my lord, and if he give consent,
I hope his presence here will honor us,
In celebration of the nuptial day;
And let himself determine of the time.
Amb. Will't please your grace command me ought beside?
King. Commend me to the king, and so farewell.
But where's Prince Balthazar to take his leave?
Amb. That is performed already, my good lord.
King. Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
The prince's ransom must not be forgot.
That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner;
And well his forwardness deserves reward.
It was Horatio, our knight marshal's son.
Amb. Between us there's a price already pitched,
And shall be sent with all convenient speed.
King. Then once again farewell, my lord.
Amb. Farewell, my lord of Castile, and the rest.
[*Exit.*

King. Now, brother, you must take some little pains
To win fair Bel-imperia from her will.
Young virgins must be ruléd by their friends.
The prince is amiable, and loves her well;
If she neglect him and forego his love,
She both will wrong her own estate and ours.
Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince
With greatest pleasure that our court affords,
Endeavor you to win your daughter's thought;
If she give back, all this will come to naught. [*Exeunt.*

50. **give back:** resists.

Scene IV. Hieronimo's *Garden*.

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, *and* Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings
To overcloud the brightness of the sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done;
Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the bower,
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.
Bel. I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Although my fainting heart controls my soul.
Hor. Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?
Bel. No, he is as trusty as my second self. —
Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,
And let us know if any make approach.
Ped. (*Aside.*) Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold
By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match. [*Exit Pedringano.*
Hor. What means my love?
Bel. I know not what myself;
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.
Hor. Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend,
And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.
The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twinkling shine,
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.
Bel. Thou hast prevailed; I'll conquer my misdoubt,
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.
I fear no more; love now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.
Hor. The more thou sitt'st within these leafy bowers,
The more will Flora deck it with her flowers.
Bel. Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.
Hor. Hark, madam, how the birds record by night,
For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight.
Bel. No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,
To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.
Hor. If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far;
Ay, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.
Bel. If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars.
Hor. Then thus begin our wars: put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

7. **controls:** holds in check. 28. **record:** sing.

Bel. Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.
Hor. But first my looks shall combat against thine.
Bel. Then ward thyself: I dart this kiss at thee.
Hor. Thus I retort the dart thou threw'st at me.
Bel. Nay, then to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke and make thee yield.
Hor. Nay, then my arms are large and strong withal;
Thus elms by vines are compassed, till they fall.
Bel. O, let me go; for in my troubled eyes
Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies.
Hor. O, stay a while, and I will die with thee;
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquered me.
Bel. Who's there? Pedringano! we are betrayed!

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Serberine, Pedringano, *disguised.*

Lor. My lord, away with her, take her aside. —
O, sir, forbear: your valor is already tried.
Quickly despatch, my masters.
[*They hang him in the arbor.*
Hor. What, will you murder me?
Lor. Ay, thus, and thus: these are the fruits of love.
[*They stab him.*
Bel. O, save his life, and let me die for him!
O, save him, brother; save him, Balthazar;
I loved Horatio; but he loved not me.
Bal. But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.
Lor. Although his life were still ambitious-proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.
Bel. Murder! murder! Help, Hieronimo, help!
Lor. Come, stop her mouth; away with her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo *in his shirt, etc.*

Hier. What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before?
Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am.
I did not slumber; therefore 'twas no dream.
No, no, it was some woman cried for help;
And here within this garden did she cry;
And in this garden must I rescue her. —
But stay, what murderous spectacle is this?
A man hanged up and all the murderers gone!

And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!
This place was made for pleasure, not for death.
[*He cuts him down.*
Those garments that he wears I oft have seen —
Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!
O no, but he that whilom was my son!
O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?
O speak, if any spark of life remain;
I am thy father; who hath slain my son?
What savage monster, not of human kind,
Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood,
And left thy bloody corpse dishonored here,
For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
O heavens, why made you night to cover sin?
By day this deed of darkness had not been.
O earth, why didst thou not in time devour
The vile profaner of this sacred bower?
O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,
To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?
O wicked butcher, whatsoe'er thou wert,
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,
In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My husband's absence makes my heart to throb: —
Hieronimo!
Hier. Here, Isabella, help me to lament;
For sighs are stopped, and all my tears are spent.
Isab. What world of grief! my son Horatio!
O, where's the author of this endless woe?
Hier. To know the author were some ease of grief;
For in revenge my heart would find relief.
Isab. Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?
O, gush out, tears, fountains and floods of tears;
Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;
For outrage fits our curséd wretchedness.
[*Ay me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak!*
Hier. He supped with us tonight, frolic and merry,
And said he would go visit Balthazar

91. **leese**: lose. 108. Here begins the first of a number of additions to Kyd's original version, supposedly the work of Ben Jonson.

At the duke's palace; there the prince doth lodge.
He had no custom to stay out so late;
He may be in his chamber; some go see.
Roderigo, ho!

Enter Pedro *and* Jaques.

Isab. Ay me, he raves! sweet Hieronimo.
Hier. True, all Spain takes note of it.
Besides, he is so generally beloved;
His majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup: these be favors,
Which do assure me he cannot be short-lived.
Isab. Sweet Hieronimo!
Hier. I wonder how this fellow got his clothes! —
Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all.
Jaques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently,
And bid my son Horatio to come home;
I and his mother have had strange dreams tonight.
Do ye hear me, sir?
Jaques. Ay, sir.
Hier. Well, sir, be gone.
Pedro, come hither; know'st thou who this is?
Ped. Too well, sir.
Hier. Too well! Who, who is it? Peace, Isabella!
Nay, blush not, man.
Ped. It is my lord Horatio.
Hier. Ha, ha, St. James! but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded than myself.
Ped. Deluded?
Hier. Ay:
I would have sworn myself, within this hour,
That this had been my son Horatio:
His garments are so like.
Ha! are they not great persuasions?
Isab. O, would to God it were not so!
Hier. Were not, Isabella? Dost thou dream it is?
Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought
That such a black deed of mischief should be done
On one so pure and spotless as our son?
Away, I am ashamed.
Isab. Dear Hieronimo,
Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief;
Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.

Hier. It was a man, sure, that was hanged up here;
A youth, as I remember: I cut him down.
If it should prove my son now after all —
Say you? say you? — Light! lend me a taper;
Let me look again. — O God!
Confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,
That now is stiff with horror: kill me quickly!
Be gracious to me, thou infective night,
And drop this deed of murder down on me;
Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
And let me not survive to see the light
May put me in the mind I had a son.
Isab. O sweet Horatio! O my dearest son!
Hier. How strangely had I lost my way to grief!]
Sweet, lovely rose, ill-plucked before thy time,
Fair, worthy son, not conquered, but betrayed,
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stayed.
Isab. And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were only my delight.
Hier. See'st thou this handkercher besmeared with blood?
It shall not from me, till I take revenge.
See'st thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them, till I have revenge.
Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
Till then my sorrow never shall be spent.
Isab. The heavens are just; murder cannot be hid:
Time is the author both of truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light.
Hier. Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints,
Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile;
So shall we sooner find the practice out,
And learn by whom all this was brought about.
Come, Isabel, now let us take him up, [*They take him up.*
And bear him in from out this curséd place.
I'll say his dirge; singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,
[*Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.*
Misceat, et nostro detur medicina dolori;
Aut, si qui faciunt annorum oblivia, succos
Praebeat; ipse metam magnum quaecunque per orbem
Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras;
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,

Quicquid et herbarum vi caeca nenia nectit:
Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus. —
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,
Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus?
Emoriar tecum: sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras. —
At tamen absistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur.
[*Here he throws it from him and bears the body away.*

Chorus.

Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.

Andrea. Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain?
I looked that Balthazar should have been slain;
But 'tis my friend Horatio that is slain,
And they abuse fair Bel-imperia,
On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she loved me more than all the world.
Revenge. Thou talk'st of harvest, when the corn is green;
The end is crown of every work well done;
The sickle comes not, till the corn be ripe.
Be still; and ere I lead thee from this place,
I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

ACT III

Scene I. *The Court of Portugal.*

Enter Viceroy of Portingal, Nobles, *and* Villuppo.

Vic. Infortunate condition of kings,
Seated amidst so many helpless doubts!
First we are placed upon extremest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate,
But ever subject to the wheel of chance;
And at our highest never joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,
As fortune toileth in the affairs of kings,
That would be feared, yet fear to be beloved,
Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.
For instance, lordings, look upon your king,

By hate deprivéd of his dearest son,
The only hope of our successive line.
Nob. I had not thought that Alexandro's heart
Had been envenomed with such extreme hate;
But now I see that words have several works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.
Vil. No; for, my lord, had you beheld the train,
That feignéd love had colored in his looks,
When he in camp consorted Balthazar,
Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
That hourly coasts the center of the earth,
Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince.
Vic. No more, Villuppo, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou slay'st our wounded thoughts.
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating Alexandro's death.
Go some of you, and fetch the traitor forth,
That, as he is condemnéd, he may die.

Enter Alexandro, *with a* Nobleman *and halberts.*

Nob. In such extremes will naught but patience serve.
Alex. But in extremes what patience shall I use?
Nor discontents it me to leave the world,
With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.
Nob. Yet hope the best.
Alex. 'Tis heaven is my hope.
As for the earth, it is too much infect
To yield me hope of any of her mold.
Vic. Why linger ye? Bring forth that daring fiend,
And let him die for his accurséd deed.
Alex. Not that I fear the extremity of death
(For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)
Do I, O king, thus discontented live.
But this, O this, torments my laboring soul,
That thus I die suspected of a sin
Whereof, as heavens have known my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.
Vic. No more, I say! to the tortures! When?
Bind him, and burn his body in those flames,
[*They bind him to the stake.*
That shall prefigure those unquenchéd fires

19. **train:** treachery. 21. **consorted:** accompanied. 23. **coasts:** goes round.

Of Phlegethon, preparéd for his soul.
Alex. My guiltless death will be avenged on thee,
On thee, Villuppo, that hath maliced thus,
Or for thy meed hast falsely me accused.
Vil. Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,
I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
Where those thy words shall perish with thy works,
Injurious traitor! monstrous homicide!

Enter Ambassador.

Amb. Stay, hold a while;
And here — with pardon of his majesty —
Lay hands upon Villuppo.
Vic. Ambassador,
What news hath urged this sudden entrance?
Amb. Know, sovereign lord, that Balthazar doth live.
Vic. What say'st thou? Liveth Balthazar our son?
Amb. Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar, doth live;
And, well entreated in the court of Spain,
Humbly commends him to your majesty.
These eyes beheld — and these my followers;
With these, the letters of the king's commends
[*Gives him letters.*
Are happy witnesses of his highness' health.
[*The King looks on the letters, and proceeds.*
Vic. "Thy son doth live, your tribute is received;
Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied.
The rest resolve upon as things proposed
For both our honors and thy benefit."
Amb. These are his highness' farther articles.
[*He gives him more letters.*
Vic. Accurséd wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputation
Of noble Alexandro! Come, my lord, unbind him:
Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quital for thy discontent. [*They unbind him.*
Alex. Dread lord, in kindness you could do no less,
Upon report of such a damnéd fact;
But thus we see our innocence hath saved
The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.
Vic. Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus

52. **maliced:** maligned. 79. **quital:** requital. 80. **in kindness:** naturally.

Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life?
Him whom thou know'st that no unkindness else
But even the slaughter of our dearest son
Could once have moved us to have misconceived.
Alex. Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the king,
Wherein hath Alexandro used thee ill?
Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,
My guilty soul submits me to thy doom;
For not for Alexandro's injuries,
But for reward and hope to be preferred,
Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.
Vic. Which, villain, shall be ransomed with thy death;
And not so mean a torment as we here
Devised for him who, thou said'st, slew our son,
But with the bitterest torments and extremes
That may be yet invented for thine end.
[*Alexandro seems to entreat.*
Entreat me not! go, take the traitor hence; [*Exit Villuppo.*
And, Alexandro, let us honor thee
With public notice of thy loyalty. —
To end those things articulated here
By our great lord, the mighty King of Spain,
We with our council will deliberate.
Come, Alexandro, keep us company. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Court of Spain.*

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. O eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;
O life! no life, but lively form of death;
O world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!
O sacred heavens! if this unhallowed deed,
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unrevealed and unrevengéd pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just,
If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?
The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wakes my vexéd soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicits me for notice of his death.

The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear my heart with fierce inflaméd thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams,
And drive me forth to seek the murderer.
Eyes, life, world, heavens, hell, night, and day,
See, search, show, send some man, some mean, that may —
[*A letter falleth.*
What's here? a letter? Tush! it is not so! —
A letter written to Hieronimo! [*Red ink.*
" For want of ink, receive this bloody writ.
Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee;
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him;
For these were they that murderéd thy son.
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,
And better fare than Bel-imperia doth."
What means this unexpected miracle?
My son slain by Lorenzo and the prince!
What cause had they Horatio to malign?
Or what might move thee, Bel-imperia,
To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?
Hieronimo, beware! — thou art betrayed,
And to entrap thy life this train is laid.
Advise thee therefore, be not credulous;
This is deviséd to endanger thee,
That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse;
And he, for thy dishonor done, should draw
Thy life in question and thy name in hate.
Dear was the life of my belovéd son,
And of his death behoves me be revenged;
Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,
But live t' effect thy resolution.
I therefore will by circumstances try,
What I can gather to confirm this writ;
And, hearkening near the Duke of Castile's house,
Close, if I can, with Bel-imperia,
To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano.

Now, Pedringano!
Ped. Now, Hieronimo!

48. **by circumstances:** indirectly. 51. **Close:** arrange.

Hier. Where's thy lady?
Ped. I know not; here's my lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, who's this? Hieronimo?
Hier. My lord ——
Ped. He asketh for my lady Bel-imperia.
Lor. What to do, Hieronimo? The duke, my father, hath,
Upon some disgrace, awhile removed her hence;
But if it be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.
Hier. Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you; it shall not need.
I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.
Lor. Why so, Hieronimo? Use me.
Hier. Oh no, my lord; I dare not; it must not be;
I humbly thank your lordship.
[*Hier. Who? you, my lord?*
I reserve your favor for a greater honor;
This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.
Lor. All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.
Hier. I' faith, my lord, it is an idle thing;
I must confess I ha' been too slack, too tardy,
Too remiss unto your honor.
Lor. How now, Hieronimo?
Hier. In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing:
The murder of a son, or so ——
A thing of nothing, my lord!]
Lor. Why then, farewell.
Hier. My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell.
[*Exit.*
Lor. Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou this?
Ped. My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.
Lor. This is that damnéd villain Serberine,
That hath, I fear, revealed Horatio's death.
Ped. My lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done;
And since he hath not left my company.
Lor. Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flattering words may make him false.
I know his humor, and therewith repent
That e'er I used him in this enterprise.
But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,

67. Second passage of additions. 86. **humor:** disposition.

And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this,
[*Gives him more gold.*
And hearken to me — thus it is devised:
This night thou must (and, prithee, so resolve),
Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park —
Thou know'st 'tis here hard by behind the house —
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure,
For die he must, if we do mean to live.
Ped. But how shall Serberine be there, my lord?
Lor. Let me alone; I'll send to him to meet
The prince and me, where thou must do this deed.
Ped. It shall be done, my lord, it shall be done;
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.
Lor. When things shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shalt thou mount for this; thou know'st my mind.
[*Exit Pedringano.*
Che le Ieron!

Enter Page.

Page. My lord?
Lor. Go, sirrah,
To Serberine, and bid him forthwith meet
The prince and me at Saint Luigi's Park,
Behind the house; this evening, boy!
Page. I go, my lord.
Lor. But, sirrah, let the hour be eight o'clock:
Bid him not fail.
Page. I fly, my lord. [*Exit.*
Lor. Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast
Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch,
Upon precise commandment from the king,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
Thus must we work that will avoid distrust;
Thus must we practice to prevent mishap,
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly enquiry of Hieronimo
For Bel-imperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a further ill.
As for myself, I know my secret fault,
And so do they; but I have dealt for them;
They that for coin their souls endangeréd,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs;

And better it 's that base companions die,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith;
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend;
For die they shall, slaves are ordained to no other end. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *Saint Luigi's Park.*

Enter Pedringano, *with a pistol.*

Ped. Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold,
And hold on, Fortune! once more favor me;
Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine aim.
Here is the gold; this is the gold proposed;
It is no dream that I adventure for,
But Pedringano is possessed thereof.
And he that would not strain his conscience
For him that thus his liberal purse hath stretched,
Unworthy such a favor, may he fail,
And, wishing, want, when such as I prevail.
As for the fear of apprehension,
I know, if need should be, my noble lord
Will stand between me and ensuing harms;
Besides, this place is free from all suspect;
Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

1 *Watch.* I wonder much to what intent it is
That we are thus expressly charged to watch.
2 *Watch.* 'Tis by commandment in the king's own name.
3 *Watch.* But we were never wont to watch and ward
So near the duke, his brother's, house before.
2 *Watch.* Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in 't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy pace;
For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint
That thou by his command shouldst meet with him.
How fit a place — if one were so disposed —
Methinks this corner is to close with one.
Ped. Here comes the bird that I must seize upon;

Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man!
Ser. I wonder that his lordship stays so long,
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?
Ped. For this, Serberine! — and thou shalt ha 't.
[*Shoots the dag.*
So, there he lies; my promise is performed.

The Watch.

1 *Watch.* Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot.
2 *Watch.* And here's one slain; — stay the murderer.
Ped. Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell,
[*He strives with the Watch.*
Who first lays hand on me, I'll be his priest.
3 *Watch.* Sirrah, confess, and therein play the priest,
Why hast thou thus unkindly killed the man?
Ped. Why? Because he walked abroad so late.
3 *Watch.* Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.
2 *Watch.* Come, to the marshal's with the murderer!
1 *Watch.* On to Hieronimo's! help me here
To bring the murdered body with us too.
Ped. Hieronimo? Carry me before whom you will;
Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you;
And do your worst, for I defy you all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Palace of Don Cyprian.*

Enter LORENZO *and* BALTHAZAR.

Bal. How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?
Lor. Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.
Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistrust?
Lor. Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my lord,
And inexpected harms do hurt us most.
Bal. Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me, man,
If aught concerns our honor and your own.
Lor. Nor you, nor me, my lord, but both in one;
For I suspect — and the presumption's great —
That by those base confederates in our fault
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betrayed to old Hieronimo.
Bal. Betrayed, Lorenzo? Tush! it cannot be.

32. *Stage direction,* **dag:** pistol. 38. **priest:** i.e., kill him.

Lor. A guilty conscience, urgéd with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err.
I am persuaded — and dissuade me not —
That all's revealéd to Hieronimo.
And therefore know that I have cast it thus: —

Enter Page.

But here's the page. How now? what news with thee?
Page. My lord, Serberine is slain.
Bal. Who? Serberine, my man.
Page. Your highness' man, my lord.
Lor. Speak, page, who murdered him?
Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.
Lor. Who?
Page. Pedringano.
Bal. Is Serberine slain, that loved his lord so well?
Injurious villain, murderer of his friend!
Lor. Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?
My lord, let me entreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge
With your complaints unto my lord the king.
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.
Bal. Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,
Or else his highness hardly shall deny.
Meanwhile I'll haste the marshal-sessions,
For die he shall for this his damnéd deed. [*Exit Balthazar.*
Lor. Why so, this fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deal.
I lay the plot; he prosecutes the point;
I set the trap; he breaks the worthless twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limed.
Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.
He runs to kill whom I have holp to catch,
And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.
'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or any one, in mine opinion,
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger *with a letter.*

Boy ——
Page. My lord?

22. **fact:** deed. 43. **fetch:** device.

Lor. What's he?
Mes. I have a letter to your lordship.
Lor. From whence?
Mes. From Pedringano that's imprisoned.
Lor. So he is in prison then?
Mes. Ay, my good lord.
Lor. What would he with us? — He writes us here,
To stand good lord, and help him in distress. —
Tell him I have his letters, know his mind;
And what we may, let him assure him of.
Fellow, begone; my boy shall follow thee.
[*Exit Messenger.*
This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits.
Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano;
Thou know'st the prison, closely give it him,
And be advised that none be there about.
Bid him be merry still, but secret;
And though the marshal-sessions be today,
Bid him not doubt of his delivery.
Tell him his pardon is already signed,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolved:
For, were he ready to be turnéd off —
As 'tis my will the uttermost be tried —
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still.
Show him this box, tell him his pardon's in 't;
But open 't not, and if thou lov'st thy life;
But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown.
He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.
Away!
Page. I go, my lord, I run.
Lor. But, sirrah, see that this be cleanly done. [*Exit Page.*
Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,
And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts.
One only thing is uneffected yet,
And that's to see the executioner.
But to what end? I list not trust the air
With utterance of our pretence therein,
For fear the privy whispering of the wind
Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,
That lie too open to advantages.
E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa;
Intendo io: quel mi basterà. [*Exit.*

58. **closely:** secretly. 65. **turned off:** hanged. 73. **cleanly:** cleverly. 78. **list not:** rather not. 79. **pretence:** purpose.

Scene V. *A Street.*

Enter Boy, *with the box.*

Boy. My master hath forbidden me to look in this box; and, by my troth, 'tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time; for we men's-kind, in our minority, are like women in their uncertainty: that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. [5 —— By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box; were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentlemanlike knavery. I must go to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. — I cannot choose but smile [10 to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman, and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will 't not be an odd jest for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who would say: " Mock on, here's thy warrant." [15 Is 't not a scurvy jest that a man should jest himself to death? Alas! poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep. [*Exit.*

Scene VI. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter Hieronimo *and the* Deputy.

Hier. Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
That know not how to remedy our own;
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
But shall I never live to see the day, 5
That I may come, by justice of the heavens,
To know the cause that may my cares allay?
This toils my body, this consumeth age,
That only I to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to me. 10

Dep. Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.

Hier. So is 't my duty to regard his death
Who, when he lived, deserved my dearest blood.

4. **that:** what.
4. **compass:** secure.

But come, for that we came for: let's begin;
For here lies that which bids me to be gone.

Enter Officers, Boy, *and* Pedringano, *with a letter in his hand, bound.*

Dep. Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.
Ped. Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come;
For I had written to my lord anew
A nearer matter that concerneth him,
For fear his lordship had forgotten me.
But sith he hath remembered me so well —
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?
Hier. Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,
And here, for satisfaction of the world,
Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault;
For there's thy place of execution.
Ped. This is short work. Well, to your marshalship
First I confess — nor fear I death therefore —
I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine.
But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?
Dep. Ay, Pedringano.
Ped. Now I think not so.
Hier. Peace, impudent; for thou shalt find it so;
For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,
Be satisfiéd, and the law discharged.
And though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Despatch: the fault's approvéd and confessed,
And by our law he is condemned to die.
Hangm. Come on, sir, are you ready?
Ped. To do what, my fine, officious knave?
Hangm. To go to this gear.
Ped. O sir, you are too forward; thou wouldst fain furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit. So I [45 should go out of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the rope. But, hangman, now I spy your knavery, I'll not change without boot, that's flat.
Hangm. Come, sir.
Ped. So, then, I must up?

23. **gear:** business. 39. **approved:** proved. 42. **officious knave:** This snappy impudence of pages was much relished by audiences. 45. **habit:** Part of the hangman's fee consisted of the victim's clothes. 48. **boot:** something in return.

Hangm. No remedy.

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for my coming down.

Hangm. Indeed, here's a remedy for that.

Ped. How? Be turned off?

Hangm. Ay, truly; come, are you ready? I pray, sir, despatch; the day goes away.

Ped. What, do you hang by the hour? If you do, I may chance to break your old custom.

Hangm. Faith, you have reason; for I am like to break your young neck.

Ped. Dost thou mock me, hangman? Pray God, I be not preserved to break your knave's pate for this.

Hangm. Alas, sir! you are a foot too low to reach it, and I hope you will never grow so high while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

Hangm. What, he that points to it with his finger?

Ped. Ay, that companion.

Hangm. I know him not; but what of him?

Ped. Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee a new truss?

Hangm. Ay, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honester man than either thou or he.

Ped. What hath he in his box, as thou thinkest?

Hangm. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly; methinks you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

Ped. Why, sirrah hangman, I take it that that is good for the body is likewise good for the soul; and it may be, in that box is balm for both.

Hangm. Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh that e'er groaned at my office door!

Ped. Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?

Hangm. Ay, and that shall all they witness that see you seal it with a thief's name.

Ped. I prithee, request this good company to pray with me.

Hangm. Ay, marry, sir, this is a good motion; my masters, you see here's a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time; for now I have no great need.

Hier. I have not seen a wretch so impudent.
O monstrous times, where murder 's set so light,
And where the soul, that should be shrined in heaven,

68. **companion:** fellow. 72. **truss up:** hang.

Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wandering in the thorny passages,
That intercepts itself of happiness.
Murder! O bloody monster! God forbid
A fault so foul should 'scape unpunishéd.
Despatch, and see this execution done! —
This makes me to remember thee, my son.
[*Exit Hieronimo.*

Ped. Nay, soft, no haste.

Dep. Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

Ped. Why, ay!

Hangm. As how?

Ped. Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.

Hangm. Stand you on that? Then you shall off with this. [*He turns him off.*

Dep. So, executioner; — convey him hence;
But let his body be unburiéd;
Let not the earth be chokéd or infect
With that which heaven contemns, and men neglect. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Hieronimo's House.*

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,
My woes, whose weight hath weariéd the earth?
Or mine exclaims, that have surcharged the air
With ceaseless plaints for my deceaséd son?
The blustering winds, conspiring with my words,
At my lament have moved the leafless trees,
Disrobed the meadows of their flowered green,
Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears,
And broken through the brazen gates of hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortured soul
With broken sighs and restless passions,
That wingéd mount; and, hovering in the air,
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge;
But they are placed in those empyreal heights,
Where, countermured with walls of diamond,
I find the place impregnable; and they
Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

96. **intercepts:** prevents.
3. **exclaims:** exclamations. 16. **countermured:** with two walls. 18. **way:** attention.

Enter Hangman *with a letter.*

Hangm. O lord, sir! God bless you, sir! the man, sir, Petergade, sir, he that was so full of merry conceits —

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hangm. O lord, sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport; I pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, give it me.

Hangm. You will stand between the gallows and me?

Hier. Ay, ay.

Hangm. I thank your lord worship. [*Exit Hangman.*

Hier. And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
" My lord, I write, as mine extremes required,
That you would labor my delivery;
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death I shall reveal the troth.
You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the prince and you;
Won by rewards and hopeful promises,
I holp to murder Don Horatio too." —
Holp he to murder mine Horatio?
And actors in th' accurséd tragedy
Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
Of whom my son, my son deserved so well?
What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld?
O sacred heavens, may it come to pass
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smothered, and so long concealed,
Shall thus by this be vengéd or revealed?
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Bel-imperia's letter was not feigned.
Nor feignéd she, though falsely they have wronged
Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.
Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this,
Of every accident I ne'er could find
Till now, and now I feelingly perceive
They did what heaven unpunished would not leave.
O false Lorenzo! are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honor that thou didst my son?
And Balthazar — bane to thy soul and me! —

29. **somewhat:** something. 35. **troth:** truth.

Was this the ransom he reserved thee for?
Woe to the cause of these constrainéd wars!
Woe to thy baseness and captivity,
Woe to thy birth, thy body and thy soul,
Thy curséd father, and thy conquered self!
And banned with bitter execrations be
The day and place where he did pity thee!
But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
When naught but blood will satisfy my woes?
I will go plain me to my lord the king,
And cry aloud for justice through the court,
Wearing the flints with these my withered feet;
And either purchase justice by entreats,
Or tire them all with my revenging threats. [*Exit.*

Scene VIII. *Hieronimo's House.*

Enter Isabella *and her* Maid.

Isab. So that, you say, this herb, will purge the eye,
And this, the head? —
Ah! — but none of them will purge the heart!
No, there's no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any physic to recure the dead. [*She runs lunatic.*
Horatio! O, where's Horatio?
Maid. Good madam, affright not thus yourself
With outrage for your son Horatio.
He sleeps in quiet in the Elysian fields.
Isab. Why, did I not give you gowns and goodly things,
Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too,
To be revengéd on their villainies?
Maid. Madam, these humors do torment my soul.
Isab. My soul — poor soul! thou talk'st of things —
Thou know'st not what; my soul hath silver wings,
That mounts me up unto the highest heavens;
To heaven; ay, there sits my Horatio,
Backed with a troop of fiery Cherubins,
Dancing about his newly healéd wounds,
Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes,
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
That died, ay died, a mirror in our days.

61. **constrained:** forced. 65. **banned:** cursed. 69. **plain:** complain.
5. **recure:** recover. 8. **outrage:** outcry.

But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run
To find them out that murderéd my son? [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX. *Palace of Don Cyprian.*

Bel-imperia *at a window.*

Bel. What means this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequestered from the court?
No notice! Shall I not know the cause
Of these my secret and suspicious ills?
Accurséd brother, unkind murderer,
Why bend'st thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
Hieronimo, why writ I of thy wrongs,
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
Andrea, O Andrea! that thou saw'st
Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus,
And him for me thus causeless murderéd! —
Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till heaven, as I have hoped, shall set me free.

Enter Christophil.

Chris. Come, madam Bel-imperia, this may not be.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene X. *Palace of Don Cyprian.*

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, *and the* Page.

Lor. Boy, talk no further; thus far things go well.
Thou art assuréd that thou saw'st him dead?
Page. Or else, my lord, I live not.
Lor. That's enough.
As for his resolution in his end,
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.
Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,
And bid him let my sister be enlarged,
And bring her hither straight. — [*Exit Page.*
This that I did was for a policy,
To smooth and keep the murder secret,

13. **apply me:** adapt myself.

Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'erblown,
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.
Bal. And time, Lorenzo; for my lord the duke,
You heard, enquiréd for her yester-night.
Lor. Why, and my lord, I hope you heard me say
Sufficient reason why she kept away;
But that's all one. My lord, you love her?
Bal. Ay.
Lor. Then in your love beware; deal cunningly;
Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up;
And if she hap to stand on terms with us —
As for her sweetheart and concealment so —
Jest with her gently; under feignéd jest
Are things concealed that else would breed unrest. —
But here she comes.

Enter Bel-imperia.

Now, sister?
Bel. Sister? — No!
Thou art no brother, but an enemy;
Else wouldst thou not have used thy sister so;
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,
And with extremes abuse my company;
And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates,
And clap me up where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wits?
Or wherein is 't that I offended thee?
Lor. Advise you better, Bel-imperia,
For I have done you no disparagement;
Unless, by more discretion than deserved,
I sought to save your honor and mine own.
Bel. Mine honor? Why, Lorenzo, wherein is 't
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any, need to rescue it?
Lor. His highness and my father were resolved
To come confer with old Hieronimo,
Concerning certain matters of estate,
That by the viceroy was determinéd.
Bel. And wherein was mine honor touched in that?

19. **soothe:** back. 20. **terms:** i.e., argue or discuss. 29. **company:** companion. 45. **estate:** state.

Bal. Have patience, Bel-imperia; hear the rest.
Lor. Me (next in sight) as messenger they sent,
To give him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consorted with the prince,
And unexpected in an arbor there
Found Bel-imperia with Horatio —
Bel. How then?
Lor. Why, then, remembering that old disgrace,
Which you for Don Andrea had endured,
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,
Thought rather — for I knew no readier mean —
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.
Bal. And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Lest that his highness should have found you there.
Bel. Ev'n so, my lord? And you are witness
That this is true which he entreateth of?
You, gentle brother, forged this for my sake,
And you, my lord, were made his instrument?
A work of worth, worthy the noting too!
But what's the cause that you concealed me since?
Lor. Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favorite Don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate.
Bal. And better was 't for you, being in disgrace,
To absent yourself, and give his fury place.
Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?
Lor. That were to add more fuel to your fire,
Who burnt like Ætna for Andrea's loss.
Bel. Hath not my father then enquired for me?
Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excused I thee.
[*He whispereth in her ear.*
But, Bel-imperia, see the gentle prince;
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increased;
And in whose melancholy thou may'st see
Thy hate, his love; thy flight, his following thee.
Bel. Brother, you are become an orator —
I know not, I, by what experience —
Too politic for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you; but content yourself;
The prince is meditating higher things.
Bal. 'Tis of thy beauty then that conquers kings;

60. **forth:** from. 64. **entreateth:** speaks.

Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twines,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surprised;
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.
Bel. To love and fear, and both at once, my lord,
In my conceit, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with.
Bal. 'Tis I that love.
Bel. Whom?
Bal. Bel-imperia.
Bel. But I that fear.
Bal. Whom?
Bel. Bel-imperia.
Lor. Fear yourself?
Bel. Ay, brother.
Lor. How?
Bel. As those
That, what they love, are loath and fear to lose.
Bal. Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be.
Bel. No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we:
Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem —
Est vanum stolidae proditionis opus.
Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at court.
Bal. Led by the loadstar of her heavenly looks,
Wends poor oppresséd Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Incertain to effect his pilgrimage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI. *A Street.*

Enter two Portingals, *and* Hieronimo *meets them.*

1 *Port.* By your leave, sir.
Hier. [*'Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,*
Nor as you think; you're wide all.
These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.
My son! and what's a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes — thereabout;
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve

92. **front:** brow. 95. **conceit:** opinion.
2. This third addition, like the others, affords opportunity for the ranting of Hieronimo, no doubt made intensely effective by the acting of Edward Alleyn, the great tragedian of the time.

To ballace these light creatures we call women;
And, at nine months' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father dote, rave, or run mad?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son? He must be fed,
Be taught to go, and speak. Ay, or yet
Why might not a man love a calf as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,
As for a son? Methinks, a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a son;
For one of these, in very little time,
Will grow to some good use; whereas a son,
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquared, unbeveled, he appears,
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots;
Makes them look old, before they meet with age.
This is a son! — And what a loss were this,
Considered truly? —— O, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of these insatiate humors.
He loved his loving parents;
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house;
Our hopes were storéd up in him,
None but a damnéd murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen year,
When his strong arm unhorsed
The proud Prince Balthazar, and his great mind,
Too full of honor, took him to his mercy —
That valiant, but ignoble Portingal!
Well, heaven is heaven still!
And there is Nemesis, and Furies,
And things called whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers;
They do not always 'scape, that is some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay; and then time steals on,
And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
Like thunder wrappéd in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.]
Good leave have you; nay, I pray you go,
For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so.

8. **ballace:** ballast, steady. 23. **unsquared, unbeveled:** crude or rough.

2 *Port.* Pray you, which is the next way to my lord the duke's?

Hier. The next way from me.

1 *Port.* To his house, we mean.

Hier. O, hard by: 'tis yon house that you see.

2 *Port.* You could not tell us if his son were there?

Hier. Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1 *Port.* Ay, sir.

[*He goeth in at one door and comes out at another.*

Hier. O, forbear!
For other talk for us far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.
There is a path upon your left-hand side,
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear —
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass.
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
Whose baleful humors if you but uphold,
It will conduct you to Despair and Death —
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,
Within a hugy dale of lasting night,
That, kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes —
Not far from thence, where murderers have built
A habitation for their curséd souls,
There, in a brazen caldron, fixed by Jove,
In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1 *Port.* Ha, ha, ha!

Hier. Ha, ha, ha! Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

2 *Port.* Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.
Come, let's away to seek my lord the duke. [*Exeunt.*

65. **humors:** caprices.

Scene XII. *The Court of Spain.*

Enter Hieronimo, *with a poniard in one hand and a rope in the other.*

Hier. Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the king;
The king sees me, and fain would hear my suit.
Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen thing,
That standers-by with toys should strike me mute?
Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more.
Hieronimo, 'tis time for thee to trudge.
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore,
Standeth a fiery tower; there sits a judge
Upon a seat of steel and molten brass,
And 'twixt his teeth he holds a firebrand,
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
Away, Hieronimo! to him be gone;
He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.
Turn down this path; thou shalt be with him straight;
Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath;
This way or that way! —— Soft and fair, not so;
For if I hang or kill myself, let's know
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
No, no! fie, no! pardon me, I'll none of that.
[*He flings away the dagger and halter.*
This way I'll take, and this way comes the king:
[*He takes them up again.*
And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,
And thee, Lorenzo! Here's the king — nay, stay;
And here, ay here — there goes the hare away.

Enter King, Ambassador, Castile, *and* Lorenzo.

King. Now show, ambassador, what our viceroy saith:
Hath he received the articles we sent?
Hier. Justice, O, justice to Hieronimo.
Lor. Back! see'st thou not the king is busy?
Hier. O, is he so?
King. Who is he that interrupts our business?
Hier. Not I. (*Aside.*) Hieronimo, beware! go by, go by!
Amb. Renownéd King, he hath received and read

22. **bring**: i.e., teach you something. 30. This line was often parodied by contemporary writers.

Thy kingly proffers, and thy promised league;
And, as a man extremely overjoyed
To hear his son so princely entertained,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewailed,
This for thy further satisfaction,
And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know
First, for the marriage of his princely son
With Bel-imperia, thy belovéd niece,
The news are more delightful to his soul,
Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens.
In person, therefore, will he come himself,
To see the marriage rites solemnizéd,
And, in the presence of the court of Spain,
To knit a sure inextricable band
Of kingly love and everlasting league
Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingal.
There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
And make a queen of Bel-imperia.
King. Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love? [50
Cast. No doubt, my lord, it is an argument
Of honorable care to keep his friend,
And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son;
Nor am I least indebted to his grace,
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.
Amb. Now last, dread lord, here hath his highness sent
(Although he send not that his son return)
His ransom due to Don Horatio.
Hier. Horatio! Who calls Horatio?
King. And well remembered; thank his majesty.
Here, see it given to Horatio.
Hier. Justice, O, justice, justice, gentle king!
King. Who is that? Hieronimo?
Hier. Justice, O, justice! O my son, my son!
My son, whom naught can ransom or redeem!
Lor. Hieronimo, you are not well-advised.
Hier. Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more;
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.
Give me my son! you shall not ransom him!
Away! I'll rip the bowels of the earth,
[*He diggeth with his dagger.*
And ferry over to th' Elysian plains,
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me!
I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,

And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avengéd on you all for this.
King. What means this outrage?
Will none of you restrain his fury?
Hier. Nay, soft and fair! you shall not need to strive;
For needs must he go that the devils drive. [*Exit.*
King. What accident hath happed Hieronimo?
I have not seen him to demean him so.
Lor. My gracious lord, he is with extreme pride,
Conceived of young Horatio his son —
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young prince Balthazar —
Distract, and in a manner lunatic.
King. Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for 't:
This is the love that fathers bear their sons.
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The prince's ransom; let him have his due.
For what he hath, Horatio shall not want;
Haply Hieronimo hath need thereof.
Lor. But if he be thus helplessly distract,
'Tis requisite his office be resigned,
And given to one of more discretion.
King. We shall increase his melancholy so.
'Tis best that we see further in it first,
Till when ourself will hold exempt the place.
And, brother, now bring in the ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match
'Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,
And that we may prefix a certain time,
Wherein the marriage shall be solemnized,
That we may have thy lord, the viceroy, here.
Amb. Therein your highness highly shall content
His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.
King. On, then, and hear you, lord ambassador ——
[*Exeunt.*

Scene XIIa. *Hieronimo's Garden.*

Enter Jaques *and* Pedro.

Jaq. I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
At midnight sends us with our torches light,

85. **conceived:** possessed, i.e., become crazy. 98. **so:** by doing that.
1. Here begins the fourth of the additions.

When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.
Ped. O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
Is much distraught, since his Horatio died,
And — now his agéd years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet — like a desperate man,
Grows lunatic and childish for his son.
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him;
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out "Horatio, where is my Horatio?"
So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow
There is not left in him one inch of man;
See, where he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. I pry through every crevice of each wall,
Look on each tree, and search through every brake,
Beat at the bushes, stamp our grandam earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven,
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio. —
How now, who's there? Spirits, spirits?
Ped. We are your servants that attend you, sir.
Hier. What make you with your torches in the dark?
Ped. You bid us light them, and attend you here.
Hier. No, no, you are deceived! not I; — you are deceived!
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
Whenas the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then.
Ped. Then we burn daylight.
Hier. Let it be burned; Night is a murderous slut,
That would not have her treasons to be seen;
And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness;
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train;
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness, when they most should shine.
Ped. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words;
The heavens are gracious, and your miseries
And sorrow makes you speak, you know not what.
Hier. Villain, thou liest! and thou dost naught

30. **burn:** waste. 36. **aglets:** ornamented tag of a lace.

But tell me I am mad. Thou liest, I am not mad!
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she that same night,
When my Horatio was murdered?
She should have shone: search thou the book. — Had the moon shone,
In my boy's face there was a kind of grace,
That I know — nay, I do know — had the murderer seen him,
His weapon would have fallen and cut the earth,
Had he been framed of naught but blood and death.
Alack! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief?

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors;
O, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.
Hier. Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;
I do not cry: ask Pedro, and ask Jaques;
Not I indeed; we are very merry, very merry.
Isab. How? be merry here, be merry here?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered?
Hier. Was — do not say what; let her weep it out.
This was the tree; I set it of a kernel;
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain-water.
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,
Till at the length
It grew a gallows, and did bear our son.
It bore thy fruit and mine — O wicked, wicked plant!
[*One knocks within at the door.*
See, who knocks there.
Ped. It is a painter, sir.
Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in! — One knows not what may chance;
God's will that I should set this tree! — but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from naught,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

Enter the Painter.

Paint. God bless you, sir.
Hier. Wherefore? Why, thou scornful villain?
How, where, or by what means should I be blessed?
Isab. What wouldst thou have, good fellow?
Paint. Justice, madam.
Hier. O ambitious beggar!
Wouldst thou have that that lives not in the world?
Why, all the undelvéd mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice!
'Tis a jewel so inestimable. I tell thee,
God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.
Paint. O, then I see
That God must right me for my murdered son.
Hier. How, was thy son murdered?
Paint. Ay, sir; no man did hold a son so dear.
Hier. What, not as thine? That's a lie,
As massy as the earth.. I had a son,
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons; and he was murdered.
Paint. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.
Hier. Nor I, nor I; but this same one of mine
Was worth a legion. But all is one.
Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go,
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like to two lions reavéd of their young.
Go in a-doors, I say.

[*Exeunt. The painter and he sit down.*

Come, let's talk wisely now.
Was thy son murdered?
Paint. Ay, sir.
Hier. So was mine.
How dost take it? Art thou not sometimes mad?
Is there no tricks that comes before thine eyes?
Paint. O Lord, yes, sir.
Hier. Art a painter? canst paint me a tear, or a wound, a groan, or a sigh? Canst paint me such a tree as this?
Paint. Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting: my name's Bazardo.
Hier. Bazardo! Afore God, an excellent fellow. Look you, sir, do you see, I'd have you paint me for my gallery, in your

107. **tricks**: illusions.

oil-colors matted, and draw me five years younger than I am — do ye see, sir, let five years go; let them go like the marshal of Spain — my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which should intend to this or some such-like purpose: "God bless thee, my sweet son;" and my hand leaning upon his head, thus, sir; do you see? — may it be done?

Paint. Very well, sir.

Hier. Nay, I pray, mark me, sir. Then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree. Canst paint a doleful cry?

Paint. Seemingly, sir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry; but all is one. Well, sir, paint me a youth run through and through with villains' swords, hanging upon this tree. Canst thou draw a murderer?

Paint. I'll warrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the most notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.

Hier. O, let them be worse, worse. Stretch thine art, and let their beards be of Judas his own color; and let their eyebrows jutty over; in any case observe that. Then, sir, after some violent noise, bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arm, with my torch in my hand, and my sword reared up thus: — and with these words:

"What noise is this? Who calls Hieronimo?"

May it be done?

Paint. Yea, sir.

Hier. Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion! Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying: "The house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the torch over my head!" Make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invocate heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance — and so forth.

115. **matted:** lusterless. 133. **Judas his own color:** i.e., red. 146. **jarring:** ticking.

Paint. And is this the end?

Hier. O no, there is no end. The end is death and madness! As I am never better than when I am mad; then methinks I am a brave fellow; then I do wonders; but reason abuseth me, and there's the torment, there's the hell. At the last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers; were he as strong as Hector, thus would I tear and drag him up and down.

[He beats the painter in, then comes out again, with a book in his hand.

Scene XIII. *Hieronimo's House.*

Enter Hieronimo, *with a book in his hand.*

Vindicta mihi!
Ay, heaven will be revenged of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will;
For mortal men may not appoint their time! —
"Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter."
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee;
For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution.
For he that thinks with patience to contend
To quiet life, his life shall easily end. —
"Fata si miseros juvant, habes salutem;
Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum:"
If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be;
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
Yet shalt thou be assuréd of a tomb;
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be:
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.
And to conclude, I will revenge his death!
But how? Not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inevitable ills,
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
Which under kindship will be cloakéd best.
Wise men will take their opportunity
Closely and safely, fitting things to time.
But in extremes advantage hath no time;

Stage direction, **book:** a common stage device. See *Hamlet*. 9. **resolution:** solution. 24. **kindship:** kindness.

And therefore all times fit not for revenge.
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness,
Not seeming that I know their villainies,
That my simplicity may make them think
That ignorantly I will let all slip;
For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners est.
Nor ought avails it me to menace them,
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
Till to revenge thou know, when, where, and how.
[*A noise within.*
How now, what noise? What coil is that you keep?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here are a sort of poor petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,
That you should plead their cases to the king.
Hier. That I should plead their several actions?
Why, let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three Citizens *and an* Old Man.

1 *Cit.* So, I tell you this: for learning and for law,
There is not any advocate in Spain
That can prevail, or will take half the pain
That he will, in pursuit of equity.
Hier. Come near, you men, that thus importune me. —
(*Aside.*) Now must I bear a face of gravity;
For thus I used, before my marshalship,
To plead in causes as corregidor. —
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?
2 *Cit.* Sir, an action.
Hier. Of battery?
1 *Cit.* Mine of debt.
Hier. Give place.

45. **coil:** commotion. 46. **sort:** company. 58. **corregidor:** magistrate.

2 *Cit.* No, sir, mine is an action of the case.
3 *Cit.* Mine an *ejectione firmae* by a lease.
Hier. Content you, sirs; are you determinéd
That I should plead your several actions?
1 *Cit.* Ay, sir, and here's my declaration.
2 *Cit.* And here's my band.
3 *Cit.* And here's my lease.
[*They give him papers.*
Hier. But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven upreared?
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.
Old Man. O worthy sir, my cause, but slightly known,
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthful tears.
Hier. Say, father, tell me what's thy suit?
Old Man. No, sir, could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words,
Then should I not in paper, as you see,
With ink bewray what blood began in me.
Hier. What's here? "The humble supplication
Of Don Bazulto for his murdered son."
Old Man. Ay, sir.
Hier. No, sir, it was my murdered son.
O my son, my son, O my son Horatio!
But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.
Here, take my handkercher, and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see
The lively portrait of my dying self.
[*He draweth out a bloody napkin.*
O no, not this; Horatio, this was thine;
And when I dyed it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,
That of thy death revengéd I should be.
But here, take this, and this — what, my purse? —
Ay, this, and that, and all of them are thine;
For all as one are our extremities.
1 *Cit.* O, see the kindness of Hieronimo!
2 *Cit.* This gentleness shows him a gentleman.
Hier. See, see, O see thy shame, Hieronimo;
See here a loving father to his son!
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,

61. **case:** a case at law in which the plaintiff's case is given in the original writ, according to Blackstone. 62. ***ejectione firmae:*** a writ of ejection of a tenant.

That he delivereth for his son's decease!
If love's effects so strive in lesser things,
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
If love express such power in poor estates,
Hieronimo, when as a raging sea,
Tossed with the wind and tide, o'erturneth then
The upper billows course of waves to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labor in the deep,
Then sham'st thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect
The sweet revenge of thy Horatio?
Though on this earth justice will not be found,
I'll down to hell, and in this passion
Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,
Getting by force, as once Alcides did,
A troop of Furies and tormenting hags
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.
Yet lest the triple-headed porter should
Deny my passage to the slimy strand,
The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit.
Come on, old father, be my Orpheus,
And if thou canst no notes upon the harp,
Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's-grief,
Till we do gain that Proserpine may grant
Revenge on them that murderéd my son.
Then will I rent and tear them, thus and thus,
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.

[*Tears the papers.*

1 *Cit.* O sir, my declaration!

[*Exit Hieronimo, and they after.*

2 *Cit.* Save my bond!

Enter Hieronimo.

2 *Cit.* Save my bond!
3 *Cit.* Alas, my lease! it cost me ten pound,
And you, my lord, have torn the same.
Hier. That cannot be, I gave it never a wound;
Show me one drop of blood fall from the same!
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.

[*Exeunt all but the Old Man. Bazulto remains till Hieronimo enters again, who, staring him in the face, speaks.*

101. **when as:** as when. 110. **Alcides:** Hercules. 117. **canst no:** have no skill.

Hier. And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
To ask for justice in this upper earth,
To tell thy father thou art unrevenged,
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights are dimmed with over-long laments?
Go back, my son, complain to Aeacus,
For here's no justice; gentle boy, be gone,
For justice is exiléd from the earth;
Hieronimo will bear thee company.
Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamanth
For just revenge against the murderers.
Old Man. Alas, my lord, whence springs this troubled speech?
Hier. But let me look on my Horatio.
Sweet boy, how art thou changed in death's black shade!
Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,
But suffered thy fair crimson-colored spring
With withered winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio, thou art older than thy father.
Ah, ruthless fate, that favor thus transforms!
Old Man. Ay, my good lord, I am not your young son.
Hier. What, not my son? Thou then a Fury art,
Sent from the empty kingdom of black night
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth,
To plague Hieronimo that is remiss,
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.
Old Man. I am a grievéd man, and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murdered son.
Hier. Ay, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy son.
Thou art the lively image of my grief;
Within thy face, my sorrows I may see.
Thy eyes are gummed with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off;
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son,
And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son.
Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel;
Lean on my arm. I thee, thou me, shalt stay,
And thou, and I, and she will sing a song,
Three parts in one, but all of discords framed —

169. **stay:** support.

Talk not of chords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XIV. *The Court of Spain.*

Enter King of Spain, *the* Duke, Viceroy, *and* Lorenzo, Balthazar, Don Pedro, *and* Bel-imperia.

King. Go, brother, 'tis the Duke of Castile's cause;
Salute the Viceroy in our name.
Cast. I go.
Vic. Go forth, Don Pedro, for thy nephew's sake,
And greet the Duke of Castile.
Ped. It shall be so.
King. And now to meet these Portuguese:
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain,
And welcome all his honorable train!
'Tis not unknown to us for why you come,
Or have so kingly crossed the seas.
Sufficeth it, in this we note the troth
And more than common love you lend to us.
So is it that mine honorable niece
(For it beseems us now that it be known)
Already is betrothed to Balthazar,
And by appointment and our condescent
Tomorrow are they to be marriéd.
To this intent we entertain thyself,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace.
Speak, men of Portingal, shall it be so?
If ay, say so; if not, say flatly no.
Vic. Renownéd King, I come not, as thou think'st,
With doubtful followers, unresolvéd men,
But such as have upon thine articles
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me.
Know, sovereign, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy belovéd niece,
Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar,
With thee, my son; whom sith I live to see,
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee;
And let me live a solitary life,

17. **condescent:** consent.

In ceaseless prayers,
To think how strangely heaven hath thee preserved.
King. See, brother, see, how nature strives in him!
Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend with thine extremities;
A place more private fits this princely mood.
Vic. Or here, or where your highness thinks it good.
[*Exeunt all but Castile and Lorenzo.*
Cast. Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you.
See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?
Lor. I do, my lord, and joy to see the same.
Cast. And know'st thou why this meeting is?
Lor. For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth love,
And to confirm their promised marriage.
Cast. She is thy sister?
Lor. Who, Bel-imperia? Ay,
My gracious lord, and this is the day,
That I have longed so happily to see.
Cast. Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine
Should intercept her in her happiness?
Lor. Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so much.
Cast. Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou, Lorenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo,
And in his suits towards his majesty
Still keep'st him back, and seek'st to cross his suit.
Lor. That I, my lord —— ?
Cast. I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I have been ashamed
To answer for thee, though thou art my son.
Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won
By his deserts within the court of Spain?
Or see'st thou not the king my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaim against thee to the king,
What honor were 't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were 't among the kings
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee?
Tell me — and look thou tell me truly too —
Whence grows the ground of this report in court?
Lor. My lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power

36. **accompany:** share. 37. **extremities:** deep emotion.

To stop the vulgar, liberal of their tongues.
A small advantage makes a water-breach,
And no man lives that long contenteth all.
Cast. Myself have seen thee busy to keep back
Him and his supplications from the king.
Lor. Yourself, my lord, hath seen his passions,
That ill beseemed the presence of a king;
And for I pitied him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to Hieronimo
As to my soul, my lord.
Cast. Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.
Lor. My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.
But what's a silly man, distract in mind
To think upon the murder of his son?
Alas! how easy is it for him to err!
But for his satisfaction and the world's,
'Twere good, my lord, that Hieronimo and I
Were reconciled, if he misconster me.
Cast. Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shall be so.
Go one of you, and call Hieronimo.

Enter Balthazar *and* Bel-imperia.

Bal. Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,
Sith heaven hath ordained thee to be mine,
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,
And clear them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies.
Bel. My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love,
Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet.
Bal. New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.
Bel. But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.
I see my lord my father.
Bal. Truce, my love;
I'll go salute him.
Cast. Welcome, Balthazar,
Welcome, brave prince, the pledge of Castile's peace!
And welcome, Bel-imperia! — How now, girl?
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?
Content thyself, for I am satisfied.

74. **vulgar:** the common people. 92. **misconster:** misconstrue, misunderstand.

It is not now as when Andrea lived;
We have forgotten and forgiven that,
And thou art gracéd with a happier love. —
But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo;
I'll have a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo *and a* Servant.

Hier. And where's the duke?
Serv. Yonder.
Hier. Even so. —
What new device have they deviséd, trow?
Pocas palabras! mild as the lamb!
Is 't I will be revenged? No, I am not the man. —
Cast. Welcome, Hieronimo.
Lor. Welcome, Hieronimo.
Bal. Welcome, Hieronimo.
Hier. My lords, I thank you for Horatio.
Cast. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speak with you, is this.
Hier. What, so short?
Then I'll be gone, I thank you for 't.
Cast. Nay, stay, Hieronimo! — go call him, son.
Lor. Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.
Hier. With me, sir? Why, my lord, I thought you had done.
Lor. No; (*aside*) would he had!
Cast. Hieronimo, I hear
You find yourself aggrievéd at my son,
Because you have not access unto the king;
And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.
Hier. Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?
Cast. Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,
And would be loath that one of your deserts
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Considering how I think of you myself.
Hier. Your son Lorenzo! Whom, my noble lord?
The hope of Spain, mine honorable friend?
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare;
[*Draws out his sword.*
I'll meet him face to face, to tell me so!
These be the scandalous reports of such
As love not me, and hate my lord too much.
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent

117. **trow:** think you. 118. ***Pocas palabras:*** few words

Or cross my suit, that loved my son so well?
My lord, I am ashamed it should be said.
Lor. Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.
Hier. My good lord, I know you did not.
Cast. There then pause;
And for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;
And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it;
But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.
Hier. Ay, marry, my lord, and shall.
Friends, quoth he? See, I'll be friends with you all;
Especially with you, my lovely lord;
For divers causes it is fit for us
That we be friends. The world's suspicious,
And men may think what we imagine not.
Bal. Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.
Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot.
Hier. What else? It were a shame it should not be so.
Cast. Come on, Hieronimo, at my request;
Let us entreat your company today. [*Exeunt.*
Hier. Your lordship's to command. — Pah! keep your way;
Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole,
Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole. [*Exit.*

Chorus.

Enter Ghost *and* Revenge.

Ghost. Awake, Erichtho! Cerberus, awake!
Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine!
To combat, Acheron and Erebus!
For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell,
O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees.
Revenge, awake!
Revenge. Awake? For why?
Ghost. Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-advised
To sleep — awake! What, thou art warned to watch!
Revenge. Content thyself, and do not trouble me.
Ghost. Awake, Revenge, if love — as love hath had — [

178. This line is sometimes printed "To sleep away what thou art warned to watch."

Have yet the power or prevalence in hell!
Hieronimo with Lorenzo is joined in league,
And intercepts our passage to revenge.
Awake, Revenge, or we are woe-begone!
Revenge. Thus worldlings ground what they have dreamed upon.
Content thyself, Andrea; though I sleep,
Yet is my mood soliciting their souls.
Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo
Cannot forget his son Horatio.
Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile;
For in unquiet quietness is feigned,
And slumbering is a common worldly wile. —
Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how
Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

Enter a Dumb-Show.

Ghost. Awake, Revenge; reveal this mystery.
Revenge. Lo! the two first the nuptial torches bore
As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun;
But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,
Clothéd in sable and a saffron robe,
And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.
Ghost. Sufficeth me; thy meaning's understood,
And thanks to thee and those infernal powers
That will not tolerate a lover's woe.
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.
Revenge. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

Scene I. *Palace of Don Cyprian.*

Enter Bel-imperia *and* Hieronimo.

Bel. Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeits?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,

185. **ground:** rely.

Thy protestations and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
O unkind father! O deceitful world!
With what excuses canst thou show thyself
From this dishonor and the hate of men?
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him
Whom both my letters and thine own belief
Assures thee to be causeless slaughteréd!
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son.
Unhappy mothers of such children then,
But monstrous fathers to forget so soon
The death of those, whom they with care and cost
Have tendered so, thus careless should be lost.
Myself, a stranger in respect of thee,
So loved his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unrevenged by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake;
For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,
And give it over, and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,
That wrought his downfall with extremest death.

Hier. But may it be that Bel-imperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deigned to say?
Why, then I see that heaven applies our drift,
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those curséd murderers.
Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so;
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that letter, how Horatio died.
Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,
My fear and care in not believing it;
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean
To let his death be unrevenged at full.
And here I vow — so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution —
I will ere long determine of their deaths
That causeless thus have murderéd my son.

Bel. Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
And aught that may effect for thine avail.
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.

31. **our drift:** is on our side.

Hier. On, then; and whatsoever I devise,
Let me entreat you, grace my practices,
For why the plot's already in mine head.
Here they are.

Enter BALTHAZAR *and* LORENZO.

Bal. How now, Hieronimo?
What, courting Bel-imperia?
Hier. Ay, my lord;
Such courting as (I promise you),
She hath my heart, but you, my lord, have hers.
Lor. But now, Hieronimo, or never,
We are to entreat your help.
Hier. My help?
Why, my good lords, assure yourselves of me;
For you have given me cause —
Ay, by my faith have you!
Bal. It pleaséd you,
At the entertainment of the ambassador,
To grace the king so much as with a show.
Now, were your study so well furnishéd,
As for the passing of the first night's sport,
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing motion,
Assure yourself, it would content them well.
Hier. Is this all?
Bal. Ay, this is all.
Hier. Why then, I'll fit you; say no more.
When I was young, I gave my mind
And plied myself to fruitless poetry;
Which though it profit the professor naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.
Lor. And how for that?
Hier. Marry, my good lord, thus:
And yet, methinks, you are too quick with us —
When in Toledo there I studiéd,
It was my chance to write a tragedy:
See here, my lords — [*He shows them a book.*
Which, long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your lordships favor me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it —

50. **For why:** because. 76. **tragedy:** Like Polonius, in *Hamlet*, who confessed that he had been an actor in tragedy when at the university.

I mean each one of you to play a part —
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.
Bal. What, would you have us play a tragedy?
Hier. Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight
To make experience of their wits in plays.
Lor. Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo;
The prince but asked a question.
Bal. In faith, Hieronimo, and you be in earnest,
I'll make one.
Lor. And I another.
Hier. Now, my good lord, could you entreat
Your sister Bel-imperia to make one?
For what's a play without a woman in it?
Bel. Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo;
For I must needs be employéd in your play.
Hier. Why, this is well. I tell you, lordings,
It was determinéd to have been acted
By gentlemen and scholars too,
Such as could tell what to speak.
Bal. And now
It shall be played by princes and courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speak,
If, as it is our country manner,
You will but let us know the argument.
Hier. That shall I roundly. The chronicles of Spain
Record this written of a knight of Rhodes:
He was betrothed, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravished all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Soliman,
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
By sundry means sought Soliman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same.
Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend,
One of his bashaws, whom he held full dear;
Her had this bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,
But by her husband's death, this knight of Rhodes,
Whom presently by treachery he slew.
She, stirred with an exceeding hate therefore,

83. **plausible:** pleasing. 103. **country:** i.e., in our country. 104. **argument:** plot.

As cause of this slew Soliman,
And, to escape the bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself: and this the tragedy.
Lor. O excellent!
Bel. But say, Hieronimo, what then became
Of him that was the bashaw?
Hier. Marry, thus:
Moved with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself.
Bal. But which of us is to perform that part?
Hier. O, that will I, my lords; make no doubt of it.
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you;
For I already have conceited that.
Bal. And what shall I?
Hier. Great Soliman, the Turkish emperor.
Lor. And I?
Hier. Erastus, the knight of Rhodes.
Bel. And I?
Hier. Perseda, chaste and resolute.
And here, my lords, are several abstracts drawn,
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it, as occasion's offered you.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black mustachio and a falchion;
[*Gives a paper to Balthazar.*
You with a cross, like to a knight of Rhodes;
[*Gives another to Lorenzo.*
And, madam, you must attire yourself
[*He giveth Bel-imperia another.*
Like Phœbe, Flora, or the huntéress,
Which to your discretion shall seem best.
And as for me, my lords, I'll look to one,
And, with the ransom that the viceroy sent,
So furnish and perform this tragedy,
As all the world shall say, Hieronimo
Was liberal in gracing of it so.
Bal. Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.
Hier. A comedy?
Fie! comedies are fit for common wits;
But to present a kingly troop withal,
Give me a stately-written tragedy;
Tragœdia cothurnata, fitting kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.

132. **conceited:** devised. 144. **huntéress:** i.e., Diana.

My lords, all this must be performed,
As fitting for the first night's reveling.
The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditation
They would perform anything in action.
Lor. And well it may; for I have seen the like
In Paris 'mongst the French tragedians.
Hier. In Paris? Mass! and well rememberéd!
There's one thing more that rests for us to do.
Bal. What's that, Hieronimo? Forget not anything.
Hier. Each one of us
Must act his part in unknown languages,
That it may breed the more variety.
As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek,
You in Italian, and for because I know
That Bel-imperia hath practicéd the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.
Bel. You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?
Bal. But this will be a mere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood.
Hier. It must be so; for the conclusion
Shall prove the invention and all was good;
And I myself in an oration,
And with a strange and wondrous show besides,
That I will have there behind a curtain,
Assure yourself, shall make the matter known;
And all shall be concluded in one scene,
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.
Bal. How like you this?
Lor. Why, thus my lord:
We must resolve to soothe his humors up.
Bal. On then, Hieronimo; farewell till soon.
Hier. You'll ply this gear?
Lor. I warrant you.
[*Exeunt all but Hieronimo.*
Hier. Why so:
Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Hieronimo's Garden.*

Enter Isabella *with a weapon.*

Isab. Tell me no more! — O monstrous homicides!
Since neither piety nor pity moves
The king to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murdered my belovéd son.
[*She cuts down the arbor.*
Down with these branches and these loathsome boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine!
Down with them, Isabella; rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden-plot —
Accurséd complot of my misery!
Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoe'er
Imagines not to keep it unmanured!
An eastern wind, commixed with noisome airs,
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
The earth with serpents shall be pesteréd,
And passengers, for fear to be infect,
Shall stand aloof, and, looking at it, tell:
" There, murdered, died the son of Isabel."
Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace.
See, where his ghost solicits with his wounds,
Revenge on her that should revenge his death.
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son;
For sorrow and despair hath cited me
To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamanth;
Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excused
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths
Whose hateful wrath bereaved him of his breath. —
Ah, nay, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgiv'st the murderers of thy noble son,
And none but I bestir me — to no end!
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my womb be curséd for his sake;

13. **complot:** accomplice. 16. **unmanured:** uncultivated. 27. **cited me, etc.:** have determined me to kill myself.

And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck.
[*She stabs herself.*

Scene III. *Palace of Don Cyprian.*

Enter Hieronimo; *he puts up a curtain.*

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cast. How now, Hieronimo, where's your fellows,
That you take all this pain?
Hier. O sir, it is for the author's credit,
To look that all things may go well.
But, good my lord, let me entreat your grace,
To give the king the copy of the play;
This is the argument of what we show.
Cast. I will, Hieronimo.
Hier. One thing more, my good lord.
Cast. What's that?
Hier. Let me entreat your grace
That, when the train are passed into the gallery,
You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.
Cast. I will, Hieronimo. [*Exit Castile.*
Hier. What, are you ready, Balthazar?
Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.

Enter Balthazar, *with a chair.*

Well done, Balthazar! Hang up the title;
Our scene is Rhodes; — what, is your beard on?
Bal. Half on; the other is in my hand.
Hier. Despatch for shame; are you so long?
[*Exit Balthazar.*

Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,
Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs
Thou hast received by murder of thy son,
And lastly — not least! — how Isabel,
Once his mother and thy dearest wife,
All woe-begone for him, hath slain herself.
Behoves thee then, Hieronimo, to be revenged!
The plot is laid of dire revenge;
On, then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge;
For nothing wants but acting of revenge!
[*Exit Hieronimo.*

14. **Hang up the title:** Evidence of the simplicity of the scenery.

Scene IV. *Palace of Don Cyprian.*

Enter Spanish King, Viceroy, *the* Duke of Castile, *and their train to the Gallery.*

King. Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy
Of Soliman, the Turkish emperor,
Performed — of pleasure — by your son the prince,
My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece.
Vic. Who? Bel-imperia?
King. Ay, and Hieronimo, our marshal,
At whose request they deign to do 't themselves.
These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper;
This is the argument of that they show.
[*He giveth him a book.*
Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry languages, was thought good to be set down in English more largely, for the easier understanding to every public reader.

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, *and* Hieronimo.

Bal. Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honor,
And holy Mahomet, our sacred prophet!
And be thou graced with every excellence
That Soliman can give, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less
Than in reserving this fair Christian nymph,
Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence,
Whose eyes compel, like powerful adamant,
The warlike heart of Soliman to wait.
King. See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your son,
That represents the emperor Soliman.
How well he acts his amorous passion!
Vic. Ay, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.
Cast. That's because his mind runs all on Bel-imperia.
Hier. Whatever joy earth yields, betide your majesty.
Bal. Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.
Hier. Let then Perseda on your grace attend.
Bal. She shall not wait on me, but I on her.
Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield.
But let my friend, the Rhodian knight, come forth,
Erasto, dearer than my life to me,
That he may see Perseda, my beloved.

Enter Erasto.

King. Here comes Lorenzo; look upon the plot,
And tell me, brother, what part plays he?
Bel. Ah, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda.
Lor. Thrice happy is Erasto that thou liv'st;
Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy;
Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.
Bal. Ah, bashaw, here is love between Erasto
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.
Hier. Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman,
And then Perseda will be quickly won.
Bal. Erasto is my friend; and while he lives,
Perseda never will remove her love.
Hier. Let not Erasto live to grieve great Soliman.
Bal. Dear is Erasto in our princely eye.
Hier. But if he be your rival, let him die.
Bal. Why, let him die! — so love commandeth me.
Yet grieve I that Erasto should so die.
Hier. Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employed. [*Stabs Lorenzo.*
Bel. Ay me!
Erasto! See, Soliman, Erasto's slain!
Bal. Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.
Fair queen of beauty, let not favor die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief
That with Perseda's beauty is increased,
If by Perseda his grief be not released.
Bel. Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits;
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
Which seized on my Erasto, harmless knight.
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey:
But, were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince; [*Stabs Balthazar.*
And on herself she would be thus revenged. [*Stabs herself.*
King. Well said! — Old marshal, this was bravely done!
Hier. But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well!
Vic. Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia,
You would be better to my son than so.
King. But now what follows for Hieronimo?
Hier. Marry, this follows for Hieronimo:

Here break we off our sundry languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.
Haply you think — but bootless are your thoughts —
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we do as all tragedians do:
To die today, for fashioning our scene,
The death of Ajax or some Roman peer,
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please tomorrow's audience.
No, princes; know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless son,
Whose tongue is tuned to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse gross errors in the play.
I see, your looks urge instance of these words;
Behold the reason urging me to this: [*Shows his dead son.*
See here my show, look on this spectacle,
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end;
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain:
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost;
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
All fled, failed, died, yea, all decayed with this.
From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life;
They murdered me that made these fatal marks.
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate;
The hate, Lorenzo and young Balthazar;
The love, my son to Bel-imperia.
But night, the coverer of accurséd crimes,
With pitchy silence hushed these traitors' harms,
And lent them leave, for they had sorted leisure
To take advantage in my garden-plot
Upon my son, my dear Horatio.
There merciless they butchered up my boy,
In black, dark night, to pale, dim, cruel death.
He shrieks: I heard (and yet, methinks, I hear)
His dismal outcry echo in the air.
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Through-girt with wounds, and slaughtered as you see.
And grieved I, think you, at this spectacle?
Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine;

86. **hapless:** Kyd, like all the Elizabethans, must have his pun. 89. **instance:** illustration. 90. *Stage direction:* Displaying dead bodies was a favorite device of Elizabethan tragedy. 105. **sorted:** chosen.

If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,
'Tis like I wailed for my Horatio.
And you, my lord, whose reconciléd son
Marched in a net, and thought himself unseen,
And rated me for brainsick lunacy,
With " God amend that mad Hieronimo! " —
How can you brook our play's catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody handkercher,
Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipped
Within the river of his bleeding wounds;
It as propitious, see, I have reserved,
And never hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow
With these, O, these accurséd murderers;
Which now performed, my heart is satisfied.
And to this end the bashaw I became
That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life,
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conveniently.
So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son,
That Soliman which Bel-imperia,
In person of Perseda, murderéd;
Solely appointed to that tragic part
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poor Bel-imperia missed her part in this:
For though the story saith she should have died,
Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end;
But love of him whom they did hate too much
Did urge her resolution to be such. —
And, princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author and actor in this tragedy,
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the actors gone before.
And, gentles, thus I end my play;
Urge no more words: I have no more to say.

[*He runs to hang himself.*

King. O hearken, Viceroy! Hold, Hieronimo!
Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain!

Vic. We are betrayed; my Balthazar is slain!
Break ope the doors; run, save Hieronimo.

[*They break in and hold Hieronimo.*

Hieronimo, do but inform the king of these events;
Upon mine honor, thou shalt have no harm.
Hier. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day have offered to my son.
Accurséd wretch!
Why stay'st thou him that was resolved to die?
King. Speak, traitor! damnéd, bloody murderer, speak!
For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?
Vic. Why hast thou murderéd my Balthazar?
Cast. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?
Hier. O, good words!
As dear to me was my Horatio,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revengéd thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged
With greater far than these afflictions.
Cast. But who were thy confederates in this?
Vic. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia;
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain;
I saw her stab him.
King. Why speak'st thou not?
Hier. What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? Then afford it me.
Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.
King. Fetch forth the tortures; traitor as thou art,
I'll make thee tell.
Hier. Indeed,
Thou may'st torment me, as his wretched son
Hath done in murdering my Horatio;
But never shalt thou force me to reveal
The thing which I have vowed inviolate.
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
Pleased with their deaths, and eased with their revenge,
First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.
[*He bites out his tongue.*
[*Hier. But are you sure they are dead?*
Cast. *Ay, slave, too sure.*
Hier. What, and yours too?
Vic. Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive.

194. The fifth interpolated passage.

Hier. Nay, then I care not; come, and we shall be friends;
Let us lay our heads together:
See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.
Vic. O damnéd devil, how secure he is!
Hier. Secure? Why, dost thou wonder at it?
I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,
And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch,
Than ever sat under the crown of Spain.
Had I as many lives as there be stars,
As many heavens to go to, as those lives,
I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.
Cast. But who were thy confederates in this?
Vic. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia;
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain;
I saw her stab him.
Hier. O, good words!
As dear to me was my Horatio,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revengéd thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged
With greater far than these afflictions.
Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge,
I cannot look with scorn enough on death.
King. What, dost thou mock us, slave? —
Bring tortures forth.
Hier. Do, do, do: and meantime I'll torture you.
You had a son, as I take it; and your son
Should ha' been married to your daughter;
Ha, was it not so? — You had a son too,
He was my liege's nephew; he was proud
And politic; had he lived, he might ha' come
To wear the crown of Spain, I think 'twas so: —
'Twas I that killed him; look you, this same hand,
'Twas it that stabbed his heart — do ye see? this hand —
For one Horatio, if you ever knew him: a youth,
One that they hanged up in his father's garden;
One that did force your valiant son to yield,
While your more valiant son did take him prisoner.
Vic. Be deaf, my senses; I can hear no more.
King. Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruins.

200. **secure:** assured.

Cast. *Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.*
Hier. *Now do I applaud what I have acted.*
Nunc iners cadat manus!
Now to express the rupture of my part, —
First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.]
King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch!
See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,
Rather than to reveal what we required.
Cast. Yet can he write.
King. And if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise th' extremest kind of death
That ever was invented for a wretch.
[*Then he makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.*
Cast. O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.
Vic. Here, and advise thee that thou write the troth. —
Look to my brother! Save Hieronimo!
[*He with a knife stabs the duke and himself.*
King. What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?
My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
That Spain expected after my decease! —
Go, bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our belovéd brother's death,
That he may be entombed. — Whate'er befall,
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.
Vic. And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us.
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain;
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the main-mast of a ship unmanned,
And let the wind and tide haul me along
To Scylla's barking and untaméd gulf,
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingal.
[*The trumpets sound a dead march; the King of Spain mourning after his brother's body, and the King of Portingal bearing the body of his son.*

Chorus.

Enter Ghost *and* Revenge.

Ghost. Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires;
Horatio murdered in his father's bower;

Vile Serberine by Pedringano slain;
False Pedringano hanged by quaint device;
Fair Isabella by herself misdone;
Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabbed;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo;
My Bel-imperia fallen, as Dido fell,
And good Hieronimo slain by himself.
Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul!
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine
That, by the virtue of her princely doom,
I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,
Where never-dying wars are still inured;
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train,
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain;
I'll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys,
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess;
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge — for thou must help, or none —
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?

Rev. This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but Furies, bugs, and tortures dwell.

Ghost. Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request:
Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest.
Let loose poor Tityus from the vulture's gripe,
And let Don Cyprian supply his room;
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
And let the lover's endless pains surcease
(Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease);
Hang Balthazar about Chimæra's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above;
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan;
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragged through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.

282. **please:** These nine tragic deaths pleased the audience as well as the Ghost of Andrea! 285. **consort:** be with. 285. **sort:** company. 288. **inured:** practiced. 298. **bugs:** bugbears.

Rev. Then haste we down to meet thy friends and foes:
To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes;
For here though death hath end their misery,
I'll there begin their endless tragedy. [*Exeunt.*

NOTE

The revenge play was given its tremendous Elizabethan vogue by the success of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy,* which remained one of the most continuously popular stage productions to the end of the era. The reasons for this popularity are simple. The spirit of the times made all "blood and thunder" plays liked by audiences, and no species of drama offered more easily understood motives than that which exploited the idea of a presumably righteous vengeance, an idea deeply rooted in human experience, based on the Old Testament dogma of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The theory of revenge once accepted as a rational motive, the dramatist was not restricted in the number of his killings nor in the method by which they were accomplished so long as the number was large enough and the method sufficiently thrilling. Evidently the *Spanish Tragedy* satisfied audiences in both respects.

Kyd was not the first to write revenge plays, but earlier ones, like *Horestes* (1567), were hardly more than the ordinary blood tragedies loosely motivated upon the idea of revenge for the sake of spilling blood. Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus,* produced about the same time as the *Spanish Tragedy,* shows how the earlier type was continued. There seems but little justification for the ten tragic deaths on the stage. It was Kyd's play which for the first time touched the deeper dramatic significance possible to the motive of revenge, that of a character involved in an inner struggle with himself at the same time that he was trying to carry out his self-imposed obligation. Titus Andronicus had no such problem, but it was this phase of the *Spanish Tragedy,* as well as that of the lost *Hamlet,* that later attracted Shakespeare, a phase that he developed to such an extent that his *Hamlet* became at once the finest of the revenge plays and one of the half-dozen of the world's literary masterpieces.

The difference between the ordinary blood tragedy and that of Kyd becomes interestingly apparent by contrasting the *Spanish Tragedy* with Marlowe's *Tamburlaine,* the first part of which was almost exactly contemporaneous with Kyd's play, and equally epoch-making in its own way. It is not known which appeared first, but it is evident that Kyd must have written his play before the great event of the year 1588, for it is unthinkable that, considering his subject, he would not have made some reference to the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The logical date therefore seems to be either late in 1586 or early in 1587.

The *Spanish Tragedy,* important as it is in itself, becomes additionally so because of its relation to *Hamlet* and all succeeding revenge plays. Since these plays have so many characteristics in common, the following list, compiled from the *Spanish Tragedy,* may be of interest for comparative study, more especially of *Hamlet.*

1. Many effective stage scenes
2. Revenge directed by a ghost, or at least some sort of ghost device
3. Fondness for scenes at night
4. Madness, real or pretended
5. The wearing of black
6. Intrigue
7. Minor revenge motives
8. The hero scholarly or philosophic, not a man of action
9. Meditative soliloquies
10. Reading a book before a soliloquy
11. Churchyard scenes
12. Swearing by the cross of the sword
13. Falling to the ground to express grief
14. Hesitation in taking advantage of opportunity to kill
15. Songs or lamentations of mad woman
16. Villain in love with near relative of victim
17. Reception of ambassadors
18. Exhibition of dead bodies
19. Play within a play
20. Suicide
21. Plenty of deaths (10 in *Spanish Tragedy*)
22. Long speeches
23. Display of bloody handkerchief
24. The revenger meets death in carrying out his revenge.

Finally, it may be said that the *Spanish Tragedy* is full of dramatic situations, making it a good stage play; the characters talk like human beings in spite of some overwrought passages; there are a few distinctly Senecan survivals, such as the Induction, and the Chorus at the end of each act; the play is tragic throughout with the exception of the episode of the Page and the empty box, and that of Pedringano's "smart" repartee just before he is executed; and the production of the play lost nothing by having Edward Alleyn in the stellar rôle.

The success of the *Spanish Tragedy* led to the production of a number of revenge plays, some of them closely modeled upon their original, others diverging to some extent. Besides *Hamlet* (1603), the following deserve mention: *Antonio's Revenge* (1599), by John Marston; *Hoffman* (1602), by Thomas Chettle; *The Atheist's Tragedy* (1602), and *The Revenger's Tragedy* (printed 1607), by Cyril Tourneur; *The Second Maiden's Tragedy* (1611), anonymous; *The White Devil* (1611), and *The Duchess of Malfi* (1617), by John Webster. In these latter plays revenge is no longer the main motive; it is subordinated to crime, lust, and sheer malice. Webster's two plays are worth particular study because they have literary merit of a high order.

For Thomas Kyd the standard text, which includes his doubtful works, is that by F. S. Boas, Oxford University Press, 1901.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

By Christopher Marlowe

Part I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mycetes, King of Persia.
Cosroe, his Brother.
Ortygius, Ceneus, Meander, Menaphon, Theridamas, } Persian Lords and Captains.
Tamburlaine, a Scythian Shepherd.
Techelles, Usumcasane, } his Followers.
Bajazeth, Emperor of the Turks.
King of Arabia.
King of Fez.
King of Morocco.
King of Argier (Algiers).
Soldan of Egypt.
Governor of Damascus.
Agydas, Magnetes, } Median Lords.
Capolin, an Egyptian Captain.
Philemus, a Messenger.

Zenocrate, Daughter of the Soldan of Egypt.
Anippe, her Maid.
Zabina, Wife of Bajazeth.
Ebea, her Maid.
Virgins of Damascus.

THE PROLOGUE

From jigging veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortune as you please.

ACT I

Scene I.

Enter Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius, Ceneus, Menaphon, *with others.*

Mycetes. Brother Cosroe, I find myself aggrieved,
Yet insufficient to express the same,
For it requires a great and thundering speech;

Good brother, tell the cause unto my lords;
I know you have a better wit than I.
Cos. Unhappy Persia, that in former age
Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors,
That, in their prowess and their policies,
Have triumphed over Afric and the bounds
Of Europe, where the sun scarce dares appear
For freezing meteors and congealéd cold,
Now to be ruled and governed by a man
At whose birthday Cynthia with Saturn joined,
And Jove, the Sun, and Mercury denied
To shed their influence in his fickle brain!
Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at thee,
Meaning to mangle all thy provinces.
Myc. Brother, I see your meaning well enough,
And through your planets I perceive you think
I am not wise enough to be a king;
But I refer me to my noblemen
That know my wit, and can be witnesses.
I might command you to be slain for this:
Meander, might I not?
Meand. Not for so small a fault, my sovereign lord.
Myc. I mean it not, but yet I know I might;
Yet live; yea live, Mycetes wills it so.
Meander, thou, my faithful counselor,
Declare the cause of my conceivéd grief,
Which is, God knows, about that Tamburlaine,
That, like a fox in midst of harvest time,
Doth prey upon my flocks of passengers;
And, as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes:
Therefore 'tis good and meet for to be wise.
Meand. Oft have I heard your majesty complain
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Scythian thief,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis
Trading by land unto the Western Isles,
And in your confines with his lawless train
Daily commits incivil outrages,
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophecies)
To reign in Asia, and with barbarous arms
To make himself the monarch of the East;
But ere he march in Asia, or display

19. **planets:** supposed to influence the destiny of man. 32. **passengers:** travelers. 37. **Persepolis:** capital of ancient Persia, now in ruins. 40. **incivil:** uncivilized, brutal.

His vagrant ensign in the Persian fields,
Your grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charged with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him captive to your highness' throne.
Myc. Full true thou speak'st, and like thyself, my lord,
Whom I may term a Damon for thy love:
Therefore 'tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent
To apprehend that paltry Scythian.
How like you this, my honorable lords?
Is 't not a kingly resolution?
Cos. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.
Myc. Then hear thy charge, valiant Theridamas,
The chiefest captain of Mycetes' host,
The hope of Persia, and the very legs
Whereon our state doth lean as on a staff,
That holds us up, and foils our neighbor foes.
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain
Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go frowning forth; but come thou smiling home,
As did Sir Paris with the Grecian dame;
Return with speed — time passeth swift away;
Our life is frail, and we may die today.
Ther. Before the moon renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not, my lord and gracious sovereign,
But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercy at your highness' feet.
Myc. Go, stout Theridamas, thy words are swords,
And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes;
I long to see thee back return from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine
All loaden with the heads of killéd men,
And from their knees e'en to their hoofs below
Besmeared with blood that makes a dainty show.
Ther. Then now, my lord, I humbly take my leave.
Myc. Theridamas, farewell! ten thousand times.
[*Exit Theridamas.*
Ah, Menaphon, why stay'st thou thus behind,
When other men press forward for renown?
Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia;

52. **incontinent:** right away. 66. **Grecian dame:** Helen of Troy. 71. **rout:** crowd, in a disdainful sense.

And foot by foot follow Theridamas.
Cos. Nay, pray you let him stay; a greater task
Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief;
Create him prorex of all Africa,
That he may win the Babylonians' hearts
Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unless they have a wiser king than you.
Myc. "Unless they have a wiser king than you."
These are his words; Meander, set them down.
Cos. And add this to them — that all Asia
Laments to see the folly of their king.
Myc. Well, here I swear by this my royal seat —
Cos. You may do well to kiss it then.
Myc. Embossed with silk as best beseems my state,
To be revenged for these contemptuous words.
Oh, where is duty and allegiance now?
Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?
What shall I call thee? Brother? — No, a foe;
Monster of nature! — Shame unto thy stock
That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock!
Meander, come: I am abused, Meander.
[*Exeunt all but Cosroe and Menaphon.*
Men. How now, my lord? What, mated and amazed
To hear the king thus threaten like himself!
Cos. Ah, Menaphon, I pass not for his threats;
The plot is laid by Persian noblemen
And captains of the Median garrisons
To crown me Emperor of Asia;
But this it is that doth excruciate
The very substance of my vexéd soul —
To see our neighbors that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,
Now sit and laugh our regiment to scorn;
And that which might resolve me into tears,
Men from the farthest equinoctial line
Have swarmed in troops into the Eastern India,
Lading their ships with gold and precious stones,
And made their spoils from all our provinces.
Men. This should entreat your highness to rejoice,
Since Fortune gives you opportunity
To gain the title of a conqueror
By curing of this maiméd empery.

89. **prorex:** Viceroy. 107. **mated:** confounded. 109. **pass:** care. 117. **regiment:** rule. 118. **resolve:** dissolve.

Afric and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your dominions,
How easily may you, with a mighty host,
Pass into Græcia, as did Cyrus once,
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Lest you subdue the pride of Christendom.

[*Trumpet within.*

Cos. But, Menaphon, what means this trumpet's sound?
Men. Behold, my lord, Ortygius and the rest
Bringing the crown to make you Emperor!

Enter ORTYGIUS *and* CENEUS, *with others, bearing a crown.*

Orty. Magnificent and mighty Prince Cosroe,
We, in the name of other Persian states
And commons of the mighty monarchy,
Present thee with the imperial diadem.
Cen. The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen,
That heretofore have filled Persepolis
With Afric captains taken in the field,
Whose ransom made them march in coats of gold,
With costly jewels hanging at their ears,
And shining stones upon their lofty crests,
Now living idle in the walléd towns,
Wanting both pay and martial discipline,
Begin in troops to threaten civil war,
And openly exclaim against their king.
Therefore, to stop all sudden mutinies,
We will invest your highness Emperor,
Whereat the soldiers will conceive more joy
Than did the Macedonians at the spoil
Of great Darius and his wealthy host.
Cos. Well, since I see the state of Persia droop
And languish in my brother's government,
I willingly receive the imperial crown,
And vow to wear it for my country's good,
In spite of them shall malice my estate.
Orty. And in assurance of desired success,
We here do crown thee monarch of the East,
Emperor of Asia and Persia;
Great Lord of Media and Armenia;
Duke of Africa and Albania,

137. **states:** persons of state. 159. **them:** those who. 159. **malice:** i.e., regard with malice.

Mesopotamia and of Parthia,
East India and the late-discovered isles;
Chief Lord of all the wide, vast Euxine Sea,
And of the ever-raging Caspian Lake.
All. Long live Cosroe, mighty Emperor!
Cos. And Jove may never let me longer live
Than I may seek to gratify your love,
And cause the soldiers that thus honor me
To triumph over many provinces!
By whose desire of discipline in arms
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king,
And with the army of Theridamas
(Whither we presently will fly, my lords)
To rest secure against my brother's force.
Orty. We knew, my lord, before we brought the crown,
Intending your investion so near
The residence of your despiséd brother,
The lords would not be too exasperate
To injury or suppress your worthy title;
Or, if they would, there are in readiness
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.
Cos. I know it well, my lord, and thank you all.
Orty. Sound up the trumpets then. [*Trumpets sound.*
All. God save the King! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE *leading* ZENOCRATE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, AGYDAS, MAGNETES, Lords, *and* Soldiers, *laden with treasure.*

Tamb. Come, lady, let not this appal your thoughts;
The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en
Shall be reserved, and you in better state,
Than if you were arrived in Syria,
Even in the circle of your father's arms,
The mighty Soldan of Ægyptia.
Zeno. Ah, shepherd! pity my distresséd plight,
(If, as thou seem'st, thou art so mean a man,)
And seek not to enrich thy followers

170. **Jove may:** may Jove. 180. **investion:** investiture. 183. **injury:** used as a verb.

By lawless rapine from a silly maid,
Who, traveling with these Median lords
To Memphis, from my uncle's country of Media,
Where all my youth I have been governéd,
Have passed the army of the mighty Turk,
Bearing his privy signet and his hand
To safe conduct us thorough Africa.
Mag. And since we have arrived in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We have his highness' letters to command
Aid and assistance, if we stand in need.
Tamb. But now you see these letters and commands
Are countermanded by a greater man;
And through my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightiness,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But, since I love to live at liberty,
As easily may you get the Soldan's crown
As any prizes out of my precinct;
For they are friends that help to wean my state
Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it,
And must maintain my life exempt from servitude. —
But, tell me, madam, is your grace betrothed?
Zeno. I am — my lord — for so you do import.
Tamb. I am a lord, for so my deeds shall prove,
And yet a shepherd by my parentage.
But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia,
And means to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west, as Phœbus doth his course.
Lie here ye weeds that I disdain to wear!
This complete armor and this curtle-ax
Are adjuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.
And, madam, whatsoever you esteem
Of this success and loss unvaluéd,
Both may invest you Empress of the East;
And these that seem but silly country swains
May have the leading of so great an host,
As with their weight shall make the mountains quake,
Even as when windy exhalations

10. **silly:** simple. 22. **greater man:** Tamburlaine strikes the keynote of his own character, maintained throughout the two plays. 42. **curtle-ax:** not an ax but a short curved sword; a cutlass. 45. **unvalued:** invaluable.

Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.
Tech. As princely lions, when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their paws, and threatening herds of beasts,
So in his armor looketh Tamburlaine.
Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks,
Spurning their crowns from off their captive heads.
Usum. And making thee and me, Techelles, kings,
That even to death will follow Tamburlaine.
Tamb. Nobly resolved, sweet friends and followers!
These lords perhaps do scorn our estimates,
And think we prattle with distempered spirits;
But since they measure our deserts so mean,
That in conceit bear empires on our spears,
Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds,
They shall be kept our forcéd followers,
Till with their eyes they view us emperors.
Zeno. The gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.
Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hopest to be eternized,
By living Asia's mighty Emperor.
Agyd. I hope our lady's treasure and our own
May serve for ransom to our liberties.
Return our mules and empty camels back,
That we may travel into Syria,
Where her betrothéd lord Alcidamas,
Expects th' arrival of her highness' person.
Mag. And wheresoever we repose ourselves,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.
Tamb. Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills —
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persian crown,
Which gracious stars have promised at my birth.

62. **distempered:** diseased. 84. **weigh:** value. 88. **Rhodope:** a Greek nymph.

A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchased with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valurous than Zenocrate's.
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolved.
My martial prizes with five hundred men,
Won on the fifty-headed Volga's waves,
Shall we all offer to Zenocrate —
And then myself to fair Zenocrate.
Tech. What now! —in love?
Tamb. Techelles, women must be flatteréd:
But this is she with whom I am in love.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. News! news!
Tamb. How now — what's the matter?
Sold. A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the king to overcome us all.
Tamb. How now, my lords of Egypt, and Zenocrate!
How! — must your jewels be restored again,
And I, that triumphed so, be overcome?
How say you, lordings — is not this your hope?
Agyd. We hope yourself will willingly restore them.
Tamb. Such hope, such fortune, have the thousand horse.
Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate!
You must be forcéd from me ere you go.
A thousand horsemen! — We five hundred foot! —
An odds too great for us to stand against.
But are they rich? — and is their armor good?
Sold. Their pluméd helms are wrought with beaten gold
Their swords enameled, and about their necks
Hang massy chains of gold, down to the waist,
In every part exceeding brave and rich.
Tamb. Then shall we fight courageously with them?
Or look you I should play the orator?
Tech. No; cowards and faint-hearted runaways
Look for orations when the foe is near.
Our swords shall play the orator for us.

97. **valurous:** valuable. 101. **resolved:** melted. 127. **brave:** fine.

Usum. Come! let us meet them at the mountain top,
And with a sudden and a hot alarum,
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.
Tech. Come, let us march!
Tamb. Stay, ask a parley first.

The Soldiers *enter.*

Open the mails, yet guard the treasure sure;
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflections may amaze the Persians;
And look we friendly on them when they come;
But if they offer word or violence,
We'll fight five hundred men-at-arms to one,
Before we part with our possession.
And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords,
And either lance his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve
For manacles, till he be ransomed home.
Tech. I hear them come; shall we encounter them?
Tamb. Keep all your standings and not stir a foot,
Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter Theridamas *and others.*

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?
Tamb. Whom seek'st thou, Persian? — I am Tamburlaine.
Ther. Tamburlaine! —
A Scythian shepherd so embellishéd,
With nature's pride and richest furniture!
His looks do menace Heaven and dare the gods;
His fiery eyes are fixed upon the earth,
As if he now devised some stratagem,
Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vaults
To pull the triple-headed dog from hell.
Tamb. Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,
If outward habit judge the inward man.
Tech. His deep affections make him passionate.
Tamb. With what a majesty he rears his looks!
In thee, thou valiant man of Persia,
I see the folly of thy emperor.
Art thou but captain of a thousand horse,
That by charácters graven in thy brows,

137. **mails:** trunks (Fr. *malles*). 138. **golden wedges:** gold in large chunks. 160. **triple-headed dog:** Cerberus. 163. **affections:** feelings.

And by thy martial face and stout aspéct,
Deserv'st to have the leading of an host!
Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,
And we will triumph over all the world.
I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains,
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about;
And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man-at-arms,
Intending but to raze my charméd skin,
And Jove himself will stretch his hand from Heaven
To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm.
See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the monarch of the East,
He sends this Soldan's daughter rich and brave,
To be my Queen and portly Emperess.
If thou wilt stay with me, renownéd man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil
Of conquered kingdoms and of cities sacked;
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,
And Christian merchants that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian Sea,
Shall vail to us, as lords of all the lake.
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,
And mighty kings shall be our senators.
Jove sometimes maskéd in a shepherd's weed,
And by those steps that he hath scaled the Heavens
May we become immortal like the gods.
Join with me now in this my mean estate,
(I call it mean because being yet obscure,
The nations far removed admire me not,)
And when my name and honor shall be spread
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
Or fair Boötes sends his cheerful light,
Then shalt thou be competitor with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.

Ther. Not Hermes, prolocutor to the gods,
Could use persuasions more pathetical.

186. **portly:** stately. 193. **merchants:** merchantmen. 195. **vail:** lower their flags in surrender. 207. **competitor:** sharer. 210. **pathetical:** feelingly.

Tamb. Nor are Apollo's oracles more true,
Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial.
Tech. We are his friends, and if the Persian king
Should offer present dukedoms to our state,
We think it loss to make exchange for that
We are assured of by our friend's success.
Usum. And kingdoms at the least we all expect,
Besides the honor in assuréd conquests,
When kings shall crouch unto our conquering swords,
And hosts of soldiers stand amazed at us;
When with their fearful tongues they shall confess,
These are the men that all the world admires.
Ther. What strong enchantments 'tice my yielding soul!
Are these resolvéd nobles Scythians?
But shall I prove a traitor to my king?
Tamb. No, but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.
Ther. Won with thy words, and conquered with thy looks,
I yield myself, my men, and horse to thee,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintains Theridamas.
Tamb. Theridamas, my friend, take here my hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by Heaven,
And called the gods to witness of my vow.
Thus shall my heart be still combined with thine
Until our bodies turn to elements,
And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.
Techelles and Casane, welcome him!
Tech. Welcome, renownéd Persian, to us all!
Usum. Long may Theridamas remain with us!
Tamb. These are my friends, in whom I more rejoice
Than doth the King of Persia in his crown,
And by the love of Pylades and Orestes,
Whose statues we adore in Scythia,
Thyself and them shall never part from me
Before I crown you kings in Asia.
Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,
And they will never leave thee till the death.
Ther. Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierced,
To do you honor and security.
Tamb. A thousand thanks, worthy Theridamas.
And now, fair madam, and my noble lords,
If you will willingly remain with me
You shall have honors as your merits be;

Or else you shall be forced with slavery.
Agyd. We yield unto thee, happy Tamburlaine.
Tamb. For you then, madam, I am out of doubt.
Zeno. I must be pleased perforce. Wretched Zenocrate!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

Scene I.

Enter Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, *and* Ceneus, *with* Soldiers

Cos. Thus far are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune
Bears figures of renown and miracle.
But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon,
What stature wields he, and what personage?
Men. Of stature tall, and straightly fashionéd,
Like his desire, lift upward and divine;
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burden — 'twixt his manly pitch,
A pearl, more worth than all the world, is placed,
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompasséd
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honor sits invested royally.
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms;
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,
And in their smoothness amity and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrappéd in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of Heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty. —
His arms and fingers, long and sinewy,
Betokening valor and excess of strength —
In every part proportioned like the man

11. **pitch**: in falconry, the highest point reached by a falcon; hence *height* in general, but here it means *shoulders*.

Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.
Cos. Well hast thou portrayed in thy terms of life
The face and personage of a wondrous man;
Nature doth strive with Fortune and his stars
To make him famous in accomplished worth;
And well his merits show him to be made,
His fortune's master and the king of men,
That could persuade at such a sudden pinch,
With reasons of his valor and his life,
A thousand sworn and overmatching foes.
Then, when our powers in points of swords are joined
And closed in compass of the killing bullet,
Though strait the passage and the port be made
That leads to palace of my brother's life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the princely Persian diadem
Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
And fall like mellowed fruit with shakes of death,
In fair Persia, noble Tamburlaine
Shall be my regent and remain as king.
Orty. In happy hour we have set the crown
Upon your kingly head that seeks our honor,
In joining with the man ordained by Heaven,
To further every action to the best.
Cen. He that with shepherds and a little spoil
Durst, in disdain of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,
What will he do supported by a king,
Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,
And stuffed with treasure for his highest thoughts!
Cos. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas
Have met us by the river Araris;
And all conjoined to meet the witless king,
That now is marching near to Parthia,
And with unwilling soldiers faintly armed,
To seek revenge on me and Tamburlaine,
To whom, sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.
Men. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

42. **port:** gate.

Scene II.

Enter Mycetes, Meander, *with other* Lords *and* Soldiers.

Myc. Come, my Meander, let us to this gear.
I tell you true, my heart is swoln with wrath
On this same thievish villain, Tamburlaine,
And on that false Cosroe, my traitorous brother.
Would it not grieve a king to be so abused
And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away?
And, which is worse, to have his diadem
Sought for by such scald knaves as love him not?
I think it would; well then, by Heavens I swear,
Aurora shall not peep out of her doors,
But I will have Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword.
Tell you the rest, Meander; I have said.

Meand. Then having passed Armenian deserts now,
And pitched our tents under the Georgian hills,
Whose tops are covered with Tartarian thieves,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey,
What should we do but bid them battle straight,
And rid the world of those detested troops?
Lest, if we let them linger here awhile,
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This country swarms with vile outrageous men
That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,
Fit soldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine;
And he that could with gifts and promises
Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith unto his king,
Will quickly win such as be like himself.
Therefore cheer up your minds; prepare to fight;
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine
Shall rule the province of Albania;
Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas,
Shall have a government in Media,
Beside the spoil of him and all his train;
But if Cosroe (as our spials say,
And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,
His highness' pleasure is that he should live,
And be reclaimed with princely lenity.

8. **scald:** scurvy. 35. **spials:** spies

Enter a Spy.

A Spy. A hundred horsemen of my company
Scouting abroad upon these champion plains
Have viewed the army of the Scythians,
Which make report it far exceeds the king's.
Meand. Suppose they be in number infinite,
Yet being void of martial discipline,
All running headlong greedy after spoils,
And more regarding gain than victory,
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprung of the teeth of dragons venomous,
Their careless swords shall lance their fellows' throats,
And make us triumph in their overthrow.
Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say,
That sprung of teeth of dragons venomous?
Meand. So poets say, my lord.
Myc. And 'tis a pretty toy to be a poet.
Well, well, Meander, thou art deeply read,
And having thee, I have a jewel sure.
Go on, my lord, and give your charge, I say;
Thy wit will make us conquerors today.
Meand. Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these thieves,
That live confounded in disordered troops,
If wealth or riches may prevail with them,
We have our camels laden all with gold,
Which you that be but common soldiers
Shall fling in every corner of the field;
And while the base-born Tartars take it up,
You, fighting more for honor than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy-minded slaves;
And when their scattered army is subdued,
And you march on their slaughtered carcasses,
Share equally the gold that bought their lives,
And live like gentlemen in Persia.
Strike up the drum and march courageously!
Fortune herself doth sit upon our crests.
Myc. He tells you true, my masters, so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not, when Meander speaks?
[*Exeunt, drums sounding.*

40. **champion:** i.e., champaign, open country.

Scene III.

Enter Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, *and* Ortygius, *with others.*

Cos. Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I reposed
In thy approvéd fortunes all my hope.
What think'st thou, man, shall come of our attempts?
For even as from assuréd oracle,
I take thy doom for satisfaction.
Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit, my lord;
For fates and oracles of Heaven have sworn
To royalize the deeds of Tamburlaine,
And make them blest that share in his attempts.
And doubt you not but, if you favor me,
And let my fortunes and my valor sway
To some direction in your martial deeds,
The world will strive with hosts of men-at-arms,
To swarm unto the ensign I support;
The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said
To have drunk the mighty Parthian Araris,
Was but a handful to that we will have.
Our quivering lances, shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enrolled in flames and fiery smoldering mists,
Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopian wars;
And with our sun-bright armor as we march,
We'll chase the stars from Heaven and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admiréd arms.
Ther. You hear, my lord, what working words he hath;
But when you see his actions top his speech,
Your speech will stay or so extol his worth
As I shall be commended and excused
For turning my poor charge to his direction.
And these his two renownéd friends, my lord,
Would make one thirst and strive to be retained
In such a great degree of amity.
Tech. With duty and with amity we yield
Our utmost service to the fair Cosroe.
Cos. Which I esteem as portion of my crown.
Usumcasane and Techelles both,
When she that rules in Rhamnus' golden gates,

5. **doom:** judgment. 37. **she:** Nemesis, who had a temple at Rhamnus in Attica.

And makes a passage for all prosperous arms,
Shall make me solely Emperor of Asia,
Then shall your meeds and valors be advanced
To rooms of honor and nobility.
Tamb. Then haste, Cosroe, to be king alone,
That I with these, my friends, and all my men
May triumph in our long-expected fate. —
The king, your brother, is now hard at hand;
Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders
Of such a burden as outweighs the sands
And all the craggy rocks of Caspia.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, we have discovered the enemy
Ready to charge you with a mighty army.
Cos. Come, Tamburlaine! now whet thy wingéd sword,
And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,
That it may reach the King of Persia's crown,
And set it safe on my victorious head.
Tamb. See where it is, the keenest curtle-ax
That e'er made passage thorough Persian arms.
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift
As doth the lightning or the breath of Heaven,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.
Cos. Thy words assure me of kind success;
Go, valiant soldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish king.
Tamb. Usumcasane and Techelles, come!
We are enow to scare the enemy
And more than needs to make an emperor.
[*Exeunt to the battle.*

Scene IV.

Enter Mycetes *with his crown in his hand.*

Myc. Accursed be he that first invented war!
They knew not, ah they knew not, simple men,
How those were hit by pelting cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quivering aspen leaf
Fearing the force of Boreas' boisterous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I
If Nature had not given me wisdom's lore,

For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,
Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave;
Therefore in policy I think it good
To hide it close; a goodly stratagem,
And far from any man that is a fool;
So shall I not be known; or if I be,
They cannot take away my crown from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlaine.

Tamb. What, fearful coward, straggling from the camp,
When kings themselves are present in the field?
Myc. Thou liest.
Tamb. Base villain! darest thou give me the lie?
Myc. Away; I am the king; go; touch me not.
Thou break'st the law of arms, unless thou kneel
And cry me "mercy, noble king."
Tamb. Are you the witty King of Persia?
Myc. Ay, marry am I: have you any suit to me?
Tamb. I would entreat you speak but three wise words.
Myc. So I can when I see my time.
Tamb. Is this your crown?
Myc. Ay, didst thou ever see a fairer?
Tamb. You will not sell it, will you?
Myc. Such another word and I will have thee executed. Come, give it me!
Tamb. No; I took it prisoner.
Myc. You lie; I gave it you.
Tamb. Then 'tis mine.
Myc. No; I mean I let you keep it.
Tamb. Well; I mean you shall have it again.
Here; take it for a while: I lend it thee,
'Till I may see thee hemmed with arméd men;
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head;
Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine.

[*Exit Tamburlaine.*

Myc. O gods! Is this Tamburlaine the thief?
I marvel much he stole it not away.

[*Trumpets sound to the battle, and he runs out.*

8. **clouts:** white mark of a target. 9. **pin:** the peg which fastened the clout to the target.

Scene V.

Enter Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius, Menaphon, Techelles, Usumcasane, *with others.*

Tamb. Hold thee, Cosroe! wear two imperial crowns;
Think thee invested now as royally,
Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many kings as could encompass thee
With greatest pomp, had crowned thee emperor.
Cos. So do I, thrice renownéd man-at-arms,
And none shall keep the crown but Tamburlaine.
Thee do I make my regent of Persia,
And general lieutenant of my armies.
Meander, you, that were our brother's guide,
And chiefest counselor in all his acts,
Since he is yielded to the stroke of war,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And give you equal place in our affairs.
Meand. Most happy Emperor, in humblest terms,
I vow my service to your majesty,
With utmost virtue of my faith and duty.
Cos. Thanks, good Meander; then, Cosroe, reign,
And govern Persia in her former pomp!
Now send embassage to thy neighbor kings,
And let them know the Persian king is changed,
From one that knew not what a king should do,
To one that can command what 'longs thereto.
And now we will to fair Persepolis,
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.
The lords and captains of my brother's camp
With little slaughter take Meander's course,
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule.
Ortygius and Menaphon, my trusty friends,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.
Orty. And as we ever aimed at your behoof,
And sought your state all honor it deserved,
So will we with our powers and our lives
Endeavor to preserve and prosper it.
Cos. I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius;
Better replies shall prove my purposes.
And now, Lord Tamburlaine, my brother's camp
I leave to thee and to Theridamas,

To follow me to fair Persepolis.
Then will we march to all those Indian mines,
My witless brother to the Christians lost,
And ransom them with fame and usury.
And till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scattered troops,)
Farewell, lord regent and his happy friends!
I long to sit upon my brother's throne.
Meand. Your majesty shall shortly have your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis.
[*Exeunt all but Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, and Usumcasane.*
Tamb. "And ride in triumph through Persepolis!"
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
"And ride in triumph through Persepolis"?
Tech. Oh, my lord, 'tis sweet and full of pomp.
Usum. To be a king is half to be a god.
Ther. A god is not so glorious as a king.
I think the pleasure they enjoy in Heaven,
Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth. —
To wear a crown enchased with pearl and gold,
Whose virtues carry with it life and death;
To ask and have, command and be obeyed;
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,
Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes!
Tamb. Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?
Ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can live without it.
Tamb. What say my other friends? Will you be kings?
Tech. I, if I could, with all my heart, my lord.
Tamb. Why, that's well said, Techelles; so would I,
And so would you, my masters, would you not?
Usum. What then, my lord?
Tamb. Why then, Casane, shall we wish for aught
The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute?
Methinks we should not; I am strongly moved,
That if I should desire the Persian crown,
I could attain it with a wondrous ease.
And would not all our soldiers soon consent,
If we should aim at such a dignity?
Ther. I know they would with our persuasions.
Tamb. Why then, Theridamas, I'll first assay

To get the Persian kingdom to myself;
Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythia and Media;
And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure
As if the Turk, the pope, Afric, and Greece,
Came creeping to us with their crowns apace.
Tech. Then shall we send to this triumphing king,
And bid him battle for his novel crown?
Usum. Nay, quickly then, before his room be hot.
Tamb. 'Twill prove a pretty jest, in faith, my friends.
Ther. A jest to charge on twenty thousand men!
I judge the purchase more important far.
Tamb. Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not me;
For presently Techelles here shall haste
To bid him battle ere he pass too far,
And lose more labor than the game will 'quite.
Then shalt thou see this Scythian Tamburlaine,
Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turn him back to war with us,
That only made him king to make us sport.
We will not steal upon him cowardly,
But give him warning and more warriors.
Haste thee, Techelles, we will follow thee.
[*Exit Techelles.*
What saith Theridamas?
Ther. Go on for me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Enter Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, *with* Soldiers.

Cos. What means this devilish shepherd to aspire
With such a giantly presumption
To cast up hills against the face of Heaven,
And dare the force of angry Jupiter?
But as he thrust them underneath the hills,
And pressed out fire from their burning jaws,
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,
Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.
Meand. Some powers divine, or else infernal, mixed
Their angry seeds at his conception;
For he was never sprung of human race,

88. **novel:** new. 92. **purchase:** loot. 96. **quite:** requite.

Since with the spirit of his fearful pride,
He dare so doubtlessly resolve of rule,
And by profession be ambitious.
Orty. What god, or fiend, or spirit of the earth,
Or monster turnéd to a manly shape,
Or of what mold or mettle he be made,
What star or fate soever govern him,
Let us put on our meet encountering minds;
And in detesting such a devilish thief,
In love of honor and defence of right,
Be armed against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or Heaven, he grow.
Cos. Nobly resolved, my good Ortygius;
And since we all have sucked one wholesome air,
And with the same proportion of elements
Resolve, I hope we are resembled
Vowing our loves to equal death and life.
Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,
That grievous image of ingratitude,
That fiery thirster after sovereignty,
And burn him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and empery.
Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers, now
To save your king and country from decay.
Then strike up, drum; and all the stars that make
The loathsome circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the gods,
And scorns the powers that govern Persia!
[*Exeunt; drums and trumpets sounding.*

Scene VII.

Alarms of battle within. Enter Cosroe, *wounded,* Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, *with others.*

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Even at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end!
An uncouth pain torments my grievéd soul,

And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, entering at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sacks every vein and artier of my heart. —
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!
Tamb. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown
That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the empyreal Heaven,
Moved me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds;
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.
Ther. And that made me to join with Tamburlaine;
For he is gross and like the massy earth,
That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.
Tech. And that made us the friends of Tamburlaine,
To lift our swords against the Persian king.
Usum. For as when Jove did thrust old Saturn down,
Neptune and Dis gained each of them a crown,
So do we hope to reign in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be placed in Persia.
Cos. The strangest men that ever nature made!
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound;
My soul begins to take her flight to hell,
And summons all my senses to depart. —
The heat and moisture, which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both,
Are dry and cold; and now doth ghastly death,
With greedy talons gripe my bleeding heart,

10. **artier:** artery. 19. **regiment:** rule.

And like a harpy tires on my life.
Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die,
And fearful vengeance light upon you both!
[*Cosroe dies.* — *Tamburlaine takes his crown and puts it on.*
Tamb. Not all the curses which the Furies breathe,
Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this.
Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who think you now is King of Persia?
All. Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!
Tamb. Though Mars himself, the angry god of arms,
And all the earthly potentates conspire
To dispossess me of this diadem,
Yet will I wear it in despite of them,
As great commander of this eastern world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign.
All. Long live Tamburlaine and reign in Asia!
Tamb. So now it is more surer on my head,
Than if the gods had held a parliament,
And all pronounced me King of Persia. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

Scene I.

Enter Bajazeth, *the* Kings *of* Fez, Morocco, *and* Argier, *with others in great pomp.*

Baj. Great Kings of Barbary and my portly bassoes,
We hear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your emperor,
And think to rouse us from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.
You know our army is invincible;
As many circumciséd Turks we have,
And warlike bands of Christians reniéd,
As hath the ocean or the Terrene Sea
Small drops of water when the moon begins
To join in one her semicircled horns.

50. **tires:** preys, a term in falconry.
Stage direction, **Argier:** Algiers. 1. **portly bassoes:** stately pashas. 9. **Christians renied:** i.e., those who have forsworn their faith. 10. **Terrene:** Mediterranean.

Yet would we not be braved with foreign power,
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield,
Or breathless lie before the city walls.
K. of Fez. Renowned Emperor, and mighty general,
What, if you sent the bassoes of your guard
To charge him to remain in Asia,
Or else to threaten death and deadly arms
As from the mouth of mighty Bajazeth.
Baj. Hie thee, my basso, fast to Persia,
Tell him thy Lord, the Turkish Emperor,
Dread Lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,
Great King and conqueror of Græcia,
The ocean, Terrene, and the Coal-black Sea,
The high and highest monarch of the world
Wills and commands (for say not I entreat),
Not once to set his foot on Africa,
Or spread his colors once in Græcia,
Lest he incur the fury of my wrath.
Tell him I am content to take a truce,
Because I hear he bears a valiant mind,
But if, presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage arms with me,
Then stay thou with him; say, I bid thee so:
And if, before the sun have measured Heaven
With triple circuit, thou regreet us not,
We mean to take his morning's next arise
For messenger he will not be reclaimed,
And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.
Bas. Most great and puissant monarch of the earth,
Your basso will accomplish your behest,
And show your pleasure to the Persian,
As fits the legate of the stately Turk. [*Exit.*
K. of Arg. They say he is the King of Persia;
But, if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
'Twere requisite he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.
Baj. True, Argier; and trembles at my looks.
K. of Mor. The spring is hindered by your smothering host,
For neither rain can fall upon the earth,
Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.
Baj. All this is true as holy Mahomet;
And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.

K. of Fez. What thinks your greatness best to be achieved
In pursuit of the city's overthrow?
Baj. I will the captive pioners of Argier
Cut off the water that by leaden pipes
Runs to the city from the mountain Carnon.
Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,
That no relief or succor come by land,
And all the sea my galleys countermand.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their cannons mouthed like Orcus' gulf,
Batter the walls, and we will enter in;
And thus the Grecians shall be conqueréd. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Zenocrate, Agydas, Anippe, *with others.*

Agyd. Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits,
That work such trouble to your wonted rest?
'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale,
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most,)
Hath seemed to be digested long ago.
Zeno. Although it be digested long ago,
As his exceeding favors have deserved,
And might content the Queen of Heaven, as well
As it hath changed my first conceived disdain,
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts
With ceaseless and disconsolate conceits,
Which dyes my looks so lifeless as they are,
And might, if my extremes had full events,
Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.
Agyd. Eternal Heaven sooner be dissolved,
And all that pierceth Phœbus' silver eye,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate!
Zeno. Ah, life and soul, still hover in his breast
And leave my body senseless as the earth.
Or else unite you to his life and soul,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

58. **pioners:** soldiers or captives used for common labor, such as digging trenches, removing obstructions, and the like.

Enter, behind, Tamburlaine, Techelles, *and others.*

Agyd. With Tamburlaine! Ah, fair Zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despite,
And keeps you from the honors of a queen,
(Being supposed his worthless concubine,)
Be honored with your love but for necessity.
So, now the mighty Soldan hears of you,
Your highness needs not doubt but in short time
He will with Tamburlaine's destruction
Redeem you from this deadly servitude.

Zeno. Agydas, leave to wound me with these words,
And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves.
The entertainment we have had of him
Is far from villainy or servitude,
And might in noble minds be counted princely.

Agyd. How can you fancy one that looks so fierce,
Only disposed to martial stratagems?
Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,
Will tell you how many thousand men he slew;
And when you look for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood,
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.

Zeno. As looks the Sun through Nilus' flowing stream,
Or when the Morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine;
His talk much sweeter than the Muses' song
They sung for honor 'gainst Pierides;
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive;
And higher would I rear my estimate
Than Juno, sister to the highest god,
If I were matched with mighty Tamburlaine.

Agyd. Yet be not so inconstant in your love;
But let the young Arabian live in hope
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.
You see though first the King of Persia,
Being a shepherd, seemed to love you much,
Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,
Those words of favor, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.

Zeno. Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
Fearing his love through my unworthiness. —

38. **villainy**: i.e., villenage, subjection. 57. **Arabian**: Alcidamas, to whom she had been betrothed.

[*Tamburlaine goes to her and takes her away lovingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agydas. Exeunt all but Agydas.*

Agyd. Betrayed by fortune and suspicious love,
Threatened with frowning wrath and jealousy,
Surprised with fear of hideous revenge,
I stand aghast; but most astoniéd
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soul.
Upon his brows was portrayed ugly death;
And in his eyes the furies of his heart
That shone as comets, menacing revenge,
And cast a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the seaman sees the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with wingéd steeds,
All sweating, tilt about the watery Heavens,
With shivering spears enforcing thunder-claps,
And from their shields strike flames of lightning,)
All fearful folds his sails and sounds the main,
Lifting his prayers to the Heavens for aíd
Against the terror of the winds and waves,
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns,
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And make my soul divine her overthrow.

Re-enter Techelles *with a naked dagger.*

Tech. See you, Agydas, how the king salutes you?
He bids you prophesy what it imports. [*Exit.*
Agyd. I prophesied before, and now I prove
The killing frowns of jealousy and love.
He needed not with words confirm my fear,
For words are vain where working tools present
The naked action of my threatened end;
It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die,
And of extremities elect the least;
More honor and less pain it may procure
To die by this resolvéd hand of thine,
Than stay the torments he and Heaven have sworn.
Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolongéd fates may draw on thee.
Go, wander, free from fear of tyrant's rage,

69. **astonied:** astonished.

Removéd from the torments and the hell
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul,
And let Agydas by Agydas die,
And with this stab slumber eternally. [*Stabs himself.*

Re-enter Techelles *with* Usumcasane.

Tech. Usumcasane, see, how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my lord, the king.
Usum. 'Faith, and Techelles, it was manly done;
And since he was so wise and honorable,
Let us afford him now the bearing hence,
And crave his triple-worthy burial.
Tech. Agreed, Casane; we will honor him.
[*Exeunt, bearing out the body.*

Scene III.

Enter Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane, Theridamas, *a* Basso, Zenocrate, Anippe, *with others.*

Tamb. Basso, by this thy lord and master knows
I mean to meet him in Bithynia:
See how he comes! Tush, Turks are full of brags,
And menace more than they can well perform.
He meet me in the field, and fetch thee hence!
Alas! poor Turk! his fortune is too weak
To encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine.
View well my camp, and speak indifferently;
Do not my captains and my soldiers look
As if they meant to conquer Africa?
Bas. Your men are valiant, but their number few,
And cannot terrify his mighty host.
My lord, the great commander of the world,
Besides fifteen contributory kings,
Hath now in arms ten thousand Janizaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds,
Brought to the war by men of Tripoli;
Two hundred thousand footmen that have served
In two set battles fought in Græcia;
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons

15. **Janizaries:** picked Turkish troops.

Withdraw as many more to follow him
Tech. The more he brings the greater is the spoil,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We mean to set our footmen on their steeds,
And rifle all those stately Janizars.
Tamb. But will those kings accompany your lord?
Bas. Such as his highness please; but some must stay
To rule the provinces he late subdued.
Tamb. (*To his* Officers.) Then fight courageously:
their crowns are yours;
This hand shall set them on your conquering heads,
That made me Emperor of Asia.
Usum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece,
Yet we assure us of the victory.
Ther. Even he that in a trice vanquished two kings,
More mighty than the Turkish emperor,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered army till they yield or die.
Tamb. Well said, Theridamas; speak in that mood;
For *will* and *shall* best fitteth Tamburlaine,
Whose smiling stars give him assuréd hope
Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes.
I that am termed the scourge and wrath of God,
The only fear and terror of the world,
Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge
Those Christian captives, which you keep as slaves,
Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare;
That naked row about the Terrene Sea,
And when they chance to rest or breathe a space,
Are punished with bastones so grievously,
That they lie panting on the galley's side,
And strive for life at every stroke they give.
These are the cruel pirates of Argier,
That damnéd train, the scum of Africa,
Inhabited with straggling runagates,
That make quick havoc of the Christian blood;
But as I live that town shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Africa.

Enter Bajazeth *with his* Bassoes, *the* Kings *of* Fez, Morocco, *and* Argier, Zabina *and* Ebea.

52. **bastones:** sticks.

Baj. Bassoes and Janizaries of my guard,
Attend upon the person of your lord,
The greatest potentate of Africa.
Tamb. Techelles and the rest, prepare your swords;
I mean to encounter with that Bajazeth.
Baj. Kings of Fez, Moroccus, and Argier,
He calls me Bajazeth, whom you call lord!
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave!
I tell thee, villain, those that lead my horse
Have to their names titles of dignity,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazeth?
Tamb. And know, thou Turk, that those which lead my horse,
Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa;
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?
Baj. By Mahomet my kinsman's sepulcher,
And by the holy Alcoran I swear,
He shall be made a chaste and lustless eunuch,
And in my sarell tend my concubines;
And all his captains that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my emperess,
Whom I have brought to see their overthrow.
Tamb. By this my sword, that conquered Persia,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world.
I will not tell thee how I'll handle thee,
But every common soldier of my camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.
K. of Fez. What means the mighty Turkish emperor,
To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?
K. of Mor. Ye Moors and valiant men of Barbary,
How can ye suffer these indignities?
K. of Arg. Leave words, and let them feel your lances' points
Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.
Baj. Well said, my stout contributory kings,
Your threefold army and my hugy host
Shall swallow up these base-born Persians.
Tech. Puissant, renowned, and mighty Tamburlaine,
Why stay we thus prolonging of their lives?
Ther. I long to see those crowns won by our swords,
That we may rule as kings of Africa.
Usum. What coward would not fight for such a prize?
Tamb. Fight all courageously, and be you kings;

78. **sarell:** seraglio, harem.

I speak it, and my words are oracles.
Baj. Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did pash the jaws of serpents venomous;
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,
Their shoulders broad for complete armor fit,
Their limbs more large, and of a bigger size,
Than all the brats y-sprung from Typhon's loins;
Who, when they come unto their father's age,
Will batter turrets with their manly fists —
Sit here upon this royal chair of state,
And on thy head wear my imperial crown,
Until I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine,
And all his captains bound in captive chains.
Zab. Such good success happen to Bajazeth!
Tamb. Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
The only paragon of Tamburlaine,
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of Heaven,
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony!
That with thy looks canst clear the darkened sky,
And calm the rage of thundering Jupiter,
Sit down by her, adornéd with my crown,
As if thou wert the Empress of the world.
Stir not, Zenocrate, until thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing over him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet;
Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,
And manage words with her, as we will arms.
Zeno. And may my love, the King of Persia,
Return with victory and free from wound!
Baj. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear.
I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,
Enough to cover all Bithynia.
Let thousands die; their slaughtered carcasses
Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest;
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power,
Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before.
If they should yield their necks unto the sword,
Thy soldiers' arms could not endure to strike
So many blows as I have heads for thee.

105. **pash:** dash to pieces.

Thou know'st not, foolish, hardy Tamburlaine,
What 'tis to meet me in the open field,
That leave no ground for thee to march upon.
Tamb. Our conquering swords shall marshal us the way
We use to march upon the slaughtered foe,
Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs;
Brave horses bred on the white Tartarian hills;
My camp is like to Julius Cæsar's host,
That never fought but had the victory;
Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war
As these, my followers, willingly would have.
Legions of spirits fleeting in the air
Direct our bullets and our weapons' points,
And make your strokes to wound the senseless lure,
And when she sees our bloody colors spread,
Then Victory begins to take her flight,
Resting herself upon my milk-white tent. —
But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall;
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife, and all.
[*Exit with his followers.*
Baj. Come, kings and bassoes, let us glut our swords,
That thirst to drink the feeble Persians' blood.
[*Exit with his followers.*
Zab. Base concubine, must thou be placed by me,
That am the empress of the mighty Turk?
Zeno. Disdainful Turkess and unreverend boss!
Call'st thou me concubine, that am betrothed
Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?
Zab. To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!
Zeno. Thou wilt repent these lavish words of thine,
When thy great basso-master and thyself
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your advocate.
Zab. And sue to thee! — I tell thee, shameless girl,
Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting-maid!
How lik'st thou her, Ebea? — Will she serve?
Ebea. Madam, perhaps she thinks she is too fine,
But I shall turn her into other weeds,
And make her dainty fingers fall to work.
Zeno. Hear'st thou, Anippe, how thy drudge doth talk?
And how my slave, her mistress, menaceth?
Both for their sauciness shall be employed

156. **fleeting:** floating. 158. **lure:** decoy, a term from falconry. 168. **boss:** a word used as an insult to a woman.

To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink,
For we will scorn they should come near ourselves.
Anip. Yet sometimes let your highness send for them
To do the work my chambermaid disdains.
[*They sound to the battle within.*
Zeno. Ye gods and powers that govern Persia,
And made my lordly love her worthy king,
Now strengthen him against the Turkish Bajazeth,
And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes
Pursued by hunters, fly his angry looks,
That I may see him issue conqueror!
Zab. Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself,
And make him rain down murdering shot from Heaven
To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage arms with him
That offered jewels to thy sacred shrine,
When first he warred against the Christians!
[*They sound again to the battle within.*
Zeno. By this the Turks lie weltering in their blood,
And Tamburlaine is Lord of Africa.
Zab. Thou art deceived. — I heard the trumpets sound
As when my emperor overthrew the Greeks,
And led them captive into Africa.
Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves —
Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.
Zeno. If Mahomet should come from Heaven and swear
My royal lord is slain or conqueréd,
Yet should he not persuade me otherwise
But that he lives and will be conqueror.

Re-enter BAJAZETH, *pursued by* TAMBURLAINE; *they fight, and* BAJAZETH *is overcome.*

Tamb. Now, King of bassoes, who is conqueror?
Baj. Thou, by the fortune of this damnéd foil.
Tamb. Where are your stout contributory kings?

Re-enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, *and* USUMCASANE.

Tech. We have their crowns — their bodies strow the field.
Tamb. Each man a crown! — Why, kingly fought, i' faith.
Deliver them into my treasury.

213. **foil:** defeat.

Zeno. Now let me offer to my gracious lord
His royal crown again so highly won.
Tamb. Nay, take the crown from her, Zenocrate,
And crown me Emperor of Africa.
Zab. No, Tamburlaine; though now thou gat the best,
Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa.
Ther. Give her the crown, Turkess; you were best.
[*He takes it from her.*
Zab. Injurious villains! — thieves! — runagates!
How dare you thus abuse my majesty?
Ther. Here, madam, you are Empress; she is none.
[*Gives it to Zenocrate.*
Tamb. Not now, Theridamas; her time is past.
The pillars that have bolstered up those terms,
Are fallen in clusters at my conquering feet.
Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed.
Tamb. Not all the world shall ransom Bajazeth.
Baj. Ah, fair Zabina! we have lost the field;
And never had the Turkish emperor
So great a foil by any foreign foe.
Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with joy their superstitious bells,
And making bonfires for my overthrow.
But, ere I die, those foul idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones.
For though the glory of this day be lost,
Afric and Greece have garrisons enough
To make me sovereign of the earth again.
Tamb. Those walléd garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great lord of Africa.
So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.
The galleys and those pilling brigandines,
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,
And hover in the Straits for Christians' wrack,
Shall lie at anchor in the isle Asant,
Until the Persian fleet and men-of-war,
Sailing along the oriental sea,
Have fetched about the Indian continent,
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence unto the straits of Jubaltér;
Where they shall meet and join their force in one,

248. **pilling:** plundering. 251. **Asant:** Zante. 255. **Mexico:** Marlowe had only hazy ideas about Mexico. 256. **Jubalter:** Gibraltar.

Keeping in awe the bay of Portingale,
And all the ocean by the British shore;
And by this means I'll win the world at last.
Baj. Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburlaine.
Tamb. What, think'st thou Tamburlaine esteems thy gold?
I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines to sue for peace to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath.
Come, bind them both, and one lead in the Turk;
The Turkess let my love's maid lead away.
[*They bind them.*
Baj. Ah, villains! — dare you touch my sacred arms?
O Mahomet! — O sleepy Mahomet!
Zab. O curséd Mahomet, that makes us thus
The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarous!
Tamb. Come, bring them in; and for this happy conquest,
Triumph and solemnize a martial feast. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.

Enter the SOLDAN *of* EGYPT, CAPOLIN, Lords, *and* Messenger.

Sold. Awake, ye men of Memphis! — Hear the clang
Of Scythian trumpets! — Hear the basilisks,
That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
The Soldan's daughter, for his concubine,
And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds,
Hath spread his colors to our high disgrace,
While you, faint-hearted, base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowery banks of Nile,
As crocodiles that unaffrighted rest,
While thundering cannons rattle on their skins.
Mess. Nay, mighty Soldan, did your greatness see
The frowning looks of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terror and imperious eyes,
Commands the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royal majesty.
Sold. Villain, I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine

258. **Portingale:** Biscay.
2. **basilisks:** cannon so called because they were thought to resemble the basilisk, a fabulous serpent.

As monstrous as Gorgon, prince of hell,
The Soldan would not start a foot from him.
But speak, what power hath he?
Mess. Mighty lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armor clad,
Upon their prancing steeds disdainfully,
With wanton paces trampling on the ground;
Five hundred thousand footmen threatening shot,
Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron bills,
Environing their standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood;
Their warlike engines and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.
Sold. Nay, could their numbers countervail the stars,
Or ever-drizzling drops of April showers,
Or withered leaves that Autumn shaketh down,
Yet would the Soldan by his conquering power
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should live to rue their fall.
Capol. So might your highness, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royal host;
But Tamburlaine, by expedition,
Advantage takes of your unreadiness.
Sold. Let him take all the advantages he can.
Were all the world conspired to fight for him,
Nay, were he devil, as he is no man,
Yet in revenge of fair Zenocrate,
Whom he detaineth in despite of us,
This arm should send him down to Erebus,
To shroud his shame in darkness of the night.
Mess. Pleaseth your mightiness to understand,
His resolution far exceedeth all.
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hue, and on his silver crest,
A snowy feather spangled white he bears,
To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood.
But when Aurora mounts the second time
As red as scarlet is his furniture;
Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage arms;
But if these threats move not submission,
Black are his colors, black pavilion;

38. **expedition:** speed.

His spear, his shield, his horse, his armor, plumes,
And jetty feathers, menace death and hell!
Without respect of sex, degree, or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.
Sold. Merciless villain! — peasant, ignorant
Of lawful arms or martial discipline!
Pillage and murder are his usual trades.
The slave usurps the glorious name of war.
See, Capolin, the fair Arabian king,
That hath been disappointed by this slave
Of my fair daughter and his princely love,
May have fresh warning to go war with us,
And be revenged for her disparagement. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, Zenocrate, Anippe, *two* Moors *drawing* Bajazeth *in a cage, and* Zabina *following him.*

Tamb. Bring out my footstool.
[*Bajazeth is taken out of the cage.*
Baj. Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,
That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his altars with your purple blood;
Make Heaven to frown and every fixéd star
To suck up poison from the moorish fens,
And pour it in this glorious tyrant's throat!
Tamb. The chiefest God, first mover of that sphere,
Enchased with thousands ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of Heaven,
Than it should so conspire my overthrow.
But, villain! thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,
And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise into my royal throne.
Baj. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my soul to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery.
Tamb. Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine!
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground
That bares the honor of my royal weight;

7. **glorious**: boastful.

Stoop, villain, stoop! — Stoop! for so he bids
That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
Or scattered like the lofty cedar trees
Struck with the voice of thundering Jupiter.

Baj. Then, as I look down to the damnéd fiends,
Fiends look on me! and thou, dread god of hell,
With ebon scepter strike this hateful earth,
And make it swallow both of us at once!

[*Tamburlaine steps upon him to mount his throne.*

Tamb. Now clear the triple region of the air,
And let the majesty of Heaven behold
Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.
Smile stars, that reigned at my nativity,
And dim the brightness of your neighbor lamps!
Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia!
For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with mild aspéct,
But fixéd now in the meridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning spheres,
And cause the sun to borrow light of you.
My sword struck fire from his coat of steel,
Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk;
As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth;
But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
Or leave Damascus and the Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymene's brainsick son,
That almost brent the axle-tree of Heaven,
So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot
Fill all the air with fiery meteors;
Then when the sky shall wax as red as blood
It shall be said I made it red myself,
To make me think of naught but blood and war.

Zab. Unworthy king, that by thy cruelty
Unlawfully usurp'st the Persian seat,
Dar'st thou that never saw an emperor
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy captive, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a cage,
That roofs of gold and sun-bright palaces

49. **son:** Phaeton, who drove the horses of the sun for one day, with disastrous results. 50. **brent:** burnt.

Should have prepared to entertain his grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of Africa have kissed.
Tech. You must devise some torment worse, my lord,
To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.
Tamb. Zenocrate, look better to your slave.
Zeno. She is my handmaid's slave, and she shall look
That these abuses flow not from her tongue;
Chide her, Anippe.
Anip. Let these be warnings for you then, my slave,
How you abuse the person of the king;
Or else I swear to have you whipt, stark-naked.
Baj. Great Tamburlaine, great in my overthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the back of Bajazeth,
That should be horséd on four mighty kings.
Tamb. Thy names and titles and thy dignities
Are fled from Bajazeth and remain with me,
That will maintain it 'gainst a world of kings.
Put him in again. [*They put him back into the cage.*
Baj. Is this a place for mighty Bajazeth?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus!
Tamb. There, whiles he lives, shall Bajazeth be kept;
And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn;
And thou, his wife, shalt feed him with the scraps
My servitors shall bring thee from my board;
For he that gives him other food than this,
Shall sit by him and starve to death himself;
This is my mind and I will have it so.
Not all the kings and emperors of the earth,
If they would lay their crowns before my feet,
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage.
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine,
Even from this day to Plato's wondrous year,
Shall talk how I have handled Bajazeth;
These Moors, that drew him from Bithynia,
To fair Damascus, where we now remain,
Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go.
Techelles, and my loving followers,
Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,
Like to the shadows of Pyramides,
That with their beauties graced the Memphian fields;
The golden statue of their feathered bird

96. **year:** a cycle of 26,000 years. See Plato's *Timaeus*. 105. **bird:** the phoenix.

That spreads her wings upon the city's walls
Shall not defend it from our battering shot;
The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold,
And every house is as a treasury:
The men, the treasure, and the town is ours.
Ther. Your tents of white now pitched before the gates,
And gentle flags of amity displayed,
I doubt not but the governor will yield,
Offering Damascus to your majesty.
Tamb. So shall he have his life and all the rest.
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanced on my vermilion tent,
He dies, and those that kept us out so long.
And when they see us march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that city all the world contained,
Not one should 'scape, but perish by our swords.
Zeno. Yet would you have some pity for my sake,
Because it is my country, and my father's.
Tamb. Not for the world, Zenocrate; I've sworn.
Come; bring in the Turk. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Enter the Soldan, *the* King *of* Arabia, Capolin, *and* Soldiers *with colors flying.*

Sold. Methinks we march as Meleager did,
Environéd with brave Argolian knights,
To chase the savage Calydonian boar,
Or Cephalus with lusty Theban youths
Against the wolf that angry Themis sent
To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields,
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil.
The scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,
Raves in Ægyptia and annoyeth us.
My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A sturdy felon and a base-bred thief,
By murder raiséd to the Persian crown,
That dares control us in our territories.
To tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,
Join your Arabians with the Soldan's power,

Let us unite our royal bands in one,
And hasten to remove Damascus' siege.
It is a blemish to the majesty
And high estate of mighty emperors,
That such a base usurping vagabond
Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.
K. of Arab. Renownéd Soldan, have you lately heard
The overthrow of mighty Bajazeth
About the confines of Bithynia?
The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turk and his great emperess?
Sold. I have, and sorrow for his bad success;
But, noble lord of great Arabia,
Be so persuaded that the Soldan is
No more dismayed with tidings of his fall,
Than in the haven when the pilot stands,
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,
And shiveréd against a craggy rock;
Yet in compassion to his wretched state,
A sacred vow to Heaven and him I make,
Confirming it with Ibis' holy name,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hour,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong
Unto the hallowed person of a prince,
Or kept the fair Zenocrate so long
As concubine, I fear, to feed his lust.
K. of Arab. Let grief and fury hasten on revenge;
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feel
Such plagues as we and Heaven can pour on him.
I long to break my spear upon his crest,
And prove the weight of his victorious arm;
For Fame, I fear, hath been too prodigal
In sounding through the world his partial praise.
Sold. Capolin, hast thou surveyed our powers?
Capol. Great Emperors of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hosts united is
A hundred and fifty thousand horse;
Two hundred thousand foot, brave men-at-arms,
Courageous, and full of hardiness,
As frolic as the hunters in the chase
Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.
K. of Arab. My mind presageth fortunate success;
And Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee.

Sold. Then rear your standards; let your sounding drums
Direct our soldiers to Damascus' walls.
Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Soldan comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian king,
To dim thy baseness and obscurity,
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil;
To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew
Of Scythians and slavish Persians. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A Banquet set out; to it come Tamburlaine, *all in scarlet,* Zenocrate, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, Bajazeth *in his cage,* Zabina, *and others.*

Tamb. Now hang our bloody colors by Damascus,
Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads,
While they walk quivering on their city walls,
Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath,
Then let us freely banquet and carouse
Full bowls of wine unto the god of war
That means to fill your helmets full of gold,
And make Damascus spoils as rich to you,
As was to Jason Colchos' golden fleece. —
And now, Bajazeth, hast thou any stomach?

Baj. Ay, such a stomach, cruel Tamburlaine, as I could willingly feed upon thy blood-raw heart.

Tamb. Nay thine own is easier to come by; pluck out that, and 'twill serve thee and thy wife. Well, Zenocrate, Techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.

Baj. Fall to, and never may your meat digest!
Ye Furies, that can mask invisible,
Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool,
And in your hands bring hellish poison up
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine!
Or, wingéd snakes of Lerna, cast your stings,
And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish!

Zab. And may this banquet prove as ominous
As Progne's to the adulterous Thracian king,
That fed upon the substance of his child.

Zeno. My lord, how can you tamely suffer these
Outrageous curses by these slaves of yours?

Tamb. To let them see, divine Zenocrate,
I glory in the curses of my foes,
Having the power from the imperial Heaven
To turn them all upon their proper heads.

Tech. I pray you give them leave, madam; this speech is a goodly refreshing to them.

Ther. But if his highness would let them be fed, it would do them more good.

Tamb. Sirrah, why fall you not to? Are you so daintily brought up, you cannot eat your own flesh?

Baj. First, legions of devils shall tear thee in pieces.

Usum. Villain, know'st thou to whom thou speakest?

Tamb. Oh, let him alone. Here; eat, sir; take it from my sword's point, or I'll thrust it to thy heart.

[*Bajazeth takes it and stamps upon it.*

Ther. He stamps it under his feet, my lord.

Tamb. Take it up, villain, and eat it; or I will make thee slice the brawns of thy arms into carbonadoes and eat them.

Usum. Nay, 'twere better he killed his wife, and then she shall be sure not to be starved, and he be provided for a month's victual beforehand.

Tamb. Here is my dagger; despatch her while she is fat, for if she live but a while longer, she will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not be worth eating.

Ther. Doth thou think that Mahomet will suffer this?

Tech. 'Tis like he will when he cannot let it.

Tamb. Go to; fall to your meat. — What, not a bit! Belike he hath not been watered today; give him some drink.

[*They give Bajazeth water to drink, and he flings it upon the ground.*

Tamb. Fast, and welcome, sir, while hunger make you eat. How now, Zenocrate, do not the Turk and his wife make a goodly show at a banquet?

Zeno. Yes, my lord.

Ther. Methinks, 'tis a great deal better than a consort of music.

Tamb. Yet music would do well to cheer up Zenocrate. Pray thee, tell why thou art so sad? — If thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice. But why is it?

Zeno. My lord, to see my father's town besieged,
The country wasted where myself was born,
How can it but afflict my very soul?

44. **carbonadoes:** meat sliced for boiling. 52. **let:** prevent. 55. **while:** until. 59. **consort:** band.

If any love remain in you, my lord,
Or if my love unto your majesty
May merit favor at your highness' hands,
Then raise your siege from fair Damascus' walls,
And with my father take a friendly truce.

Tamb. Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own land,
Yet would I with my sword make Jove to stoop.
I will confute those blind geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I mean to trace,
And with this pen reduce them to a map,
Calling the provinces, cities, and towns,
After my name and thine, Zenocrate.
Here at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular;
And would'st thou have me buy thy father's love
With such a loss? — Tell me, Zenocrate.

Zeno. Honor still wait on happy Tamburlaine;
Yet give me leave to plead for him, my lord.

Tamb. Content thyself; his person shall be safe
And all the friends of fair Zenocrate,
If with their lives they may be pleased to yield,
Or may be forced to make me emperor;
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine. —
Feed, you slave; thou may'st think thyself happy to be fed from my trencher.

Baj. My empty stomach, full of idle heat,
Draws bloody humors from my feeble parts,
Preserving life by hastening cruel death.
My veins are pale; my sinews hard and dry;
My joints benumbed; unless I eat, I die.

Zab. Eat, Bajazeth; and let us live
In spite of them — looking some happy power
Will pity and enlarge us.

Tamb. Here, Turk; will thou have a clean trencher?

Baj. Ay, tyrant, and more meat.

Tamb. Soft, sir; you must be dieted; too much eating will make you surfeit.

Ther. So it would, my lord, 'specially having so small a walk and so little exercise.

[*A second course of crowns is brought in.*

Tamb. Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

77. **pen:** i.e., his sword. 98. **looking:** hoping that. 107. **cates:** delicacies.

Ther. Ay, my lord; but none save kings must feed with these.

Tech. 'Tis enough for us to see them, and for Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.

Tamb. Well; here is now to the Soldan of Egypt, the King of Arabia, and the Governor of Damascus. Now take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory kings. — I crown you here, Theridamas, King of Argier; Techelles, King of Fez; and Usumcasane, King of Moroccus. How say you to this, Turk? These are not your contributory kings.

Baj. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

Tamb. Kings of Argier, Moroccus, and of Fez,
You that have marched with happy Tamburlaine
As far as from the frozen plage of Heaven,
Unto the watery morning's ruddy bower,
And thence by land unto the torrid zone,
Deserve these titles I endow you with
By valor and by magnanimity.
Your births shall be no blemish to your fame,
For virtue is the fount whence honor springs,
And they are worthy she investeth kings.

Ther. And since your highness hath so well vouchsafed,
If we deserve them not with higher meeds
Than erst our states and actions have retained,
Take them away again and make us slaves.

Tamb. Well said, Theridamas; when holy fates
Shall 'stablish me in strong Ægyptia,
We mean to travel to the antarctic pole,
Conquering the people underneath our feet,
And be renowned as never emperors were.
Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,
Until with greater honors I be graced. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.

Enter the GOVERNOR *of* DAMASCUS, *with several* Citizens, *and four* Virgins, *having branches of laurel in their hands.*

Gov. Still doth this man, or rather god of war,
Batter our walls and beat our turrets down;

121. **plage:** shore.

And to resist with longer stubbornness
Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's power,
Were but to bring our wilful overthrow,
And make us desperate of our threatened lives.
We see his tents have now been altered
With terrors to the last and cruelest hue.
His coal-black colors everywhere advanced,
Threaten our city with a general spoil;
And if we should with common rites of arms
Offer our safeties to his clemency,
I fear the custom, proper to his sword,
Which he observes as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrify the world,
By any innovation or remorse
Will never be dispensed with till our deaths;
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,
Whose honors and whose lives rely on him,
Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers,
Their blubbered cheeks, and hearty, humble moans,
Will melt his fury into some remorse,
And use us like a loving conqueror.

1st Virg. If humble suits or imprecations,
(Uttered with tears of wretchedness and blood
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex,
Some made your wives and some your children)
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts
To entertain some care of our securities
Whiles only danger beat upon our walls,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death
Had never been erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weak helps as we.

Gov. Well, lovely virgins, think our country's care,
Our love of honor, loath to be enthralled
To foreign powers and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with too much cowardice or fear,
(Before all hope of rescue were denied)
Submit yourselves and us to servitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our own,
Your honors, liberties, and lives were weighed
In equal care and balance with our own,
Endure as we the malice of our stars,
The wrath of Tamburlaine and power of wars;

21. **blubbered:** not meant ludicrously. 22. **remorse:** pity. 24. **imprecations:** prayers.

Or be the means the overweighing heavens
Have kept to qualify these hot extremes,
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.
2nd Virg. Then here before the majesty of Heaven
And holy patrons of Ægyptia,
With knees and hearts submissive we entreat
Grace to our words and pity to our looks
That this device may prove propitious,
And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlaine
Convey events of mercy to his heart;
Grant that these signs of victory we yield
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrows of his brows,
And shadow his displeaséd countenance
With happy looks of ruth and lenity.
Leave us, my lord, and loving countrymen;
What simple virgins may persuade, we will.
Gov. Farewell, sweet virgins, on whose safe return
Depends our city, liberty, and lives.
[*Exeunt Governor and Citizens; the Virgins remain.*

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, *all in black and very melancholy,* TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *with others.*

Tamb. What, are the turtles frayed out of their nests?
Alas, poor fools! must you be first shall feel
The sworn destruction of Damascus?
They knew my custom; could they not as well
Have sent ye out, when first my milk-white flags,
Through which sweet Mercy threw her gentle beams,
Reflexing them on your disdainful eyes,
As now, when fury and incenséd hate
Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black tents,
And tells for truth submission comes too late?
1st Virg. Most happy King and Emperor of the earth,
Image of honor and nobility,
For whom the powers divine have made the world,
And on whose throne the holy Graces sit;
In whose sweet person is comprised the sum

46. **qualify:** moderate.
1. **frayed:** frightened.

Of Nature's skill and heavenly majesty;
Pity our plights! Oh, pity poor Damascus!
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honor and reverence evermore have reigned!
Pity the marriage-bed, where many a lord,
In prime and glory of his loving joy,
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood
The jealous body of his fearful wife,
Whose cheeks and hearts, so punished with conceit,
To think thy puissant, never-stayéd arm
Will part their bodies, and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort yet their age might bear,
Now wax all pale and withered to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless governor
Hath thus refused the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose scepter angels kiss and furies dread,)
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives!
Oh, then, for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, our infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourished thought against thy rule,
Pity, oh, pity, sacred Emperor,
The prostrate service of this wretched town,
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath;
Whereto each man of rule hath given his hand,
And wished, as worthy subjects, happy means
To be investors of thy royal brows
Even with the true Egyptian diadem!

Tamb. Virgins, in vain you labor to prevent
That which mine honor swears shall be performed.
Behold my sword! What see you at the point?

1st Virg. Nothing but fear, and fatal steel, my lord.

Tamb. Your fearful minds are thick and misty then;
For there sits Death; there sits imperious Death
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I am pleased you shall not see him there;
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears,
And on their points his fleshless body feeds.
Techelles, straight go charge a few of them
To charge these dames, and show my servant, Death,
Sitting in scarlet on their arméd spears.

Virgins. Oh, pity us!

Tamb. Away with them, I say, and show them Death.

[*The Virgins are taken out.*

49. **circuit:** court.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my martial observations
For all the wealth of Gihon's golden waves,
Or for the love of Venus, would she leave
The angry god of arms and lie with me.
They have refused the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are as peremptory
As wrathful planets, death, or destiny.

Re-enter TECHELLES.

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death?
Tech. They have, my lord, and on Damascus' walls
Have hoisted up their slaughtered carcasses.
Tamb. A sight as baneful to their souls, I think,
As are Thessalian drugs or mithridate;
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.
[*Exeunt all except Tamburlaine.*
Ah, fair Zenocrate! — divine Zenocrate! —
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair disheveled wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And, like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolvéd pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes when that Ebena steps to Heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Make, in the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;
There angels in their crystal armors fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life;
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus' walls;
And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil

70. **mithradate:** an antidote distilled from poisons. 74. **passion:** sorrow. 79. **resolved:** dissolved. 95. **foil:** idea of defeat.

So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admiréd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbor thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touched;
And every warrior that is rapt with love
Of fame, of valor, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits;
I thus conceiving and subduing both
That which hath stooped the chiefest of the gods,
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of Heaven,
To feel the lowly warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowéd reeds,
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility. —
Who's within there?

Enter Attendants.

Hath Bajazeth been fed today?

Atten. Ay, my lord.

Tamb. Bring him forth; and let us know if the town be ransacked. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, *and others.*

Tech. The town is ours, my lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest and of spoil is offered us.

102. **still:** distil. 105. **wit:** understanding.

Tamb. That's well, Techelles; what's the news?
Tech. The Soldan and the Arabian king together,
March on us with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with us.
Tamb. No more there is not, I warrant thee, Techelles.

Attendants *bring in* Bajazeth *in his cage, followed by* Zabina; *then exeunt.*

Ther. We know the victory is ours, my lord;
But let us save the reverend Soldan's life,
For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state.
Tamb. That will we chiefly see unto, Theridamas,
For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness
Deserves a conquest over every heart.
And now, my footstool, if I lose the field,
You hope of liberty and restitution?
Here let him stay, my masters, from the tents,
Till we have made us ready for the field.
Pray for us, Bajazeth; we are going.
[*Exeunt Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane, and Persians.*
Baj. Go, never to return with victory.
Millions of men encompass thee about,
And gore thy body with as many wounds!
Sharp, forkéd arrows light upon thy horse!
Furies from the black Cocytus lake,
Break up the earth, and with their fire-brands
Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes!
Volleys of shot pierce through thy charméd skin,
And every bullet dipt in poisoned drugs!
Or, roaring cannons sever all thy joints,
Making thee mount as high as eagles soar!
Zab. Let all the swords and lances in the field
Stick in his breast as in their proper rooms!
At every pore let blood come dropping forth,
That lingering pains may massacre his heart,
And madness send his damnéd soul to hell!
Baj. Ah, fair Zabina! we may curse his power;
The heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake,
But such a star hath influence on his sword,
As rules the skies and countermands the gods
More than Cimmerian Styx or Destiny;
And then shall we in this detested guise,

138. **one:** i.e., death.

With shame, with hunger, and with horror stay,
Griping our bowels with retorquéd thoughts,
And have no hope to end our ecstasies.
Zab. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No fiend, no fortune, nor no hope of end
To our infámous monstrous slaveries.
Gape, earth, and let the fiends infernal view
A hell as hopeless and as full of fear
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,
Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling groans
Hover about the ugly ferryman,
To get a passage to Elysium!
Why should we live? Oh, wretches, beggars, slaves!
Why live we, Bajazeth, and build up nests
So high within the region of the air
By living long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn
The former triumphs of our mightiness
In this obscure infernal servitude?
Baj. O life, more loathsome to my vexéd thoughts
Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian snakes,
Which fills the nooks of hell with standing air,
Infecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs!
O dreary engines of my loathéd sight,
That see my crown, my honor, and my name
Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,
Why feed ye still on day's accurséd beams
And sink not quite into my tortured soul?
You see my wife, my queen, and emperess,
Brought up and proppéd by the hand of fame,
Queen of fifteen contributory queens,
Now thrown to rooms of black abjection,
Smeared with blots of basest drudgery,
And villainess to shame, disdain, and misery.
Accurséd Bajazeth, whose words of ruth,
(That would with pity cheer Zabina's heart,
And make our souls resolve in ceaseless tears;)
Sharp hunger bites upon, and gripes the root,
From whence the issues of my thoughts do break;
O poor Zabina! O my queen! my queen!
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To cool and comfort me with longer date,

174. **retorqued:** bent back. 193. **parbreak:** vomit. 196. **engines:** i.e., the eyes. 206. **villainess:** slave. 209. **resolve:** dissolve.

That in the shortened sequel of my life
I may pour forth my soul into thine arms
With words of love, whose moaning intercourse
Hath hitherto been stayed with wrath and hate
Of our expressless banned inflictions.
Zab. Sweet Bajazeth, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or spark of breath
Can quench or cool the torments of my grief. [*Exit.*
Baj. Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat thy brains out of thy conquered head,
Since other means are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest lamp of ever-living Jove,
Accurséd day! infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stainéd face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome Heavens!
Let ugly Darkness with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists!
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps!
That in this terror Tamburlaine may live,
And my pined soul, resolved in liquid air,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce through the center of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathéd life!
[*He brains himself against the cage.*

Re-enter Zabina.

Zab. What do mine eyes behold? My husband dead;
His skull all riven in twain! His brains dashed out —
The brains of Bajazeth, my lord and sovereign!
O Bajazeth, my husband and my lord!
O Bajazeth! O Turk! O Emperor!
Give him his liquor? Not I. Bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him again. — Tear me in pieces — Give me the sword with a ball of wildfire upon it. — Down with him! Down with him! — Go to my child! Away! Away! Away! — Ah, save that infant! save him, save him! — I, even I, speak to her. — The sun was down — streamers white, red, black — here, here, here! — Fling the meat in his face — Tamburlaine — Tamburlaine! — Let the soldiers be buried.

— Hell! Death! Tamburlaine! Hell! Make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels. — I come! I come! I come!
[*She runs against the cage and brains herself.*

Enter Zenocrate *with* Anippe.

Zeno. Wretched Zenocrate! that liv'st to see
Damascus' walls dyed with Egyptians' blood,
Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen;
The streets strowed with dissevered joints of men
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life;
But most accurst, to see the sun-bright troop
Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids,
(Whose looks might make the angry god of arms
To break his sword and mildly treat of love)
On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death;
For every fell and stout Tartarian steed,
That stampt on others with their thundering hoofs,
When all their riders charged their quivering spears,
Began to check the ground and rein themselves,
Gazing upon the beauty of their looks. —
Ah Tamburlaine! wert thou the cause of this
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?
Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her own life, or aught save thine own love.
But see another bloody spectacle!
Ah, wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with these grievous objects,
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth!
See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.

Anip. No breath, nor sense, nor motion in them both;
Ah, madam! this their slavery hath enforced,
And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine.

Zeno. Earth, cast up fountains from thy entrails,
And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths!
Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief!
Blush, Heaven, that gave them honor at their birth
And let them die a death so barbarous!
Those that are proud of fickle empery
And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Ah, Tamburlaine! my love! sweet Tamburlaine!
That fight'st for scepters and for slippery crowns,

Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Thou, that in conduct of thy happy stars
Sleep'st every night with conquests on thy brows,
And yet would'st shun the wavering turns of war,
In fear and feeling of the like distress
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my love! — Oh, pardon his contempt
Of earthly fortune and respect of pity,
And let not conquest, ruthlessly pursued,
Be equally against his life incensed
In this great Turk and hapless Emperess!
And pardon me that was not moved with ruth
To see them live so long in misery!
Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?

Anip. Madam, content yourself, and be resolved
Your love hath Fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turn her wheel no more,
As long as life maintains his mighty arm
That fights for honor to adorn your head.

Enter PHILEMUS, *a* Messenger.

Zeno. What other heavy news now brings Philemus?

Phil. Madam, your father, and the Arabian king,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now, as Turnus 'gainst Æneas did,
Arméd with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battle 'gainst my lord, the king.

Zeno. Now shame and duty, love and fear present
A thousand sorrows to my martyred soul.
Whom should I wish the fatal victory
When my poor pleasures are divided thus
And racked by duty from my curséd heart?
My father and my first-betrothéd love
Must fight against my life and present love;
Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infámous through the world;
But as the gods, to end the Trojans' toil,
Prevented Turnus of Lavinia
And fatally enriched Æneas' love,
So for a final issue to my griefs,
To pacify my country and my love
Must Tamburlaine by their resistless powers

With virtue of a gentle victory
Conclude a league of honor to my hope;
Then, as the Powers divine have pre-ordained,
With happy safety of my father's life
Send like defence of fair Arabia.

[*Trumpets sound to the battle within: afterwards, the* King *of* Arabia *enters wounded.*

K. of Arab. What curséd power guides the murdering hands
Of this infámous tyrant's soldiers,
That no escape may save their enemies,
Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?
Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold
That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched arms,
Even so for her thou diest in these arms,
Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.

Zeno. Too dear a witness for such a love, my lord,
Behold Zenocrate! the curséd object,
Whose fortunes never masteréd her griefs;
Behold her wounded, in conceit, for thee,
As much as thy fair body is for me.

K. of Arab. Then shall I die with full, contented heart,
Having beheld divine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with joy would take away my life
As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound,
If I had not been wounded as I am.
Ah! that the deadly pangs I suffer now,
Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweet accidents
Have chanced thy merits in this worthless bondage;
And that I might be privy to the state
Of thy deserved contentment, and thy love;
But, making now a virtue of thy sight,
To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul,
Since death denies me farther cause of joy,
Deprived of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desiréd hand shall close mine eyes. [*He dies.*

Re-enter Tamburlaine, *leading the* Soldan, Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, *with others.*

Tamb. Come, happy father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Soldan's name.

Though my right hand have thus enthralléd thee,
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free;
She that hath calmed the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this been bathed in streams of blood
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.
Zeno. O sight thrice welcome to my joyful soul,
To see the king, my father, issue safe
From dangerous battle of my conquering love!
Sold. Well met, my only dear Zenocrate,
Though with the loss of Egypt and my crown.
Tamb. 'Twas I, my lord, that got the victory,
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And add more strength to your dominions
Than ever yet confirmed the Egyptian crown.
The god of war resigns his room to me,
Meaning to make me general of the world;
Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,
Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.
Where'er I come the Fatal Sisters sweat,
And grisly Death, by running to and fro,
To do their ceaseless homage to my sword;
And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,
Since I arrived with my triumphant host,
Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gasping wounds,
Been oft resolved in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at every drop it drinks.
Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx
Waiting the back return of Charon's boat;
Hell and Elysium swarm with ghosts of men,
That I have sent from sundry foughten fields,
To spread my fame through hell and up to Heaven.
And see, my lord, a sight of strange import,
Emperors and kings lie breathless at my feet,
The Turk and his great Emperess, as it seems,
Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
Have desperately dispatched their slavish lives;
With them Arabia, too, hath left his life,
All sights of power to grace my victory;
And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine;
Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen
His honor, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage arms with him.

Sold. Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand,
Renownéd Tamburlaine! to whom all kings
Of force must yield their crowns and emperies;
And I am pleased with this my overthrow,
If, as beseems a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honor used Zenocrate.
Tamb. Her state and person want no pomp, you see;
And for all blot of foul inchastity
I record Heaven her heavenly self is clear;
Then let me find no farther time to grace
Her princely temples with the Persian crown.
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait,
And have been crowned for provéd worthiness,
Even by this hand that shall establish them,
Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,
Invest her here the Queen of Persia.
What saith the noble Soldan and Zenocrate?
Sold. I yield with thanks and protestations
Of endless honor to thee for her love.
Tamb. Then doubt I not but fair Zenocrate
Will soon consent to satisfy us both.
Zeno. Else should I much forget myself, my lord.
Ther. Then let us set the crown upon her head,
That long hath lingered for so high a seat.
Tech. My hand is ready to perform the deed;
For now her marriage-time shall work us rest.
Usum. And here's the crown, my lord; help set it on.
Tamb. Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate;
And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,
And all the kingdoms and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdued.
As Juno, when the giants were suppressed,
That darted mountains at her brother Jove,
So looks my love, shadowing in her brows
Triumphs and trophies for my victories;
Or, as Latona's daughters, bent to arms,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind.
To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,
From Barbary unto the western India,
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy sire;
And from the bounds of Afric to the banks
Of Ganges shall his mighty arm extend.
And now, my lords and loving followers,

That purchased kingdoms by your martial deeds,
Cast off your armor, put on scarlet robes,
Mount up your royal places of estate,
Environéd with troops of noblemen,
And there make laws to rule your provinces.
Hang up your weapons on Alcides' post,
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.
Thy first-betrothéd love, Arabia,
Shall we with honor, as beseems, entomb
With this great Turk and his fair Emperess.
Then, after all these solemn exequies,
We will our rites of marriage solemnize.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

By Christopher Marlowe

Part II

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Tamburlaine, King of Persia.
Calyphas, Amyras, Celebinus, } His sons.
Techelles, King of Fez.
Theridamas, King of Argier.
Usumcasane, King of Morocco.
Orcanes, King of Natolia.
King of Jerusalem.
King of Trebizond.
King of Soria.
King of Amasia.
Gazellus, Viceroy of Byron.
Uribassa.
Sigismund, King of Hungary.
Frederick, Baldwin, } Lords of Buda and Bohemia.
Callapine, Son of Bajazeth.
Almeda, his Keeper.
Perdicas, Servant to Calyphas.
Governor of Babylon.
Maximus.
Captain of Balsera.
His Son.
Physicians.
Another Captain.
Lords, Citizens, Soldiers, &c.

Zenocrate, Wife of Tamburlaine.
Olympia, Wife of the Captain of Balsera.
Turkish Concubines.

THE PROLOGUE

The general welcomes Tamburlaine received,
When he arrivéd last upon the stage,
Hath made our poet pen his Second Part,
Where death cuts off the progress of his pomp,
And murderous fates throw all his triumphs down.
But what became of fair Zenocrate,
And with how many cities' sacrifice
He celebrated her sad funeral,
Himself in presence shall unfold at large.

ACT I

Scene I.

Enter Orcanes, *King of Natolia,* Gazellus, *Viceroy of Byron,* Uribassa, *and their* Train, *with drums and trumpets.*

Orc. Egregious viceroys of these eastern parts,
Placed by the issue of great Bajazeth.

And sacred lord, the mighty Callapine,
Who lives in Egypt, prisoner to that slave
Which kept his father in an iron cage;
Now have we marched from fair Natolia
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius' banks
Our warlike host, in complete armor, rest,
Where Sigismund, the king of Hungary,
Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What! Shall we parley with the Christian?
Or cross the stream, and meet him in the field?
Gaz. King of Natolia, let us treat of peace;
We are all glutted with the Christians' blood,
And have a greater foe to fight against —
Proud Tamburlaine, that, now in Asia,
Near Guyron's head doth set his conq'ring feet,
And means to fire Turkey as he goes.
'Gainst him, my lord, you must address your power.
Uri. Besides, King Sigismund hath brought from Christendom,
More than his camp of stout Hungarians,
Sclavonians, Almain rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
That with the halberd, lance, and murdering ax,
Will hazard that we might with surety hold.
Orc. Though from the shortest northern parallel,
Vast Grantland, compassed with the Frozen Sea,
(Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Giants as big as hugy Polypheme,)
Millions of soldiers cut the arctic line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these arms,
Our Turkey blades shall glide through all their throats,
And make this champion mead a bloody fen.
Danubius' stream, that runs to Trebizond,
Shall carry, wrapt within his scarlet waves,
As martial presents to our friends at home,
The slaughtered bodies of these Christians.
The Terrene Main, wherein Danubius falls,
Shall, by this battle, be the Bloody Sea.
The wandering sailors of proud Italy
Shall meet those Christians, fleeting with the tide,
Beating in heaps against their argosies,

22. **Almain rutters:** German troopers. 26. **Grantland:** Greenland. 28. **Giants:** The people of Greenland are small. Marlowe made the same mistake about Lapland in *Faustus*, Scene i, 124. 32. **champion:** champaign, level country. 37. **Terrene Main:** the Mediterranean, but the Danube flows into the Black Sea. 41. **argosies:** merchant ships.

And make fair Europe, mounted on her bull,
Trapped with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight, and wear a woeful mourning weed.
Gaz. Yet, stout Orcanes, prorex of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath mustered all his men,
Marching from Cairo northward with his camp,
To Alexandria, and the frontier towns,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land,
'Tis requisite to parley for a peace
With Sigismund the king of Hungary,
And save our forces for the hot assaults
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.
Orc. Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said.
My realm, the center of our empery,
Once lost, all Turkey would be overthrown,
And for that cause the Christians shall have peace.
Sclavonians, Almain rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
Fear not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine;
Nor he, but fortune, that hath made him great.
We have revolted Grecians, Albanese,
Sicilians, Jews, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
Natolians, Syrians, black Egyptians,
Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians,
Enough to swallow forceless Sigismund,
Yet scarce enough to encounter Tamburlaine.
He brings a world of people to the field,
From Scythia to the oriental plage
Of India, where raging Lantchidol
Beats on the regions with his boisterous blows,
That never seaman yet discoveréd.
All Asia is in arms with Tamburlaine,
Even from the midst of fiery Cancer's tropic,
To Amazonia under Capricorn;
And thence as far as Archipelago,
All Afric is in arms with Tamburlaine;
Therefore, viceroy, the Christians must have peace.

Enter Sigismund, Frederick, Baldwin, *and their* Train, *with drums and trumpets.*

Sig. Orcanes (as our legates promised thee),
We, with our peers, have crossed Danubius' stream,

59. **Fear:** frighten. 68. **plage:** shore. 69. **Lantchidol:** the Indian Ocean between Java and New Holland.

To treat of friendly peace or deadly war.
Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans used,
I here present thee with a naked sword;
Wilt thou have war, then shake this blade at me;
If peace, restore it to my hands again,
And I will sheathe it, to confirm the same.
Orc. Stay, Sigismund! forget'st thou I am he
That with the cannon shook Vienna walls,
And made it dance upon the continent,
As when the massy substance of the earth
Quivers about the axle-tree of Heaven?
Forget'st thou that I sent a shower of darts,
Mingled with powdered shot and feathered steel,
So thick upon the blink-eyed burghers' heads,
That thou thyself, then County Palatine,
The King of Boheme, and the Austric Duke,
Sent heralds out, which basely on their knees
In all your names desired a truce of me?
Forget'st thou, that to have me raise my siege,
Wagons of gold were set before my tents,
Stampt with the princely fowl, that in her wings
Carries the fearful thunderbolts of Jove?
How canst thou think of this, and offer war?
Sig. Vienna was besieged, and I was there,
Then County Palatine, but now a king,
And what we did was in extremity.
But now, Orcanes, view my royal host
That hides these plains, and seems as vast and wide
As doth the desert of Arabia
To those that stand on Bagdeth's lofty tower;
Or as the ocean to the traveler
That rests upon the snowy Apennines;
And tell me whether I should stoop so low,
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king.
Gaz. Kings of Natolia and of Hungary,
We came from Turkey to confirm a league,
And not to dare each other to the field.
A friendly parley might become you both.
Fred. And we from Europe, to the same intent,
Which if your general refuse or scorn,
Our tents are pitched, our men stand in array,
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.
Orc. So prest are we; but yet, if Sigismund

122. **prest:** ready.

Speak as a friend, and stand not upon terms,
Here is his sword — let peace be ratified
On these conditions, specified before,
Drawn with advice of our ambassadors.
Sig. Then here I sheathe it, and give thee my hand,
Never to draw it out, or manage arms
Against thyself or thy confederates,
But whilst I live will be at truce with thee.
Orc. But, Sigismund, confirm it with an oath,
And swear in sight of Heaven and by thy Christ.
Sig. By him that made the world and saved my soul,
The Son of God and issue of a Maid,
Sweet Jesus Christ, I solemnly protest
And vow to keep this peace inviolable.
Orc. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alcoran remains with us,
Whose glorious body, when he left the world,
Closed in a coffin mounted up the air,
And hung on stately Mecca's temple roof,
I swear to keep this truce inviolable;
Of whose conditions and our solemn oaths,
Signed with our hands, each shall retain a scroll
As memorable witness of our league.
Now, Sigismund, if any Christian king
Encroach upon the confines of thy realm,
Send word, Orcanes of Natolia
Confirmed this league beyond Danubius' stream,
And they will, trembling, sound a quick retreat;
So am I feared among all nations.
Sig. If any heathen potentate or king
Invade Natolia, Sigismund will send
A hundred thousand horse trained to the war,
And backed by stout lanciers of Germany,
The strength and sinews of the Imperial seat.
Orc. I thank thee, Sigismund; but, when I war,
All Asia Minor, Africa, and Greece,
Follow my standard and my thundering drums.
Come, let us go and banquet in our tents;
I will dispatch chief of my army hence
To fair Natolia and to Trebizond,
To stay my coming 'gainst proud Tamburlaine.
Friend Sigismund, and peers of Hungary,
Come, banquet and carouse with us a while,
And then depart we to our territories. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Callapine *with* Almeda, *his Keeper.*

Call. Sweet Almeda, pity the ruthful plight
Of Callapine, the son of Bajazeth,
Born to be monarch of the western world,
Yet here detained by cruel Tamburlaine.
Alm. My lord, I pity it, and with all my heart
Wish you release; but he whose wrath is death,
My sovereign lord, renownéd Tamburlaine,
Forbids you farther liberty than this.
Call. Ah, were I now but half so eloquent
To paint in words what I'll perform in deeds,
I know thou would'st depart from hence with me.
Alm. Not for all Afric; therefore move me not.
Call. Yet hear me speak, my gentle Almeda.
Alm. No speech to that end, by your favor, sir.
Call. By Cairo runs ——
Alm. No talk of running, I tell you, sir.
Call. A little farther, gentle Almeda.
Alm. Well, sir, what of this?
Call. By Cairo runs to Alexandria bay
Darote's streams, wherein at anchor lies
A Turkish galley of my royal fleet,
Waiting my coming to the river side,
Hoping by some means I shall be released,
Which, when I come aboard, will hoist up sail,
And soon put forth into the Terrene Sea,
Where, 'twixt the isles of Cyprus and of Crete,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more,
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many crowns of burnished gold,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command;
A thousand galleys, manned with Christian slaves,
I freely give thee, which shall cut the Straits,
And bring armados from the coasts of Spain
Fraughted with gold of rich America;
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
Skilful in music and in amorous lays,
As fair as was Pygmalion's ivory girl

35. **Fraughted:** freighted.

Or lovely Iö metamorphoséd.
With naked negroes shall thy coach be drawn,
And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets
The pavement underneath thy chariot wheels
With Turkey carpets shall be coveréd,
And cloth of Arras hung about the walls,
Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce.
A hundred bassoes, clothed in crimson silk,
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds;
And when thou goest, a golden canopy
Enchased with precious stones, which shine as bright
As that fair veil that covers all the world,
When Phœbus, leaping from the hemisphere,
Descendeth downward to the Antipodes,
And more than this — for all I cannot tell.

Alm. How far hence lies the galley, say you?

Call. Sweet Almeda, scarce half a league from hence. [55

Alm. But need we not be spied going aboard?

Call. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,
And crookéd bending of a craggy rock,
The sails wrapt up, the mast and tacklings down,
She lies so close that none can find her out.

Alm. I like that well; but tell me, my lord, if I should let you go, would you be as good as your word? Shall I be made a king for my labor?

Call. As I am Callapine the emperor,
And by the hand of Mahomet I swear
Thou shalt be crowned a king, and be my mate.

Alm. Then here I swear, as I am Almeda
Your keeper under Tamburlaine the Great
(For that's the style and title I have yet),
Although he sent a thousand arméd men
To intercept this haughty enterprise,
Yet would I venture to conduct your grace,
And die before I brought you back again.

Call. Thanks, gentle Almeda; then let us haste,
Lest time be past, and lingering let us both.

Alm. When you will, my lord; I am ready.

Call. Even straight; and farewell, curséd Tamburlaine.
Now go I to revenge my father's death. [*Exeunt.*

47. **Barbarian:** from Barbary. 56. **need:** must. 75. **let:** prevent.

Scene III.

Enter Tamburlaine, Zenocrate, *and their three* Sons, Calyphas, Amyras *and* Celebinus, *with drums and trumpets.*

Tamb. Now, bright Zenocrate, the world's fair eye,
Whose beams illuminate the lamps of Heaven,
Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air,
And clothe it in a crystal livery;
Now rest thee here on fair Larissa plains,
Where Egypt and the Turkish empire part,
Between thy sons, that shall be emperors,
And every one commander of a world.
Zeno. Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave these arms,
And save thy sacred person free from scathe,
And dangerous chances of the wrathful war?
Tamb. When Heaven shall cease to move on both the poles,
And when the ground, whereon my soldiers march,
Shall rise aloft and touch the hornéd moon,
And not before, my sweet Zenocrate.
Sit up, and rest thee like a lovely queen;
So, now she sits in pomp and majesty,
When these, my sons, more precious in mine eyes,
Than all the wealthy kingdoms I subdued,
Placed by her side, look on their mother's face;
But yet methinks their looks are amorous,
Not martial as the sons of Tamburlaine;
Water and air, being symbolized in one,
Argue their want of courage and of wit;
Their hair as white as milk and soft as down,
(Which should be like the quills of porcupines
As black as jet and hard as iron or steel)
Bewrays they are too dainty for the wars;
Their fingers made to quaver on a lute,
Their arms to hang about a lady's neck,
Their legs to dance and caper in the air,
Would make me think them bastards, not my sons,
But that I know they issued from thy womb
That never looked on man but Tamburlaine.
Zeno. My gracious lord, they have their mother's looks,
But when they list, their conquering father's heart.

This lovely boy, the youngest of the three,
Not long ago bestrid a Scythian steed,
Trotting the ring, and tilting at a glove,
Which when he tainted with his slender rod,
He reined him straight and made him so curvet,
As I cried out for fear he should have fallen.
Tamb. Well done, my boy, thou shalt have shield and lance,
Armor of proof, horse, helm, and curtle-ax,
And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
And harmless run among the deadly pikes.
If thou wilt love the wars and follow me,
Thou shalt be made a king and reign with me,
Keeping in iron cages emperors.
If thou exceed thy elder brothers' worth
And shine in complete virtue more than they,
Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
Shall issue crownéd from their mother's womb.
Cel. Yes, father, you shall see me, if I live,
Have under me as many kings as you,
And march with such a multitude of men,
As all the world shall tremble at their view.
Tamb. These words assure me, boy, thou art my son.
When I am old and cannot manage arms,
Be thou the scourge and terror of the world.
Amy. Why may not I, my lord, as well as he,
Be termed the scourge and terror of the world?
Tamb. Be all a scourge and terror to the world,
Or else you are not sons of Tamburlaine.
Cal. But while my brothers follow arms, my lord,
Let me accompany my gracious mother;
They are enough to conquer all the world,
And you have won enough for me to keep.
Tamb. Bastardly boy, sprung from some coward's loins,
And not the issue of great Tamburlaine;
Of all the provinces I have subdued,
Thou shalt not have a foot unless thou bear
A mind courageous and invincible;
For he shall wear the crown of Persia
Whose head hath deepest scars, whose breast most wounds,
Which, being wroth, sends lightning from his eyes,
And in the furrows of his frowning brows
Harbors revenge, war, death, and cruelty;

40. **tainted:** touched.

For in a field, whose superficies
Is covered with a liquid purple veil
And sprinkled with the brains of slaughtered men,
My royal chair of state shall be advanced;
And he that means to place himself therein,
Must arméd wade up to the chin in blood.
Zeno. My lord, such speeches to our princely sons
Dismay their minds before they come to prove
The wounding troubles angry war affords.
Cel. No, madam, these are speeches fit for us,
For if his chair were in a sea of blood
I would prepare a ship and sail to it,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.
Amy. And I would strive to swim through pools of blood,
Or make a bridge of murdered carcasses,
Whose arches should be framed with bones of Turks,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.
Tamb. Well, lovely boys, ye shall be emperors both,
Stretching your conquering arms from East to West;
And, sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,
When we shall meet the Turkish deputy
And all his viceroys, snatch it from his head,
And cleave his pericranium with thy sword.
Cal. If any man will hold him, I will strike
And cleave him to the channel with my sword.
Tamb. Hold him, and cleave him too, or I'll cleave thee,
For we will march against them presently.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promised to meet me on Larissa plains
With hosts apiece against this Turkish crew;
For I have sworn by sacred Mahomet
To make it parcel of my empery;
The trumpets sound, Zenocrate; they come.

Enter THERIDAMAS *and his* Train, *with drums and trumpets.*

Tamb. Welcome, Theridamas, King of Argier.
Ther. My lord, the great and mighty Tamburlaine,
Arch-monarch of the world, I offer here
My crown, myself, and all the power I have,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.
Tamb. Thanks, good Theridamas.

79. **superficies:** surface. 101. **pericranium:** collar-bone.

Ther. Under my colors march ten thousand Greeks;
And of Argier's and Afric's frontier towns
Twice twenty thousand valiant men-at-arms,
All which have sworn to sack Natolia.
Five hundred brigandines are under sail,
Meet for your service on the sea, my lord,
That launching from Argier to Tripoli,
Will quickly ride before Natolia,
And batter down the castles on the shore.
Tamb. Well said, Argier; receive thy crown again.

Enter Techelles *and* Usumcasane *together.*

Tamb. Kings of Moroccus and of Fez, welcome.
Usum. Magnificent and peerless Tamburlaine!
I and my neighbor King of Fez have brought
To aid thee in this Turkish expedition,
A hundred thousand expert soldiers.
From Azamor to Tunis near the sea
Is Barbary unpeopled for thy sake,
And all the men in armor under me,
Which with my crown I gladly offer thee.
Tamb. Thanks, King of Moroccus, take your crown again.
Tech. And, mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly god,
Whose looks make this inferior world to quake,
I here present thee with the crown of Fez,
And with an host of Moors trained to the war,
Whose coal-black faces make their foes retire,
And quake for fear, as if infernal Jove
Meaning to aid thee in these Turkish arms,
Should pierce the black circumference of hell
With ugly Furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits.
From strong Tesella unto Biledull
All Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake.
Tamb. Thanks, King of Fez; take here thy crown again.
Your presence, loving friends, and fellow kings,
Makes me to surfeit in conceiving joy.
If all the crystal gates of Jove's high court
Were opened wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and majesty of Heaven,
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plains awhile,

And after march to Turkey with our camp,
In number more than are the drops that fall,
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds;
And proud Orcanes of Natolia
With all his viceroys shall be so afraid,
That though the stones, as at Deucalion's flood,
Were turned to men, he should be overcome.
Such lavish will I make of Turkish blood,
That Jove shall send his wingéd messenger
To bid me sheathe my sword and leave the field;
The sun unable to sustain the sight,
Shall hide his head in Thetis' watery lap,
And leave his steeds to fair Boötes' charge;
For half the world shall perish in this fight.
But now, my friends, let me examine ye;
How have ye spent your absent time from me?
Usum. My lord, our men of Barbary have marched
Four hundred miles with armor on their backs,
And lain in leaguer fifteen months and more;
For, since we left you at the Soldan's court,
We have subdued the southern Guallatia,
And all the land unto the coast of Spain;
We kept the narrow Strait of Jubaltér,
And made Canaria call us kings and lords;
Yet never did they recreate themselves,
Or cease one day from war and hot alarms,
And therefore let them rest awhile, my lord.
Tamb. They shall, Casane, and 'tis time i' faith.
Tech. And I have marched along the river Nile
To Machda, where the mighty Christian priest,
Called John the Great, sits in a milk-white robe,
Whose triple mitre I did take by force,
And made him swear obedience to my crown.
From thence unto Cazates did I march,
Where Amazonians met me in the field,
With whom, being women, I vouchsafed a league,
And with my power did march to Zanzibar,
The eastern part of Afric, where I viewed
The Ethiopian sea, rivers, and lakes,
But neither man nor child in all the land;
Therefore I took my course to Manico,
Where unresisted, I removed my camp;

176. **leaguer:** besieging camp. 180. **Jubalter:** Gibraltar. 188. **John:** Prester John.

And by the coast of Byather, at last
I came to Cubar, where the negroes dwell,
And conquering that, made haste to Nubia.
There, having sacked Borno the kingly seat,
I took the king and led him bound in chains
Unto Damasco, where I stayed before.
Tamb. Well done, Techelles. What saith Theridamas?
Ther. I left the confines and the bounds of Afric,
And thence I made a voyage into Europe,
Where by the River Tyras I subdued
Stoka, Podolia, and Codemia;
Thence crossed the sea and came to Oblia
And Nigra Sylva, where the devils dance,
Which in despite of them, I set on fire.
From thence I crossed the gulf called by the name
Mare Majore of the inhabitants.
Yet shall my soldiers make no period,
Until Natolia kneel before your feet.
Tamb. Then will we triumph, banquet, and carouse;
Cooks shall have pensions to provide us cates,
And glut us with the dainties of the world;
Lachryma Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common soldiers drink in quaffing bowls,
Ay, liquid gold (when we have conquered him)
Mingled with coral and with orient pearl.
Come, let us banquet and carouse the whiles. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

Scene I.

Enter Sigismund, Frederick, Baldwin, *and their* Train.

Sig. Now say, my lords of Buda and Bohemia,
What motion is it that inflames your thoughts,
And stirs your valors to such sudden arms?
Fred. Your majesty remembers, I am sure,
What cruel slaughter of our Christian bloods
These heathenish Turks and Pagans lately made,
Betwixt the city Zula and Danubius;
How through the midst of Varna and Bulgaria,
And almost to the very walls of Rome,

209. **Tyras:** now the Dniester.

They have, not long since, massacred our camp.
It resteth now, then, that your majesty
Take all advantages of time and power,
And work revenge upon these infidels.
Your highness knows, for Tamburlaine's repair,
That strikes a terror to all Turkish hearts,
Natolia hath dismissed the greatest part
Of all his army, pitched against our power,
Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius' Mount,
And sent them marching up to Belgasar,
Acantha, Antioch, and Cæsarea,
To aid the Kings of Soria and Jerusalem.
Now then, my lord, advantage take thereof,
And issue suddenly upon the rest;
That in the fortune of their overthrow,
We may discourage all the pagan troop,
That dare attempt to war with Christians.
Sig. But calls not then your grace to memory
The league we lately made with King Orcanes,
Confirmed by oath and articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our truths?
This should be treachery and violence
Against the grace of our profession.
Bald. No whit, my lord, for with such infidels,
In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
We are not bound to those accomplishments
The holy laws of Christendom enjoin;
But as the faith, which they profanely plight,
Is not by necessary policy
To be esteemed assurance for ourselves,
So that we vow to them should not infringe
Our liberty of arms or victory.
Sig. Though I confess the oaths they undertake
Breed little strength to our security,
Yet those infirmities that thus defame
Their faiths, their honors, and their religion,
Should not give us presumption to the like.
Our faiths are sound, and must be consummate,
Religious, righteous, and inviolate.
Fred. Assure your grace 'tis superstition
To stand so strictly on dispensive faith;
And should we lose the opportunity
That God hath given to venge our Christians' death,
And scourge their foul blasphémous Paganism,

As fell to Saul, to Balaam, and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at God's command,
So surely will the vengeance of the Highest,
And jealous anger of His fearful arm,
Be poured with rigor on our sinful heads,
If we neglect this offered victory.
Sig. Then arm, my lords, and issue suddenly,
Giving commandment to our general host,
With expedition to assail the Pagan,
And take the victory our God hath given. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, *and* Uribassa, *with their* Trains.

Orc. Gazellus, Uribassa, and the rest,
Now will we march from proud Orminius' Mount,
To fair Natolia, where our neighbor kings
Expect our power and our royal presence,
To encounter with the cruel Tamburlaine,
That nigh Larissa sways a mighty host,
And with the thunder of his martial tools
Makes earthquakes in the hearts of men and Heaven.
Gaz. And now come we to make his sinews shake,
With greater power than erst his pride hath felt.
An hundred kings, by scores, will bid him arms,
And hundred thousands subjects to each score,
Which, if a shower of wounding thunderbolts
Should break out of the bowels of the clouds,
And fall as thick as hail upon our heads,
In partial aid of that proud Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steeléd crests,
And numbers, more than infinite, of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.
Uri. Methinks I see how glad the Christian king
Is made, for joy of your admitted truce,
That could not but before be terrified
With unacquainted power of our host.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Arm, dread sovereign, and my noble lords!
The treacherous army of the Christians,

4. **Expect:** await.

Taking advantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on us, and determines straight
To bid us battle for our dearest lives.
Orc. Traitors! villains! damnéd Christians!
Have I not here the articles of peace,
And solemn covenants we have both confirmed,
He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet?
Gaz. Hell and confusion light upon their heads,
That with such treason seek our overthrow,
And care so little for their prophet, Christ!
Orc. Can there be such deceit in Christians,
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God!
Then, if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ,
If he be son to ever-living Jove,
And hath the power of his outstretchéd arm;
If he be jealous of his name and honor,
As is our holy prophet, Mahomet —
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And witness of thy servant's perjury.
[*He tears to pieces the articles of peace.*
Open, thou shining veil of Cynthia,
And make a passage from the empyreal Heaven,
That he that sits on high and never sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscriptible,
But everywhere fills every continent
With strange infusion of his sacred vigor,
May in his endless power and purity,
Behold and venge this traitor's perjury!
Thou Christ, that art esteemed omnipotent,
If thou wilt prove thyself a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithful hearts,
Be now revenged upon this traitor's soul,
And make the power I have left behind,
(Too little to defend our guiltless lives,)
Sufficient to discomfort and confound
The trustless force of those false Christians.
To arms, my lords! On Christ still let us cry!
If there be Christ, we shall have victory.

Scene III.

Alarms of battle within. — *Enter* Sigismund, *wounded.*

Sig. Discomfited is all the Christian host,
And God hath thundered vengeance from on high,
For my accursed and hateful perjury.
O just and dreadful punisher of sin,
Let the dishonor of the pains I feel,
In this my mortal well-deservéd wound,
End all my penance in my sudden death!
And let this death, wherein to sin I die,
Conceive a second life in endless mercy! [*He dies.*

Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, Uribassa, *and others.*

Orc. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or Mahomet hath been my friend.
Gaz. See here the perjured traitor Hungary,
Bloody and breathless for his villainy.
Orc. Now shall his barbarous body be a prey
To beasts and fowls, and all the winds shall breathe
Through shady leaves of every senseless tree
Murmurs and hisses for his heinous sin.
Now scalds his soul in the Tartarian streams,
And feeds upon the baneful tree of hell,
That Zoacum, that fruit of bitterness,
That in the midst of fire is ingraffed,
Yet flourishes as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damnéd fiends.
The devils there, in chains of quenchless flame,
Shall lead his soul through Orcus' burning gulf,
From pain to pain, whose change shall never end.
What say'st thou yet, Gazellus, to his foil
Which we referred to justice of his Christ,
And to his power, which here appears as full
As rays of Cynthia to the clearest sight?
Gaz. 'Tis but the fortune of the wars, my lord,
Whose power is often proved a miracle.
Orc. Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honoréd,
Not doing Mahomet an injury,

20. **Zoacum:** this tree of hell is described in chapter 37 of the *Koran.* 27. **foil:** defeat.

Whose power had share in this our victory;
And since this miscreant hath disgraced his faith,
And died a traitor both to Heaven and earth,
We will both watch and ward shall keep his trunk
Amidst these plains for fowls to prey upon.
Go, Uribassa, give it straight in charge.
Uri. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Orc. And now, Gazellus, let us haste and meet
Our army, and our brothers of Jerusalem,
Of Soria, Trebizond, and Amasia,
And happily, with full Natolian bowls
Of Greekish wine, now let us celebrate
Our happy conquest and his angry fate. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Zenocrate *is discovered lying in her bed of state, with* Tamburlaine *sitting by her. About her bed are three* Physicians *tempering potions. Around are* Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, *and her three* Sons.

Tamb. Black is the beauty of the brightest day;
The golden ball of Heaven's eternal fire,
That danced with glory on the silver waves,
Now wants the fuel that inflamed his beams;
And all with faintness, and for foul disgrace,
He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
Ready to darken earth with endless night.
Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory bowers,
And tempered every soul with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry skies,
Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walls of Heaven,
As sentinels to warn the immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,
Shine downward now no more, but deck the Heavens,
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates

Refinéd eyes with an eternal sight,
Like triéd silver, run through Paradise,
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
The cherubins and holy seraphins,
That sing and play before the King of kings,
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
And in this sweet and curious harmony,
The God that tunes this music to our souls,
Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
Up to the palace of th' empyreal Heaven,
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the days of sweet Zenocrate. —
Physicians, will no physic do her good?
Phys. My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive;
And if she pass this fit, the worst is past.
Tamb. Tell me, how fares my fair Zenocrate?
Zeno. I fare, my lord, as other empresses,
That, when this frail and transitory flesh
Hath sucked the measure of that vital air
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wane with enforced and necessary change.
Tamb. May never such a change transform my love,
In whose sweet being I repose my life,
Whose heavenly presence, beautified with health,
Gives light to Phœbus and the fixéd stars!
Whose absence makes the sun and moon as dark
As when, opposed in one diameter,
Their spheres are mounted on the serpent's head,
Or else descended to his winding train.
Live still, my love, and so conserve my life,
Or, dying, be the author of my death!
Zeno. Live still, my lord! Oh, let my sovereign live
And sooner let the fiery element
Dissolve and make your kingdom in the sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty;
For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happiness,
And hope to meet your highness in the Heavens,
Turned to despair, would break my wretched breast,
And fury would confound my present rest.

23. **Refined:** purified. 30. **curious:** strange. 38. **physic:** medicine.

But let me die, my love; yet let me die;
With love and patience let your true love die!
Your grief and fury hurts my second life. —
Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my lord.
But since my life is lengthened yet a while,
Let me take leave of these my loving sons,
And of my lords, whose true nobility
Have merited my latest memory.
Sweet sons, farewell! In death resemble me,
And in your lives your father's excellence.
Some music, and my fit will cease, my lord.
[*They call for music.*

Tamb. Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my love,
And scourge the scourge of the immortal God!
Now are those spheres, where Cupid used to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death,
Whose darts do pierce the center of my soul.
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted Heaven;
And had she lived before the siege of Troy,
Helen (whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos)
Had not been named in Homer's Iliads;
Her name had been in every line he wrote.
Or had those wanton poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gazed a while on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been named;
Zenocrate had been the argument
Of every epigram or elegy.
[*The music sounds. — Zenocrate dies.*
What! is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we descend into the infernal vaults,
To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell,
For taking hence my fair Zenocrate.
Casane and Theridamas, to arms!
Raise cavalieros higher than the clouds,
And with the cannon break the frame of Heaven;

81. **spheres:** eyes. 88. **thousand ships:** Marlowe used this idea again in *Faustus*, Scene xiv. 103. **cavalieros:** mounds for elevating cannon above the rest of the fortifications.

Batter the shining palace of the sun,
And shiver all the starry firmament,
For amorous Jove hath snatched my love from hence,
Meaning to make her stately queen of Heaven.
What God soever holds thee in his arms,
Giving thee nectar and ambrosia,
Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
Breaking my steeléd lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of Janus' temple doors,
Letting out Death and tyrannizing War,
To march with me under this bloody flag!
And if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
Come down from Heaven, and live with me again!

Ther. Ah, good my lord, be patient; she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her live.
If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air;
If tears, our eyes have watered all the earth;
If grief, our murdered hearts have strained forth blood;
Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord.

Tamb. " For she is dead! " Thy words do pierce my soul!
Ah, sweet Theridamas! say so no more;
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her.
Where'er her soul be, thou (*To the body*) shalt stay with me,
Embalmed with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh,
Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interred.
Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus'
We both will rest and have one epitaph
Writ in as many several languages
As I have conquered kingdoms with my sword.
This curséd town will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereaved me of my love.
The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourned;
And here will I set up her statua,
And march about it with my mourning camp
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.

[*The scene closes.*

ACT III

Scene I.

Enter the Kings *of* Trebizond *and* Soria, *one bearing a sword and the other a scepter; next* Orcanes *King of Natolia and the* King *of* Jerusalem *with the imperial crown; after them enters* Callapine, *and after him other* Lords *and* Almeda. Orcanes *and the* King *of* Jerusalem *crown* Callapine, *and the others give him the scepter.*

Orc. Callapinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son and successive heir to the late mighty emperor, Bajazeth, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet, Emperor of Natolia, Jerusalem, Trebizond, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmania, and all the hundred and thirty kingdoms late contributory to his mighty father. Long live Callapinus, Emperor of Turkey!

Call. Thrice worthy kings of Natolia, and the rest,
I will requite your royal gratitudes
With all the benefits my empire yields;
And were the sinews of the imperial seat
So knit and strengthened as when Bajazeth
My royal lord and father filled the throne,
Whose curséd fate hath so dismembered it,
Then should you see this thief of Scythia,
This proud, usurping King of Persia,
Do us such honor and supremacy,
Bearing the vengeance of our father's wrongs,
As all the world should blot his dignities
Out of the book of base-born infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royal cares
Have so provided for this curséd foe,
That, since the heir of mighty Bajazeth,
(An emperor so honored for his virtues,)
Revives the spirits of all true Turkish hearts,
In grievous memory of his father's shame,
We shall not need to nourish any doubt,
But that proud fortune, who hath followed long
The martial sword of mighty Tamburlaine,
Will now retain her old inconstancy,
And raise our honors to as high a pitch,
In this our strong and fortunate encounter;
For so hath heaven provided my escape,
From all the cruelty my soul sustained,

By this my friendly keeper's happy means,
That Jove, surcharged with pity of our wrongs,
Will pour it down in showers on our heads,
Scourging the pride of curséd Tamburlaine.
Orc. I have a hundred thousand men in arms;
Some, that in conquest of the perjured Christian,
Being a handful to a mighty host,
Think them in number yet sufficient
To drink the river Nile or Euphrates,
And for their power enow to win the world.
K. of Jer. And I as many from Jerusalem,
Judæa, Gaza, and Scalonia's bounds,
That on Mount Sinai with their ensigns spread,
Look like the parti-colored clouds of Heaven
That show fair weather to the neighbor morn.
K. of Treb. And I as many bring from Trebizond,
Chio, Famastro, and Amasia,
All bordering on the Mare Major sea,
Riso, Sancina, and the bordering towns
That touch the end of famous Euphrates,
Whose courages are kindled with the flames
The cursed Scythian sets on all their towns,
And vow to burn the villain's cruel heart.
K. of Sor. From Soria with seventy thousand strong
Ta'en from Aleppo, Soldino, Tripoli,
And so on to my city of Damasco,
I march to meet and aid my neighbor kings;
All which will join against this Tamburlaine,
And bring him captive to your highness' feet.
Orc. Our battle then in martial manner pitched,
According to our ancient use, shall bear
The figure of the semicircled moon,
Whose horns shall sprinkle through the tainted air
The poisoned brains of this proud Scythian.
Call. Well then, my noble lords, for this my friend
That freed me from the bondage of my foe,
I think it requisite and honorable
To keep my promise and to make him king,
That is a gentleman, I know, at least.
Alm. That's no matter, sir, for being a king; for
Tamburlaine came up of nothing.
K. of Jer. Your majesty may choose some 'pointed
time,

51. **Major:** the Black Sea.

Performing all your promise to the full;
'Tis nought for your majesty to give a kingdom.
Call. Then will I shortly keep my promise, Almeda.
Alm. Why, I thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Tamburlaine, *with his three* Sons *and* Usumcasane; *four* Attendants *bearing the hearse of* Zenocrate; *the drums sounding a doleful march; the town burning.*

Tamb. So burn the turrets of this curséd town,
Flame to the highest region of the air,
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
That, being fiery meteors, may presage
Death and destruction to the inhabitants!
Over my zenith hang a blazing star
That may endure till Heaven be dissolved,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threatening a dearth and famine to this land!
Flying dragons, lightning, fearful thunder-claps,
Singe these fair plains and make them seem as black
As is the island where the Furies mask,
Compassed with Lethe, Styx, and Phlegethon,
Because my dear'st Zenocrate is dead.
Cal. This pillar, placed in memory of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ —
This town, being burnt by Tamburlaine the Great,
Forbids the world to build it up again.
Amy. And here this mournful streamer shall be placed,
Wrought with the Persian and th' Egyptian arms,
To signify she was a princess born,
And wife unto the monarch of the East.
Cel. And here this table as a register
Of all her virtues and perfections.
Tamb. And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To show her beauty which the world admired;
Sweet picture of divine Zenocrate,
That, hanging here, will draw the gods from Heaven,
And cause the stars fixed in the southern arc,
(Whose lovely faces never any viewed
That have not passed the center's latitude,)
As pilgrims, travel to our hemisphere,

3. **exhalations**: rockets.

Only to gaze upon Zenocrate.
Thou shalt not beautify Larissa plains,
But keep within the circle of mine arms.
At every town and castle I besiege,
Thou shalt be set upon my royal tent;
And when I meet an army in the field,
Those looks will shed such influence in my camp
As if Bellona, goddess of the war,
Threw naked swords and sulphur-balls of fire
Upon the heads of all our enemies.
And now, my lords, advance your spears again;
Sorrow no more, my sweet Casane, now;
Boys, leave to mourn! this town shall ever mourn,
Being burnt to cinders for your mother's death.
Cal. If I had wept a sea of tears for her,
It would not ease the sorrows I sustain.
Amy. As is that town, so is my heart consumed
With grief and sorrow for my mother's death.
Cel. My mother's death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.
Tamb. But now, my boys, leave off and list to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war;
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armor thorough watery fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war,
And after this to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.
Then next the way to fortify your men;
In champion grounds, what figure serves you best,
For which the quinque-angle form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat
Whereas the fort may fittest be assailed,
And sharpest where the assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deep; the counterscarps
Narrow and steep; the walls made high and broad;
The bulwarks and the rampires large and strong,
With cavalieros and thick counterforts,
And room within to lodge six thousand men.
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch;

64. **quinque-angle:** pentagon. 68. **counterscarps:** the side of a ditch nearest the besiegers. 70. **rampires:** ramparts.

It must have high argins and covered ways,
To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
And parapets to hide the musketeers;
Casemates to place the great artillery;
And store of ordnance, that from every flank
May scour the outward curtains of the fort,
Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the foe, and save the walls from breach.
When this is learned for service on the land,
By plain and easy demonstration
I'll teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,
Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a fortress in the raging waves,
Fenced with the concave of monstrous rock,
Invincible by nature of the place.
When this is done, then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.

Cal. My lord, but this is dangerous to be done;
We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.

Tamb. Villain! Art thou the son of Tamburlaine,
And fear'st to die, or with a curtle-ax
To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shattered limbs, being tossed as high as Heaven,
Hang in the air as thick as sunny motes,
And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
Dyeing their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
View me, thy father, that hath conquered kings,
And, with his horse, marched round about the earth,
Quite void of scars, and clear from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a drop of blood,
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

[*He cuts his arm.*

A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;
Blood is the god of war's rich livery.

75. **argins:** earthworks. 99. **shot:** i.e., those who shoot, musketeers.

Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chain of gold, enameléd,
Enchased with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
Were mounted here under a canopy,
And I sat down clothed with a massy robe,
That late adorned the Afric potentate,
Whom I brought bound unto Damascus' walls.
Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now, my boys, what think ye of a wound?
Cal. I know not what I should think of it; methinks it is a pitiful sight.
Cel. 'Tis nothing, give me a wound, father.
Amy. And me another, my lord.
Tamb. Come, sirrah, give me your arm.
Cel. Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.
Tamb. It shall suffice thou darest abide a wound;
My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
Before we meet the army of the Turk,
But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
And let the burning of Larissa walls,
My speech of war, and this my wound you see,
Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine!
Usumcasane, now come let us march
Towards Techelles and Theridamas,
That we have sent before to fire the towns,
The towers and cities of these hateful Turks,
And hunt that coward, faint-heart runaway,
With that accurséd traitor Almeda,
Till fire and sword have found them at a bay.
Usum. I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,
That hath betrayed my gracious sovereign —
That cursed and damnéd traitor Almeda.
Tamb. Then let us see if coward Callapine
Dare levy arms against our puissance,
That we may tread upon his captive neck,
And treble all his father's slaveries. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, *and their* Train.

Ther. Thus have we marched northward from Tamburlaine,
Unto the frontier point of Soria;
And this is Balsera, their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.
Tech. Then let us bring our light artillery,
Minions, falc'nets, and sakers to the trench,
Filling the ditches with the walls' wide breach,
And enter in to seize upon the hold.
How say you, soldiers? shall we or not?
Sold. Yes, my lord, yes; come, let's about it.
Ther. But stay awhile; summon a parley, drum.
It may be they will yield it quietly,
Knowing two kings, the friends to Tamburlaine,
Stand at the walls with such a mighty power.

A parley sounded. — *The* Captain *appears on the walls, with* Olympia *his* Wife, *and his* Son.

Capt. What require you, my masters?
Ther. Captain, that thou yield up thy hold to us.
Capt. To you! Why, do you think me weary of it?
Tech. Nay, captain, thou art weary of thy life,
If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlaine!
Ther. These pioners of Argier in Africa,
Even in the cannon's face, shall raise a hill
Of earth and faggots higher than the fort,
And over thy argins and covered ways
Shall play upon the bulwarks of thy hold
Volleys of ordnance, till the breach be made
That with his ruin fills up all the trench,
And when we enter in, not Heaven itself
Shall ransom thee, thy wife, and family.
Tech. Captain, these Moors shall cut the leaden pipes,
That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle walls,
That no supply of victual shall come in,
Nor any issue forth but they shall die;
And, therefore, captain, yield it quietly.

1. **northward:** should probably be *southward*. 3. **hold:** stronghold. 6. **Minions, etc.:** small pieces of ordnance.

Capt. Were you, that are the friends of Tamburlaine,
Brothers of holy Mahomet himself,
I would not yield it; therefore do your worst.
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and undermine,
Cut off the water, all convoys that come,
Yet I am resolute, and so farewell.

[Captain, Olympia, *and their* Son *retire from the walls.*

Ther. Pioners, away! and where I stuck the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed.
Cast up the earth towards the castle wall,
Which, till it may defend you, labor low,
And few or none shall perish by their shot.

Pio. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt Pioners.*

Tech. A hundred horse shall scout about the plains
To spy what force comes to relieve the hold.
Both we, Theridamas, will entrench our men,
And with the Jacob's staff measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will carry full point-blank unto their walls.

Ther. Then see the bringing of our ordnance
Along the trench into the battery,
Where we will have gabions of six feet broad
To save our cannoneers from musket shot.
Betwixt which shall our ordnance thunder forth,
And with the breach's fall, smoke, fire, and dust,
The crack, the echo, and the soldier's cry,
Make deaf the ear and dim the crystal sky.

Tech. Trumpets and drums, alarum presently;
And, soldiers, play the men; the hold is yours. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Alarm within. — *Enter the* Captain, *with* Olympia, *and his* Son.

Olymp. Come, good my lord, and let us haste from hence
Along the cave that leads beyond the foe;
No hope is left to save this conquered hold.

Capt. A deadly bullet, gliding through my side,
Lies heavy on my heart; I cannot live.

50. **Jacob's staff:** a mathematical instrument. 56. **gabions:** wicker cylinders filled with earth.

I feel my liver pierced, and all my veins,
That there begin and nourish every part,
Mangled and torn, and all my entrails bathed
In blood that straineth from their orifex.
Farewell, sweet wife! sweet son, farewell! I die.
[*He dies.*

Olymp. Death, whither art thou gone, that both we live?
Come back again, sweet Death, and strike us both!
One minute end our days! and one sepúlcher
Contain our bodies! Death, why com'st thou not?
Well, this must be the messenger for thee:
[*Drawing a dagger.*
Now, ugly Death, stretch out thy sable wings,
And carry both our souls where his remains.
Tell me, sweet boy, art thou content to die?
These barbarous Scythians, full of cruelty,
And Moors, in whom was never pity found,
Will hew us piecemeal, put us to the wheel,
Or else invent some torture worse than that;
Therefore die by thy loving mother's hand,
Who gently now will lance thy ivory throat,
And quickly rid thee both of pain and life.

Son. Mother, dispatch me, or I'll kill myself;
For think you I can live and see him dead?
Give me your knife, good mother, or strike home;
The Scythians shall not tyrannize on me.
Sweet mother, strike, that I may meet my father.
[*She stabs him and he dies.*

Olymp. Ah, sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,
Entreat a pardon of the God of Heaven,
And purge my soul before it come to thee.
[*She burns the bodies of her* Husband *and* Son *and then attempts to kill herself.*

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, *and all their* Train.

Ther. How now, madam, what are you doing?

Olymp. Killing myself, as I have done my son,
Whose body, with his father's, I have burnt,
Lest cruel Scythians should dismember him.

Tech. 'Twas bravely done, and like a soldier's wife.
Thou shalt with us to Tamburlaine the Great,
Who, when he hears how resolute thou art,
Will match thee with a viceroy or a king.

Olymp. My lord deceased was dearer unto me
Than any viceroy, king, or emperor;
And for his sake here will I end my days.
Ther. But, lady, go with us to Tamburlaine,
And thou shalt see a man, greater than Mahomet,
In whose high looks is much more majesty
Than from the concave superficies
Of Jove's vast palace, the empyreal orb,
Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits,
Like lovely Thetis, in a crystal robe;
That treadeth fortune underneath his feet,
And makes the mighty god of arms his slave;
On whom Death and the Fatal Sisters wait
With naked swords and scarlet liveries;
Before whom, mounted on a lion's back,
Rhamnusia bears a helmet full of blood,
And strews the way with brains of slaughtered men;
By whose proud side the ugly Furies run,
Hearkening when he shall bid them plague the world;
Over whose zenith, clothed in windy air,
And eagle's wings joined to her feathered breast,
Fame hovereth, sounding of her golden trump,
That to the adverse poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of Heaven,
The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread,
And him, fair lady, shall thy eyes behold.
Come!
Olymp. Take pity of a lady's ruthful tears,
That humbly craves upon her knees to stay
And cast her body in the burning flame,
That feeds upon her son's and husband's flesh.
Tech. Madam, sooner shall fire consume us both,
Than scorch a face so beautiful as this,
In frame of which Nature hath showed more skill
Than when she gave eternal chaos form,
Drawing from it the shining lamps of Heaven.
Ther. Madam, I am so far in love with you,
That you must go with us — no remedy.
Olymp. Then carry me, I care not, where you will,
And let the end of this my fatal journey
Be likewise end to my accurséd life.
Tech. No, madam, but the beginning of your joy;
Come willingly therefore.

57. **Rhamnusia**: Nemesis, who had a temple at Rhamnus in Attica.

Ther. Soldiers, now let us meet the general,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the army of the Turk.
The gold and silver, and the pearl we got,
Rifling this fort, divide in equal shares;
This lady shall have twice as much again
Out of the coffers of our treasury. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Enter Callapine, Orcanes, Almeda, *and the* Kings *of* Jerusalem, Trebizond, *and* Soria, *with their* Trains. — *To them enters a* Messenger.

Mes. Renownéd Emperor, mighty Callapine,
God's great lieutenant over all the world!
Here at Aleppo, with a host of men,
Lies Tamburlaine, this King of Persia,
(In numbers more than are the quivering leaves
Of Ida's forest, where your highness' hounds,
With open cry, pursue the wounded stag,)
Who means to girt Natolia's walls with siege,
Fire the town, and overrun the land.
Call. My royal army is as great as his,
That, from the bounds of Phrygia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waves,
Covers the hills, the valleys, and the plains.
Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men!
Whet all your swords to mangle Tamburlaine,
His sons, his captains, and his followers.
By Mahomet! not one of them shall live;
The field wherein this battle shall be fought
For ever term the Persian's sepulcher,
In memory of this our victory!
Orc. Now, he that calls himself the scourge of Jove,
The emperor of the world and earthly god,
Shall end the warlike progress he intends,
And travel headlong to the lake of hell,
Where legions of devils, (knowing he must die
Here, in Natolia, by your highness' hands,)
All brandishing their brands of quenchless fire,
Stretching their monstrous paws, grin with their teeth,
And guard the gates to entertain his soul.

Call. Tell me, viceroys, the number of your men,
And what our army royal is esteemed.
K. of Jer. From Palestina and Jerusalem,
Of Hebrews threescore thousand fighting men
Are come since last we showed your majesty.
Orc. So from Arabia Desert, and the bounds
Of that sweet land, whose brave metropolis
Re-edified the fair Semiramis,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we numbered to your majesty.
K. of Treb. From Trebizond, in Asia the Less,
Naturalized Turks and stout Bithynians
Came to my bands, full fifty thousand more
(That, fighting, know not what retreat doth mean,
Nor e'er return but with the victory,)
Since last we numbered to your majesty.
K. of Sor. Of Sorians from Halla is repaired,
And neighbor cities of your highness' land,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we numbered to your majesty;
So that the royal army is esteemed
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.
Call. Then welcome, Tamburlaine, unto thy death.
Come, puissant viceroys, let us to the field,
(The Persians' sepulcher,) and sacrifice
Mountains of breathless men to Mahomet,
Who now, with Jove, opens the firmament
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Enter Tamburlaine *with his three* Sons, Usumcasane, *and others.*

Tamb. How now, Casane? See a knot of kings,
Sitting as if they were a-telling riddles.
Usum. My lord, your presence makes them pale and wan;
Poor souls! they look as if their death were near.
Tamb. And so he is, Casane; I am here;
But yet I'll save their lives, and make them slaves.
Ye petty kings of Turkey, I am come,
As Hector did into the Grecian camp,
To overdare the pride of Græcia,
And set his warlike person to the view
Of fierce Achilles, rival of his fame.

I do you honor in the simile;
For if I should, as Hector did Achilles
(The worthiest knight that ever brandished sword),
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
And fly my glove as from a scorpion.
Orc. Now thou art fearful of thy army's strength,
Thou would'st with overmatch of person fight;
But, shepherd's issue, base-born Tamburlaine,
Think of thy end! This sword shall lance thy throat.
Tamb. Villain! the shepherd's issue (at whose birth
Heaven did afford a gracious aspéct,
And joined those stars that shall be opposite
Even till the dissolution of the world,
And never meant to make a conqueror
So famous as is mighty Tamburlaine,)
Shall so torment thee and that Callapine,
That, like a roguish runaway, suborned
That villain there, that slave, that Turkish dog,
To false his service to his sovereign,
As ye shall curse the birth of Tamburlaine.
Call. Rail not, proud Scythian! I shall now revenge
My father's vile abuses, and mine own.
K. of Jer. By Mahomet! he shall be tied in chains,
Rowing with Christians in a brigandine
About the Grecian isles to rob and spoil,
And turn him to his ancient trade again.
Methinks the slave should make a lusty thief.
Call. Nay, when the battle ends, all we will meet,
And sit in council to invent some pain
That most may vex his body and his soul.
Tamb. Sirrah, Callapine! I'll hang a clog about your neck for running away again; you shall not trouble me thus to come and fetch you;
But as for you, viceroys, you shall have bits,
And, harnessed like my horses, draw my coach;
And when ye stay, be lashed with whips of wire.
I'll have you learn to feed on provender
And in a stable lie upon the planks.
Orc. But, Tamburlaine, first thou shalt kneel to us,
And humbly crave a pardon for thy life.
K. of Treb. The common soldiers of our mighty host
Shall bring thee bound unto the general's tent.

101. **for**: to prevent him from.

K. of Sor. And all have jointly sworn thy cruel death,
Or bind thee in eternal torments' wrath.
Tamb. Well, sirs, diet yourselves; you know I shall have occasion shortly to journey you.
Cel. See, father,
How Almeda the jailer looks upon us.
Tamb. Villain! traitor! damnéd fugitive!
I'll make thee wish the earth had swallowed thee.
See'st thou not death within my wrathful looks?
Go, villain, cast thee headlong from a rock,
Or rip thy bowels, and rend out thy heart
To appease my wrath! or else I'll torture thee,
Searing thy hateful flesh with burning irons
And drops of scalding lead, while all thy joints
Be racked and beat asunder with the wheel;
For, if thou liv'st, not any element
Shall shroud thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.
Call. Well, in despite of thee he shall be king.
Come, Almeda; receive this crown of me,
I here invest thee King of Ariadan
Bordering on Mare Roso, near to Mecca.
Orc. What! Take it, man.
Alm. Good my lord, let me take it. [*To Tamburlaine.*
Call. Dost thou ask him leave? Here; take it.
Tamb. Go to, sirrah, take your crown, and make up the half-dozen. So, sirrah, now you are a king, you must give arms.
Orc. So he shall, and wear thy head in his scutcheon.
Tamb. No; let him hang a bunch of keys on his standard to put him in remembrance he was a jailer, that when I take him, I may knock out his brains with them, and lock you in the stable, when you shall come sweating from my chariot.
K. of Treb. Away; let us to the field, that the villain may be slain.
Tamb. Sirrah, prepare whips and bring my chariot to my tent, for as soon as the battle is done, I'll ride in triumph through the camp.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, *and their* Train.

How now, ye petty kings? Lo, here are bugs
Will make the hair stand upright on your heads,

115. **journey:** i.e., use as a horse. 117. **looks:** i.e., tremblingly. 138. **arms:** coat of arms. 150. **bugs:** bugbears.

And cast your crowns in slavery at their feet.
Welcome, Theridamas and Techelles, both!
See ye this rout, and know ye this same king?
Ther. Ay, my lord; he was Callapine's keeper.
Tamb. Well, now ye see he is a king; look to him, Theridamas, when we are fighting, lest he hide his crown as the foolish King of Persia did.
K. of Sor. No, Tamburlaine; he shall not be put to that exigent, I warrant thee.
Tamb. You know not, sir —
But now, my followers and my loving friends,
Fight as you ever did, like conquerors,
The glory of this happy day is yours.
My stern aspéct shall make fair victory,
Hovering betwixt our armies, light on me
Loaden with laurel wreaths to crown us all.
Tech. I smile to think how, when this field is fought
And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat
With carrying pearl and treasure on their backs.
Tamb. You shall be princes all, immediately;
Come, fight, ye Turks, or yield us victory.
Orc. No; we will meet thee, slavish Tamburlaine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.

Alarums within. — AMYRAS *and* CELEBINUS *issue from the tent where* CALYPHAS *sits asleep.*

Amy. Now in their glories shine the golden crowns
Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
That half dismay the majesty of Heaven.
Now, brother, follow we our father's sword,
That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,
And cuts down armies with his conquering wings.
Cel. Call forth our lazy brother from the tent,
For if my father miss him in the field,
Wrath, kindled in the furnace of his breast,
Will send a deadly lightning to his heart.
Amy. Brother, ho! What, given so much to sleep,
You cannot leave it, when our enemies' drums

And rattling cannons thunder in our ears
Our proper ruin and our father's foil?
Cal. Away, ye fools! my father needs not me,
Nor you in faith, but that you will be thought
More childish-valorous than manly-wise.
If half our camp should sit and sleep with me,
My father were enough to scare the foe.
You do dishonor to his majesty,
To think our helps will do him any good.
Amy. What! Dar'st thou, then, be absent from the field,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardice,
And oft hath warned thee to be still in field,
When he himself amidst the thickest troops
Beats down our foes, to flesh our taintless swords?
Cal. I know, sir, what it is to kill a man;
It works remorse of conscience in me;
I take no pleasure to be murderous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.
Cel. O cowardly boy! Fie! for shame come forth!
Thou dost dishonor manhood and thy house.
Cal. Go, go, tall stripling, fight you for us both,
And take my other toward brother here,
For person like to prove a second Mars.
'Twill please my mind as well to hear you both
Have won a heap of honor in the field
And left your slender carcasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company.
Amy. You will not go then?
Cal. You say true.
Amy. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona Mundi
That fill the midst of farthest Tartary
Turned into pearl and proffered for my stay,
I would not bide the fury of my father,
When, made a victor in these haughty arms,
He comes and finds his sons have had no shares
In all the honors he proposed for us.
Cal. Take you the honor, I will take my ease;
My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice.
I go into the field before I need!
[*Alarums.* — Amyras *and* Celebinus *run out.*
The bullets fly at random where they list;
And should I go and kill a thousand men,
I were as soon rewarded with a shot,

14. **proper:** own. 14. **foil:** dishonor. 33. **tall:** brave. 34. **toward:** tractable.

And sooner far than he that never fights;
And should I go and do no harm nor good,
I might have harm which all the good I have,
Joined with my father's crown, would never cure.
I'll to cards. Perdicas!

Enter Perdicas.

Perd. Here, my lord.

Cal. Come, thou and I will go to cards to drive away the time.

Perd. Content, my lord; but what shall we play for?

Cal. Who shall kiss the fairest of the Turk's concubines first, when my father hath conquered them.

Perd. Agreed, i' faith. [*They play.*

Cal. They say I am a coward, Perdicas, and I fear as little their taratantaras, their swords or their cannons, as I do a naked lady in a net of gold, and, for fear I should be afraid, would put it off and come to bed with me.

Perd. Such a fear, my lord, would never make ye retire.

Cal. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battle once to try my valor. [*Alarums within.* What a coil they keep! I believe there will be some hurt done anon amongst them. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, Amyras, *and* Celebinus, *leading in* Orcanes *and the* Kings *of* Jerusalem, Trebizond, *and* Soria.

Tamb. See now, ye slaves, my children stoop your pride,
And lead your bodies sheep-like to the sword.
Bring them, my boys, and tell me if the wars
Be not a life that may illustrate gods,
And tickle not your spirits with desire
Still to be trained in arms and chivalry?

Amy. Shall we let go these kings again, my lord,
To gather greater numbers 'gainst our power,
That they may say it is not chance doth this,
But matchless strength and magnanimity?

66. **taratantaras:** trumpet blasts. 72. **coil:** racket.
1. **stoop:** bend.

Tamb. No, no, Amyras; tempt not fortune so,
Cherish thy valor still with fresh supplies,
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes.
But where's this coward villain, not my son,
But traitor to my name and majesty?
[*He goes in and brings* Calyphas *out.*
Image of sloth and picture of a slave,
The obloquy and scorn of my renown!
How may my heart, thus firéd with mine eyes,
Wounded with shame and killed with discontent,
Shroud any thought may hold my striving hands
From martial justice on thy wretched soul?
Ther. Yet pardon him, I pray your majesty.
Tech. and Usum. Let all of us entreat your highness' pardon.
Tamb. Stand up, ye base, unworthy soldiers!
Know ye not yet the argument of arms?
Amy. Good my lord, let him be forgiven for once,
And we will force him to the field hereafter.
Tamb. Stand up, my boys, and I will teach ye arms,
And what the jealousy of wars must do.
O Samarcanda (where I breathéd first
And joyed the fire of this martial flesh),
Blush, blush, fair city, at thine honor's foil,
And shame of nature, which Jaertis' stream,
Embracing thee with deepest of his love,
Can never wash from thy distainéd brows!
Here, Jove, receive his fainting soul again;
A form not meet to give that subject essence
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine;
Wherein an incorporeal spirit moves,
Made of the mold whereof thyself consists,
Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to levy power against thy throne,
That I might move the turning spheres of Heaven!
For earth and all this airy region
Cannot contain the state of Tamburlaine.
By Mahomet! thy mighty friend, I swear,
In sending to my issue such a soul,
Created of the massy dregs of earth,
The scum and tartar of the elements,
Wherein was neither courage, strength, or wit,
But folly, sloth, and damnéd idleness,

32. **foil:** shame.

Thou hast procured a greater enemy
Than he that darted mountains at thy head,
Shaking the burden mighty Atlas bears;
Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the air,
Clothed with a pitchy cloud for being seen;
And now, ye cankered curs of Asia,
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the sun;
Now you shall feel the strength of Tamburlaine,
And, by the state of his supremacy, [*Stabs* CALYPHAS.
Approve the difference 'twixt himself and you.

Orc. Thou show'st the difference 'twixt ourselves and thee,
In this thy barbarous damnéd tyranny.

K. of Jer. Thy victories are grown so violent,
That shortly Heaven, filled with the meteors
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies have made,
Will pour down blood and fire on thy head,
Whose scalding drops will pierce thy seething brains,
And, with our bloods, revenge our bloods on thee.

Tamb. Villains! these terrors and these tyrannies
(If tyrannies war's justice ye repute,)
I execute, enjoined me from above,
To scourge the pride of such as Heaven abhors;
Nor am I made arch-monarch of the world,
Crowned and invested by the hand of Jove
For deeds of bounty or nobility;
But since I exercise a greater name,
The scourge of God, and terror of the world,
I must apply myself to fit those terms,
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelty,
And plague such peasants as resist in me
The power of Heaven's eternal majesty.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane,
Ransack the tents and the pavilions
Of these proud Turks, and take their concubines,
Making them bury this effeminate brat,
For not a common soldier shall defile
His manly fingers with so faint a boy.
Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
And I'll dispose them as it likes me best;
Meanwhile, take him in.

Sold. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt with the body of* CALYPHAS.

56. **for:** to prevent from

K. of Jer. O damnéd monster! Nay, a fiend of hell,
Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
Nor yet imposed with such a bitter hate!
Orc. Revenge it, Rhadamanth and Æacus,
And let your hates, extended in his pains,
Excel the hate wherewith he pains our souls.
K. of Treb. May never day give virtue to his eyes,
Whose sight, composed of fury and of fire,
Doth send such stern affections to his heart.
K. of Sor. May never spirit, vein, or artier, feed
The curséd substance of that cruel heart!
But, wanting moisture and remorseful blood,
Dry up with anger, and consume with heat.
Tamb. Well, bark, ye dogs; I'll bridle all your tongues,
And bind them close with bits of burnished steel,
Down to the channels of your hateful throats;
And, with the pains my rigor shall inflict,
I'll make ye roar, that earth may echo forth
The far-resounding torments ye sustain,
As when an herd of lusty Cimbrian bulls
Run mourning round about the females' miss,
And, stung with fury of their following,
Fill all the air with troublous bellowing;
I will, with engines never exercised,
Conquer, sack, and utterly consume
Your cities and your golden palaces;
And, with the flames that beat against the clouds,
Incense the Heavens, and make the stars to melt,
As if they were the tears of Mahomet,
For hot consumption of his country's pride;
And, till by vision or by speech I hear
Immortal Jove say "Cease, my Tamburlaine,"
I will persist, a terror to the world,
Making the meteors (that, like arméd men,
Are seen to march upon the towers of Heaven),
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning lances in the air,
For honor of my wondrous victories.
Come, bring them in to our pavilion. [*Exeunt.*

102. **affections:** feelings. 105. **remorseful:** compassionate. 114. **females' miss:** because of the missing females.

Scene III.

Olympia *discovered alone.*

Olymp. Distressed Olympia, whose weeping eyes
Since thy arrival here behold no sun,
But closed within the compass of a tent
Hath stained thy cheeks, and made thee look like death,
Devise some means to rid thee of thy life,
Rather than yield to his detested suit,
Whose drift is only to dishonor thee;
And since this earth, dewed with thy brinish tears,
Affords no herbs whose taste may poison thee,
Nor yet this air, beat often with thy sighs,
Contagious smells and vapors to infect thee,
Nor thy close cave a sword to murder thee;
Let this invention be the instrument.

Enter Theridamas.

Ther. Well met, Olympia; I sought thee in my tent,
But when I saw the place obscure and dark,
Which with thy beauty thou wast wont to light,
Enraged, I ran about the fields for thee,
Supposing amorous Jove had sent his son,
The wingéd Hermes, to convey thee hence;
But now I find thee, and that fear is past.
Tell me, Olympia, wilt thou grant my suit?

Olymp. My lord and husband's death, with my sweet son's,
(With whom I buried all affections
Save grief and sorrow, which torment my heart,)
Forbids my mind to entertain a thought
That tends to love, but meditate on death,
A fitter subject for a pensive soul.

Ther. Olympia, pity him, in whom thy looks
Have greater operation and more force
Than Cynthia's in the watery wilderness,
For with thy view my joys are at the full.
And ebb again as thou departest from me.

Olymp. Ah, pity me, my lord! and draw your sword,
Making a passage for my troubled soul,
Which beats against this prison to get out,
And meet my husband and my loving son.

31. **with thy view:** i.e., with my seeing you.

Ther. Nothing but still thy husband and thy son!
Leave this, my love, and listen more to me.
Thou shalt be stately queen of fair Argier;
And clothed in costly cloth of massy gold,
Upon the marble turrets of my court
Sit like to Venus in her chair of state,
Commanding all thy princely eye desires;
And I will cast off arms to sit with thee,
Spending my life in sweet discourse of love.
Olymp. No such discourse is pleasant in mine ears,
But that where every period ends with death,
And every line begins with death again.
I cannot love, to be an emperess.
Ther. Nay, lady, then, if nothing will prevail,
I'll use some other means to make you yield;
Such is the sudden fury of my love,
I must and will be pleased, and you shall yield.
Come to the tent again.
Olymp. Stay now, my lord; and, will you save my honor,
I'll give your grace a present of such price,
As all the world cannot afford the like.
Ther. What is it?
Olymp. An ointment which a cunning alchemist,
Distilléd from the purest balsamum
And simplest extracts of all minerals,
In which the essential form of marble stone,
Tempered by science metaphysical,
And spells of magic from the mouths of spirits,
With which if you but 'noint your tender skin,
Nor pistols, sword, nor lance, can pierce your flesh.
Ther. Why, madam, think you to mock me thus palpably?
Olymp. To prove it, I will 'noint my naked throat,
Which, when you stab, look on your weapon's point,
And you shall see 't rebated with the blow.
Ther. Why gave you not your husband some of it,
If you loved him, and it so precious?
Olymp. My purpose was, my lord, to spend it so,
But was prevented by his sudden end;
And for a present, easy proof thereof,
That I dissemble not, try it on me.
Ther. I will, Olympia, and will keep it for
The richest present of this eastern world.

70. **rebated:** blunted.

[*She anoints her throat.*

Olymp. Now stab, my lord, and mark your weapon's point,
That will be blunted if the blow be great.

Ther. Here then, Olympia. [*Stabs her.*
What, have I slain her! Villain, stab thyself;
Cut off this arm that murderéd thy love,
In whom the learnéd rabbis of this age
Might find as many wondrous miracles
As in the theoria of the world.
Now hell is fairer than Elysium;
A greater lamp than that bright eye of Heaven,
From whence the stars do borrow all their light,
Wanders about the black circumference;
And now the damnéd souls are free from pain,
For every Fury gazeth on her looks;
Infernal Dis is courting of my love,
Inventing masks and stately shows for her,
Opening the doors of his rich treasury
To entertain this queen of chastity;
Whose body shall be tombed with all the pomp
The treasure of my kingdom may afford.

[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE IV.

Enter TAMBURLAINE *drawn in his chariot by the* KINGS *of* TREBIZOND *and* SORIA, *with bits in their mouths: in his right hand he has a whip with which he scourgeth them, while his left hand holds the reins; then come* TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, AMYRAS, *and* CELEBINUS *with the* KINGS *of* NATOLIA *and* JERUSALEM, *led by five or six common* Soldiers.

Tamb. Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you,
To Byron here, where thus I honor you!
The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven,

80. This episode is borrowed from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Book 29.

1. **Holla, etc.:** one of the most famous lines in the Elizabethan drama, frequently parodied by Marlowe's contemporaries, including Shakespeare.

And blow the morning from their nosterils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honored in their governor,
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
That King Egeus fed with human flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdued with valor more divine
Than you by this unconquered arm of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drink in pails the strongest muscatel;
If you can live with it, then live, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking clouds;
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for naught
But perches for the black and fatal ravens.
Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove;
And see the figure of my dignity
By which I hold my name and majesty!

Amy. Let me have coach, my lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawn by these two idle kings.

Tamb. Thy youth forbids such ease, my kingly boy;
They shall tomorrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow-kings may be refreshed.

Orc. O thou that sway'st the region under earth,
And art a king as absolute as Jove,
Come as thou didst in fruitful Sicily,
Surveying all the glories of the land,
And as thou took'st the fair Proserpina,
Joying the fruit of Ceres' garden-plot,
For love, for honor, and to make her queen,
So for just hate, for shame, and to subdue
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,
Come once in fury and survey his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.

Ther. Your majesty must get some bits for these,
To bridle their contemptuous cursing tongues,
That, like unruly never-broken jades,
Break through the hedges of their hateful mouths,
And pass their fixéd bounds exceedingly.

Tech. Nay, we will break the hedges of their mouth,
And pull their kicking colts out of their pastures.

19. **muscatel:** an Italian wine made from muscat grapes. 21. **racking:** scudding. 32. **thou:** i.e., Pluto. 48. **hedges:** teeth. 49. **colts:** tongues.

Usum. Your majesty already hath devised
A mean, as fit as may be, to restrain
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.
Cel. How like you that, sir king? Why speak you not?
K. of Jer. Ah, cruel brat, sprung from a tyrant's loins!
How like his curséd father he begins
To practice taunts and bitter tyrannies!
Tamb. Ay, Turk, I tell thee, this same boy is he
That must (advanced in higher pomp than this)
Rifle the kingdoms I shall leave unsacked,
If Jove, esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me to match the fair Aldeboran,
Above the threefold astracism of Heaven,
Before I conquer all the triple world.
Now, fetch me out the Turkish concubines;
I will prefer them for the funeral
They have bestowed on my abortive son.
[*The Concubines are brought in.*
Where are my common soldiers now, that fought
So lion-like upon Asphaltis' plains?
Sold. Here, my lord.
Tamb. Hold ye, tall soldiers, take ye queens apiece —
I mean such queens as were kings' concubines —
Take them; divide them, and their jewels too,
And let them equally serve all your turns.
Sold. We thank you.
Tamb. Brawl not, I warn you, for your lechery;
For every man that so offends shall die.
Orc. Injurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame
The hateful fortunes of thy victory,
To exercise upon such guiltless dames
The violence of thy common soldiers' lust?
Tamb. Live continent then, ye slaves, and meet not me
With troops of harlots at your slothful heels.
Con. Oh, pity us, my lord, and save our honors.
Tamb. Are ye not gone, ye villains, with your spoils?
[*They run away with the Concubines.*
K. of Jer. O merciless, infernal cruelty!
Tamb. Save your honors! 'Twere but time indeed,
Lost long before ye knew what honor meant.
Ther. It seems they meant to conquer us, my lord,
And make us jesting pageants for their trulls.

61. **Aldeboran:** a brilliant star in the constellation Taurus. 62. **astracism:** referring to a medieval idea of the arrangement of the heavens. 70. **tall:** brave.

Tamb. And now themselves shall make our pageants,
And common soldiers jest with all their trulls.
Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoils,
Till we prepare our march to Babylon,
Whither we next make expedition.
Tech. Let us not be idle then, my lord,
But presently be prest to conquer it.
Tamb. We will, Techelles. Forward then, ye jades.
Now crouch, ye kings of greatest Asia,
And tremble when ye hear this scourge will come
That whips down cities and controlleth crowns,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store.
The Euxine Sea, north to Natolia;
The Terrene, west; the Caspian, north-northeast;
And on the south, Sinus Arabicus;
Shall all be loaden with the martial spoils
We will convey with us to Persia.
Then shall my native city, Samarcanda,
And crystal waves of fresh Jaertis' stream,
The pride and beauty of her princely seat,
Be famous through the farthest continents,
For there my palace-royal shall be placed,
Whose shining turrets shall dismay the Heavens,
And cast the fame of Ilion's tower to hell.
Thorough the streets with troops of conquered kings
I'll ride in golden armor like the sun;
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,
Spangled with diamonds, dancing in the air,
To note me emperor of the threefold world,
Like to an almond tree y-mounted high
Upon the lofty and celestial mount
Of ever-green Selinus quaintly decked
With blooms more white than Erycina's brows,
Whose tender blossoms tremble every one,
At every little breath that through Heaven is blown.
Then in my coach, like Saturn's royal son
Mounted, his shining chariot gilt with fire,
And drawn with princely eagles through the path
Paved with bright crystal and enchased with stars,
When all the gods stand gazing at his pomp,
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
Until my soul, dissevered from this flesh,

96. **prest:** ready. 116. **And in, etc.:** This line and the five that follow are borrowed from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, I, vii, stanza 32. 122. **Erycina:** Venus.

Shall mount the milk-white way, and meet him there.
To Babylon, my lords; to Babylon! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

Scene I.

Enter the Governor *of* Babylon, Maximus, *and others upon the walls.*

Gov. What saith Maximus?
Max. My lord, the breach the enemy hath made
Gives such assurance of our overthrow
That little hope is left to save our lives,
Or hold our city from the conqueror's hands.
Then hang out flags, my lord, of humble truce,
And satisfy the people's general prayers,
That Tamburlaine's intolerable wrath
May be suppressed by our submission.
Gov. Villain, respect'st thou more thy slavish life
Than honor of thy country or thy name?
Are not my life and state as dear to me,
The city, and my native country's weal,
As anything of price with thy conceit?
Have we not hope, for all our battered walls,
To live secure and keep his forces out,
When this our famous lake of Limnasphaltis
Makes walls afresh with everything that falls
Into the liquid substance of his stream,
More strong than are the gates of death or hell?
What faintness should dismay our courages
When we are thus defenced against our foes,
And have no terror but his threatening looks?

Enter above a Citizen, *who kneels to the* Governor.

Cit. My lord, if ever you did deed of ruth,
And now will work a refuge for our lives,
Offer submission, hang up flags of truce,
That Tamburlaine may pity our distress,
And use us like a loving conqueror.
Though this be held his last day's dreadful siege,
Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,

Whose state was ever pitied and relieved,
Would get his pardon if your grace would send.
Gov. How is my soul environéd with cares!
And this etérnized city, Babylon,
Filled with a pack of faint-hearted fugitives
That thus entreat their shame and servitude!

Enter another Citizen.

2d Cit. My lord, if ever you will win our hearts,
Yield up the town and save our wives and children;
For I will cast myself from off these walls
Or die some death of quickest violence
Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.
Gov. Villains, cowards, traitors to our state!
Fall to the earth and pierce the pit of hell,
That legions of tormenting spirits may vex
Your slavish bosoms with continual pains!
I care not, nor the town will ever yield,
As long as any life is in my breast.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, *with* Soldiers.

Ther. Thou desperate governor of Babylon,
To save thy life, and us a little labor,
Yield speedily the city to our hands,
Or else be sure thou shalt be forced with pains,
More exquisite than ever traitor felt.
Gov. Tyrant! I turn the traitor in thy throat,
And will defend it in despite of thee. —
Call up the soldiers to defend these walls!
Tech. Yield, foolish governor; we offer more
Than ever yet we did to such proud slaves
As durst resist us till our third day's siege.
Thou seest us prest to give the last assault,
And that shall bide no more regard of parley.
Gov. Assault and spare not; we will never yield.
[*Alarms; and they scale the walls.*

Enter Tamburlaine *drawn in his chariot by the* Kings *of* Trebizond *and* Soria; Amyras, Celebinus, *and* Usumcasane; *with the two spare* Kings *of* Natolia *and* Jerusalem *led by* Soldiers; *and others.*
Tamb. The stately buildings of fair Babylon,

60. **prest:** ready.

Whose lofty pillars, higher than the clouds,
Were wont to guide the seaman in the deep,
Being carried thither by the cannon's force,
Now fill the mouth of Limnasphaltis' lake
And make a bridge unto the battered walls.
Where Belus, Ninus, and great Alexander
Have rode in triumph, triumphs Tamburlaine,
Whose chariot wheels have burst the Assyrians' bones
Drawn with these kings on heaps of carcasses.
Now in the place where fair Semiramis,
Courted by kings and peers of Asia,
Hath trod the measures, do my soldiers march;
And in the streets, where brave Assyrian dames
Have rid in pomp like rich Saturnia,
With furious words and frowning visages
My horsemen brandish their unruly blades.

Re-enter THERIDAMAS *and* TECHELLES, *bringing in the* GOVERNOR *of* BABYLON.

Who have ye there, my lords?
Ther. The sturdy governor of Babylon,
That made us all the labor for the town,
And used such slender reckoning of your majesty.
Tamb. Go, bind the villain; he shall hang in chains
Upon the ruins of this conquered town.
Sirrah, the view of our vermilion tents,
(Which threatened more than if the region
Next underneath the element of fire
Were full of comets and of blazing stars,
Whose flaming trains should reach down to the earth,)
Could not affright you; no, nor I myself,
The wrathful messenger of mighty Jove,
That with his sword hath quailed all earthly kings,
Could not persuade you to submission,
But still the ports were shut; villain! I say,
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,
The triple-headed Cerberus would howl
And make black Jove to crouch and kneel to me;
But I have sent volleys of shot to you,
Yet could not enter till the breach was made.
Gov. Nor, if my body could have stopt the breach,
Should'st thou have entered, cruel Tamburlaine.

75. **measures:** a stately dance. 95. **ports:** gates.

'Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yield,
Nor yet thyself, the anger of the Highest,
For though thy cannon shook the city walls,
My heart did never quake or courage faint.
Tamb. Well, now I'll make it quake; go draw him up,
Hang him in chains upon the city walls,
And let my soldiers shoot the slave to death.
Gov. Vile monster! born of some infernal hag,
And sent from hell to tyrannize on earth,
Do all thy worst; nor death, nor Tamburlaine,
Torture, nor pain, can daunt my dreadless mind.
Tamb. Up with him, then; his body shall be scared.
Gov. But, Tamburlaine, in Limnasphaltis' lake
There lies more gold than Babylon is worth,
Which when the city was besieged, I hid.
Save but my life and I will give it thee.
Tamb. Then for all your valor you would save your life?
Whereabout lies it?
Gov. Under a hollow bank, right opposite
Against the western gate of Babylon,
Tamb. Go thither, some of you, and take his gold,
[*Exeunt some of the Attendants.*
The rest — forward with execution!
Away with him hence, let him speak no more.
I think I make your courage something quail.
[*Exeunt other Attendants with the Governor of Babylon.*
When this is done we'll march from Babylon,
And make our greatest haste to Persia.
These jades are broken-winded and half-tired,
Unharness them, and let me have fresh horse.
[*Attendants unharness the Kings of Trebizond and Soria.*
So, now their best is done to honor me,
Take them and hang them both up presently.
K. of Treb. Vile tyrant! barbarous bloody Tamburlaine!
Tamb. Take them away, Theridamas; see them dispatched.
Ther. I will, my lord.
[*Exit with the Kings of Trebizond and Soria.*
Tamb. Come, Asian viceroys; to your tasks awhile,
And take such fortune as your fellows felt.
Orc. First let thy Scythian horse tear both our limbs,
Rather than we should draw thy chariot,
And like base slaves abject our princely minds
To vile and ignominious servitude.
K. of Jer. Rather lend me thy weapon, Tamburlaine,

That I may sheathe it in this breast of mine.
A thousand deaths could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this doth vex our souls.
Amy. They will talk still, my lord, if you don't bridle them.
Tamb. Bridle them, and let me to my coach.

[*They bridle the Kings of Natolia and Jerusalem and harness them to the chariot. The Governor is seen hanging in chains on the walls.*

Re-enter THERIDAMAS

Amy. See now, my lord, how brave the captain hangs.
Tamb. 'Tis brave indeed, my boy; well done.
Shoot first, my lord, and then the rest shall follow.
Ther. Then have at him to begin withal.

[*Theridamas shoots at the Governor.*

Gov. Yet save my life, and let this wound appease
The mortal fury of great Tamburlaine.
Tamb. No, though Asphaltis' lake were liquid gold,
And offered me as ransom for thy life,
Yet should'st thou die. Shoot at him all at once. [*They shoot.*
So now he hangs like Bagdeth's governor,
Having as many bullets in his flesh
As there be breaches in her battered wall.
Go now, and bind the burghers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the city's lake.
Tartars and Persians shall inhabit there,
And to command the city, I will build
A lofty citadel that all Africa,
Which hath been subject to the Persian king,
Shall pay me tribute for in Babylon.
Tech. What shall be done with their wives and children, my lord?
Tamb. Techelles, drown them all, man, woman, and child.
Leave not a Babylonian in the town.
Tech. I will about it straight. Come, soldiers.

[*Exit with Soldiers.*

Tamb. Now, Casane, where's the Turkish Alcoran,
And all the heaps of superstitious books
Found in the temples of that Mahomet,
Whom I have thought a god? They shall be burnt.
Usum. Here they are, my lord.
Tamb. Well said; let there be a fire presently.

[*They light a fire.*

In vain, I see, men worship Mahomet;
My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell,
Slain all his priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
And yet I live untouched by Mahomet.
There is a God, full of revenging wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,
Whose scourge I am, and him will I obey,
So, Casane, fling them in the fire. [*They burn the books.*
Now, Mahomet, if thou have any power,
Come down thyself and work a miracle.
Thou art not worthy to be worshippéd,
That suffers flame of fire to burn the writ
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.
Why send'st thou not a furious whirlwind down
To blow thy Alcoran up to thy throne,
Where men report thou sitt'st by God himself?
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine
That shakes his sword against thy majesty,
And spurns the abstracts of thy foolish laws?
Well, soldiers, Mahomet remains in hell;
He cannot hear the voice of Tamburlaine;
Seek out another Godhead to adore,
The God that sits in Heaven, if any God;
For he is God alone, and none but he.

Re-enter Techelles.

Tech. I have fulfilled your highness' will, my lord.
Thousands of men, drowned in Asphaltis' lake,
Have made the waters swell above the banks,
And fishes, fed by human carcasses,
Amazed, swim up and down upon the waves,
As when they swallow asafœtida,
Which makes them fleet aloft and gape for air.

Tamb. Well then, my friendly lords, what now remains,
But that we leave sufficient garrison,
And presently depart to Persia
To triumph after all our victories?

Ther. Ay, good my lord; let us in haste to Persia,
And let this captain be removed the walls
To some high hill about the city here.

Tamb. Let it be so; about it, soldiers;
But stay; I feel myself distempered suddenly.

207. **fleet**: float.

Tech. What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine?
Tamb. Something, Techelles; but I know not what —
But forth, ye vassals! whatsoe'er it be,
Sickness or death can never conquer me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CALLAPINE, *the* KING *of* AMASIA, *a* Captain *and* Soldiers, *with drums and trumpets*

Call. King of Amasia, now our mighty host
Marcheth in Asia Major where the streams
Of Euphrates and Tigris swiftly run,
And here may we behold great Babylon
Circled about with Limnasphaltis' lake
Where Tamburlaine with all his army lies,
Which being faint and weary with the siege,
We may lie ready to encounter him
Before his host be full from Babylon,
And so revenge our latest grievous loss,
If God or Mahomet send any aid.
K. of Ama. Doubt not, my lord, but we shall conquer him.
The monster that hath drunk a sea of blood,
And yet gapes still for more to quench his thirst,
Our Turkish swords shall headlong send to hell,
And that vile carcass drawn by warlike kings
The fowls shall eat; for never sepulcher
Shall grace this base-born tyrant Tamburlaine.
Call. When I record my parents' slavish life,
Their cruel death, mine own captivity,
My viceroy's bondage under Tamburlaine,
Methinks I could sustain a thousand deaths
To be revenged of all his villainy.
Ah, sacred Mahomet! thou that hast seen
Millions of Turks perish by Tamburlaine,
Kingdoms made waste, brave cities sacked and burnt,
And but one host is left to honor thee,
Aid thy obedient servant, Callapine,
And make him after all these overthrows
To triumph over curséd Tamburlaine.
K. of Ama. Fear not, my lord; I see great Mahomet
Clothéd in purple clouds, and on his head

19. **record**: recall.

A chaplet brighter than Apollo's crown,
Marching about the air with arméd men
To join with you against this Tamburlaine.
Capt. Renownéd general, mighty Callapine,
Though God himself and holy Mahomet
Should come in person to resist your power,
Yet might your mighty host encounter all,
And pull proud Tamburlaine upon his knees
To sue for mercy at your highness' feet.
Call. Captain, the force of Tamburlaine is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismayed the world
Are greatest to discourage all our drifts;
Yet when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
She wanes again, and so shall his, I hope;
For we have here the chief selected men
Of twenty several kingdoms at the least;
Nor ploughman, priest, nor merchant, stays at home;
All Turkey is in arms with Callapine;
And never will we sunder camps and arms
Before himself or his be conqueréd.
This is the time that must etérnize me
For conquering the tryant of the world.
Come, soldiers, let us lie in wait for him,
And if we find him absent from his camp,
Or that it be rejoined again at full,
Assail it and be sure of victory. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, *and* Usumcasane.

Ther. Weep, Heavens, and vanish into liquid tears!
Fall, stars that govern his nativity,
And summon all the shining lamps of Heaven
To cast their bootless fires to the earth,
And shed their feeble influence in the air;
Muffle your beauties with eternal clouds,
For Hell and Darkness pitch their pitchy tents,
And Death with armies of Cimmerian spirits
Gives battle 'gainst the heart of Tamburlaine!
Now in defiance of that wonted love

45. **drifts:** designs. 58. **Or:** ere

Your sacred virtues poured upon his throne
And made his state an honor to the Heavens,
These cowards invisible assail his soul,
And threaten conquest on our sovereign;
But if he die your glories are disgraced;
Earth droops and says that hell in Heaven is placed.
Tech. Oh, then, ye powers that sway eternal seats
And guide this massy substance of the earth,
If you retain desert of holiness
As your supreme estates instruct our thoughts,
Be not inconstant, careless of your fame,
Bear not the burden of your enemies' joys
Triumphing in his fall whom you advanced,
But as his birth, life, health, and majesty
Were strangely blest and governéd by Heaven,
So honor, Heaven (till Heaven dissolvéd be,)
His birth, his life, his health, and majesty!
Usum. Blush, Heaven, to lose the honor of thy name!
To see thy footstool set upon thy head!
And let no baseness in thy haughty breast
Sustain a shame of such inexcellence,
To see the devils mount in angels' thrones,
And angels dive into the pools of hell!
And though they think their painful date is out,
And that their power is puissant as Jove's,
Which makes them manage arms against thy state,
Yet make them feel the strength of Tamburlaine,
(Thy instrument and note of majesty,)
Is greater far than they can thus subdue,
For if he die thy glory is disgraced;
Earth droops and says that hell in Heaven is placed.

Enter Tamburlaine *drawn in his chariot by the captive* Kings *as before;* Amyras, Celebinus, *and* Physicians.

Tamb. What daring god torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine?
Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
That have been termed the terror of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come, take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul.
Come, let us march against the powers of Heaven,
And set black streamers in the firmament.
To signify the slaughter of the gods.

Ah, friends, what shall I do? I cannot stand.
Come carry me to war against the gods
That thus envy the health of Tamburlaine.
Ther. Ah, good my lord, leave these impatient words,
Which add much danger to your malady.
Tamb. Why, shall I sit and languish in this pain?
No, strike the drums, and in revenge of this,
Come, let us charge our spears and pierce his breast,
Whose shoulders bear the axis of the world,
That, if I perish, Heaven and earth may fade.
Theridamas, haste to the court of Jove,
Will him to send Apollo hither straight,
To cure me, or I'll fetch him down myself.
Tech. Sit still, my gracious lord; this grief will cease,
And cannot last, it is so violent.
Tamb. Not last, Techelles? — No! for I shall die.
See, where my slave, the ugly monster, Death,
Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for fear,
Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart,
Who flies away at every glance I give,
And, when I look away, comes stealing on.
Villain, away, and hie thee to the field!
I and mine army come to load thy back
With souls of thousand mangled carcasses.
Look, where he goes; but see, he comes again
Because I stay; Techelles, let us march
And weary Death with bearing souls to hell.
1st Phy. Pleaseth your majesty to drink this potion,
Which will abate the fury of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits govern you.
Tamb. Tell me, what think you of my sickness now?
1st Phy. I viewed your urine, and the hypostasis
Thick and obscure, doth make your danger great;
Your veins are full of accidental heat,
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried.
The humidum and calor, which some hold
Is not a parcel of the elements,
But of a substance more divine and pure,
Is almost clean extinguishéd and spent;
Which, being the cause of life, imports your death;
Besides, my lord, this day is critical,
Dangerous to those whose crisis is as yours.
Your artiers, which alongst the veins convey
The lively spirits which the heart engenders,

Are parched and void of spirits, that the soul,
Wanting those organons by which it moves,
Cannot endure, by argument of art.
Yet, if your majesty may escape this day,
No doubt but you shall soon recover all.
Tamb. Then will I comfort all my vital parts,
And live, in spite of death, above a day. [*Alarms within.*

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My lord, young Callapine, that lately fled from your majesty, hath now gathered a fresh army, and hearing your absence in the field, offers to set upon us presently.
Tamb. See, my physicians now, how Jove hath sent
A present medicine to recure my pain.
My looks shall make them fly, and might I follow,
There should not one of all the villain's power
Live to give offer of another fight.
Usum. I joy, my lord, your highness is so strong,
That can endure so well your royal presence,
Which only will dismay the enemy.
Tamb. I know it will, Casane. Draw, you slaves;
In spite of death, I will go show my face.
[*Alarums. — Exit Tamburlaine and the rest, with the exception of the Physicians. They all presently re-enter.*
Tamb. Thus are the villain cowards fled for fear,
Like summer's vapors vanished by the sun;
And could I but awhile pursue the field,
That Callapine should be my slave again.
But I perceive my martial strength is spent.
In vain I strive and rail against those powers,
That mean to invest me in a higher throne,
As much too high for this disdainful earth.
Give me a map; then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these, my boys, may finish all my wants.
[*One brings a map.*
Here I began to march towards Persia,
Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,
And thence unto Bithynia, where I took
The Turk and his great Empress prisoners.
Thence marched I into Egypt and Arabia,
And here, not far from Alexandria,
Whereas the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,

Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both,
That men might quickly sail to India.
From thence to Nubia near Borno lake,
And so along the Æthiopian sea,
Cutting the Tropic line of Capricorn,
I conquered all as far as Zanzibar.
Then, by the northern part of Africa,
I came at last to Græcia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will;
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
Backwards and forwards near five thousand leagues.
Look here, my boys; see what a world of ground
Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line,
Unto the rising of this earthly globe;
Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antipodes!
And shall I die, and this unconqueréd?
Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia and the world beside;
And from the Antarctic Pole eastward behold
As much more land, which never was descried,
Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright
As all the lamps that beautify the sky!
And shall I die, and this unconqueréd?
Here, lovely boys; what death forbids my life,
That let your lives command in spite of death.

Amy. Alas, my lord, how should our bleeding hearts,
Wounded and broken with your highness' grief,
Retain a thought of joy or spark of life?
Your soul gives essence to our wretched subjects,
Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.

Cel. Your pains do pierce our souls; no hope survives,
For by your life we entertain our lives.

Tamb. But, sons, this subject, not of force enough
To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
Must part, imparting his impressions
By equal portions into both your breasts;
My flesh, divided in your precious shapes,
Shall still retain my spirit, though I die,
And live in all your seeds immortally.

135. Early in the sixteenth century the Venetian Republic, in order to save its trade with India, planned a Suez canal, but failed to carry it through.

Then now remove me, that I may resign
My place and proper title to my son.
First, take my scourge and my imperial crown,
And mount my royal chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crowned before I die.
Help me, my lords, to make my last remove.
[*They lift him from the chariot.*
Ther. A woeful change, my lord, that daunts our thoughts,
More than the ruin of our proper souls!
Tamb. Sit up, my son, and let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy father's majesty.
Amy. With what a flinty bosom should I joy
The breath of life and burden of my soul,
If not resolved into resolvéd pains,
My body's mortifiéd lineaments
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierced with the joy of any dignity!
O father! if the unrelenting ears
Of Death and Hell be shut against my prayers,
And that the spiteful influence of Heaven,
Deny my soul fruition of her joy;
How should I step, or stir my hateful feet
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that only strives to die,
And plead in vain unpleasing sovereignty?
Tamb. Let not thy love exceed thine honor, son,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimity
That nobly must admit necessity.
Sit up, my boy, and with those silken reins
Bridle the steeléd stomachs of those jades.
Ther. My lord, you must obey his majesty,
Since fate commands and proud necessity.
Amy. Heavens witness me with what a broken heart
And damnéd spirit I ascend this seat,
And send my soul, before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony!
[*They crown Amyras.*
Tamb. Now fetch the hearse of fair Zenocrate;
Let it be placed by this my fatal chair,
And serve as parcel of my funeral.
Usum. Then feels your majesty no sovereign ease,
Nor may our hearts, all drowned in tears of blood,
Joy any hope of your recovery?

182. **proper**: own. 212. **parcel**: part.

Tamb. Casane, no; the monarch of the earth,
And eyeless monster that torments my soul,
Cannot behold the tears ye shed for me,
And therefore still augments his cruelty.
Tech. Then let some God oppose his holy power
Against the wrath and tyranny of Death,
That his tear-thirsty and unquenchéd hate
May be upon himself reverberate!
[*They bring in the hearse of Zenocrate.*
Tamb. Now eyes enjoy your latest benefit,
And when my soul hath virtue of your sight,
Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
And glut your longings with a heaven of joy.
So reign, my son; scourge and control those slaves,
Guiding thy chariot with thy father's hand.
As precious is the charge thou undertakest
As that which Clymene's brainsick son did guide,
When wandering Phœbe's ivory cheeks were scorched,
And all the earth, like Ætna, breathing fire;
Be warned by him, then; learn with awful eye
To sway a throne as dangerous as his;
For if thy body thrive not full of thoughts
As pure and fiery as Phyteus' beams,
The nature of these proud rebelling jades
Will take occasion by the slenderest hair,
And draw thee piecemeal like Hippolitus,
Through rocks more steep and sharp than Caspian clifts.
The nature of thy chariot will not bear
A guide of baser temper than myself,
More than Heaven's coach the pride of Phaeton.
Farewell, my boys; my dearest friends, farewell!
My body feels, my soul doth weep to see
Your sweet desires deprived my company,
For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die.
[*He dies.*
Amy. Meet Heaven and Earth, and here let all things end,
For Earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And Heaven consumed his choicest living fire.
Let Earth and Heaven his timeless death deplore,
For both their worths will equal him no more.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

By Christopher Marlowe

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Pope.
Cardinal of Lorrain.
Emperor of Germany.
Duke of Vanholt.
Faustus.
Valdes and Cornelius, Friends to Faustus.
Wagner, servant to Faustus.
Clown.
Robin.
Ralph.
Vintner.
Horse-Courser.
Knight.
Old Man.
Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.
Duchess of Vanholt.
Lucifer.
Belzebub.
Mephistophilis.
Good Angel.
Evil Angel.
The Seven Deadly Sins.
Devils.
Spirits in the shape of Alexander the Great, of his Paramour, and of Helen of Troy.
Chorus.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturned;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen, — we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes;
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.

Chorus, 1. **Thrasimene:** Battle of Lake Trasimene, B.C. 217, when Hannibal defeated the Romans. The line means that this play, unlike the author's earlier *Tamburlaine*, is not to deal with war. 2. **mate:** struggle with. 4. **state:** government. 9. **appeal our plaud:** bid for applause. 12. **Rhodes:** Roda, near Weimar. 13. **Wittenberg:** famous for its university. Hamlet was a student there. 14. **whereas:** where. In the original Faust *History* Faustus's uncle supported him.

So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism graced,
That shortly he was graced with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swollen with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, Heavens conspired his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon curséd necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.
And this the man that in his study sits! [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *in his Study.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenced, be a divine in show.
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 't is thou hast ravished me,
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attained the end;
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid ὂν καὶ μὴ ὄν farewell; Galen come,
Seeing *Ubi desinit Philosophus, ibi incipit Medicus;*
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eternized for some wondrous cure. [*Reads.*
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
" The end of physic is our body's health."

16. **fruitful plot, etc.:** adorned the place by his scholarship. 20. **cunning:** knowledge. 21. **waxen wings:** like Icarus, who flew too close to the sun; his wings melting, he fell to his death.

2. **profess:** choose to teach. 3. **commenced:** taken his doctor's degree; akin to our "commencement." 4. **level:** aim. 6. **Analytics:** logic, the foundation of philosophy. 7. ***Bene*, etc.:** "To dispute (argue) well is the end of logic." 12. ***on kai me on:*** Aristotle's "being and not being." 12. **Galen:** a famous Greek physician of the 2nd century. 13. ***Ubi*, etc.:** "Where the philosopher leaves off, the physician begins."

Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Is not thy common talk sound Aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eased?
Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.
Wouldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again?
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic, farewell. — Where is Justinian? [*Reads.*
Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A pretty case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater nisi, &c.
Such is the subject of the Institute
And universal Body of the Law.
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best;
Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well. [*Reads.*
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, &c.*
"*The reward of sin is death.*" That's hard. [*Reads.*
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas. [40
"If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us." Why then, belike we must sin and so consequently die.
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera sera,*
"What will be shall be?" Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters,
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet poles

19. **Aphorisms:** maxims of medical practice. 20. **bills:** prescriptions, perhaps advertisements of cures made. Doctors often traveled to extend their practice. 27. **Physic:** i.e., medicine. 27. **Justinian:** emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire, 483–565, who codified the Roman law. See also ll. 31, 32. 28. ***Si una*, etc.:** "If one and the same thing is bequeathed to two, one gets the thing, the other the value of the thing," etc. 30. ***Exhaereditae*, etc.:** "A father can't disinherit his son unless, etc." 37. **Jerome's Bible:** i.e., the Latin Vulgate, still used by the Catholic church.

Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.
A sound magician is a mighty god;
Here, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity.
Wagner!

Enter WAGNER.

Commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labors, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

G. Ang. O Faustus! lay that damnéd book aside,
And gaze not upon it lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the Scriptures; that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contained;
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,

63. **German Valdes and Cornelius:** The first has not been identified, although it may have been Paracelsus. The second was the famous Cornelius Agrippa, a 16th century German philosopher who dabbled in magic. It was a common custom for continental philosophers to adopt Latin names. 66. **conference:** conversation. 76. **conceit:** what his imagination brings. 83. **delicates:** delicacies. 86. **brass:** Friar Bacon, in Greene's play, wants to "girt fair England with a wall of brass." See IV, i, 20.

And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practice magic and concealéd arts.
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object, for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile;
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravished me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I that have with concise syllogisms
Graveled the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus, when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honor him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience
Shall make all nations to canónize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;

91. **Prince of Parma:** Alexander Farnese, Governor of the Netherlands, who conquered Antwerp in 1585. This reference helps to date the composition of the play. 94. **fiery keel:** A ship loaded with explosives was set on fire and allowed to drift against the bridge. 111. **Graveled:** perplexed, akin to our slang "floored." 114. **Musaeus:** The episode is found in Virgil's *Aeneid*, VI, 667. 115. **Agrippa:** See note, l. 63. Here he is spoken of as another person. 116. **shadows:** spirits. 119. **Indian Moors:** American Indians.

Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love;
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learnéd Faustus will be resolute.
Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live; therefore object it not.
Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enriched with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowned,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth;
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?
Faust. Nothing, Cornelius! O this cheers my soul!
Come show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.
Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.
Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learned,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.
Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.
Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,

123. **Almain rutters:** German horsemen. 124. **Lapland giants:** Laplanders are really small. Marlowe makes a similar error in *Tamburlaine* about Greenlanders. 128. **argosies:** merchant ships. 152. **Bacon and Albanus:** Roger Bacon (1214–1294), an English philosopher, and Pietro d'Albano (1252–1316), an Italian alchemist. Both were reputed magicians. It has been suggested that "Albanus" may be a misprint for "Albertus," a famous medieval scholar known as Albertus Magnus.

We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do;
This night I'll conjure though I die therefor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Faustus' House.*

Enter two SCHOLARS.

1 Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo?*

2 Schol. That shall we know, for see, here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

1 Schol. How now, sirrah! Where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows!

2 Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know. But that follows not.

1 Schol. Go to, sirrah! Leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiates, should stand upon't: therefore, acknowledge your error and be attentive.

2 Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

1 Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2 Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale?* and is not that *mobile?* Then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus: — Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak,

162. **quiddity:** fine point.
2. ***sic probo:*** "Thus I prove," part of the formula in demonstrations of logic.
11. **licentiates:** i.e., licensed to practice a profession. Wagner was still a student.
19. **"*Corpus naturale seu mobile*** is the current expression for the subject-matter of Physics." (A. W. Ward) 26. **precisian:** Puritan.

would inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren. [*Exit.*

1 Schol. Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that damnéd Art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2 Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1 Schol. O, I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2 Schol. Yet let us try what we can do. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Grove.*

Enter Faustus *to conjure.*

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatized,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the Heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise;
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.

Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovae! Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis. Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratum aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

Enter Mephistophilis, *a Devil.*

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.

1. **Now that, etc.:** Marlowe took the first four lines from the *Taming of a Shrew*, published 1594. 12. **erring:** wandering.

Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best. [*Exit Meph.*
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words;
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
Now, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
Thou canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *like a Franciscan Friar.*

Meph. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me to do?
Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.
Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
No more than he commands must we perform.
Faust. Did he not charge thee to appear to me?
Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.
Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.
Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens;*
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Savior Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damned;
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.
Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word " damnation " terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium;
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

35. ***Quin*, etc.:** "For indeed thou hast power in the image of thy brother Mephistophilis." 48. **rack:** torture by anagrams. See ll. 8, 9. 61. **confounds:** considers hell and Elysium (Heaven) the same.

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.
Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?
Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.
Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of devils?
Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of Heaven.
Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?
Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are forever damned with Lucifer.
Faust. Where are you damned?
Meph. In hell.
Faust. How comes it then that thou are out of hell?
Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.
Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of Heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.
Meph. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*
Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,
And make a bridge through the moving air,

102. **resolve:** inform.

To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtained what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this art
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Street.*

Enter WAGNER *and* CLOWN.

Wag. Sirrah, boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have. Boy, quotha!

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Ay, and goings out too. You may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! See how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! The villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

Clown. How? My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though't were blood-raw! Not so, good friend. By'r Lady, I had need have it well roasted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and stavesacre.

Clown. How, how, Knave's acre! Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

Wag. Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

Clown. Oho! Oho! Stavesacre! Why, then, belike if I were your man I should be full of vermin.

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no.

2. **Swowns:** usually Swounds, a common exclamation shortened from "God's wounds." 3. **pickadevaunts:** from Fr. *pic-à-devant*, a beard cut to a sharp point. 15. ***Qui*, etc.:** part of an exercise in W. Lily's *Latin Grammar*. Wagner is showing off. 17. **stavesacre:** a kind of larkspur used for destroying lice. All references to lice were intended as insults. 18. **Knave's acre:** a London street full of junk-dealers.

But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Do you hear, sir? You may save that labor; they are too familiar with me already. Swowns! they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for their meat and drink.

Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders. [*Gives money.*

Clown. Gridirons! what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no. Here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away — Baliol and Belcher.

Clown. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils. Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do you see yonder tall fellow in the round slop? — he has killed the devil." So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two Devils: *the* Clown *runs up and down crying.*

Wag. Baliol and Belcher! Spirits, away!

[*Exeunt Devils.*

Clown. What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vile long nails! There was a he-devil, and a she-devil! I'll tell you how you shall know them: all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear — if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything; to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse

49. **slop:** short wide trunk-hose or breeches. 56. **clifts:** a variant of "clefts."

or a rat! No, no, sir. If you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisky flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere. Oh, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' [65 plackets; I'll be amongst them, i' faith.

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How! — Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go [70 sleep.

Wag. Villain — call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixt upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigias nostras insistere.* [*Exit.*

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. [75 Well, I'll follow him, I'll serve him, that's flat. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

FAUSTUS *in his Study.*

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damned, and canst thou not be saved.
What boots it then to think of God or Heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub. 5
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute.
Why waverest thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? — He loves thee not — 10
The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub;
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art. 15
Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance! What of them?
G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto Heaven.
E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

66. **plackets:** petticoats. 73. **diametarily:** He means diametrically. 73. ***quasi*, etc.:** "as if to tread in my tracks."

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven, and heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus, think of honor and of wealth.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. Of wealth!
Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe;
Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer; —
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis;
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis! and tell me what good
Will my soul do thy lord.

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then Faustus, stab thine arm courageously.
And bind thy soul that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. (*Stabbing his arm.*) Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,

23. **Embden:** Emden, a German town in Hanover, formerly prosperous. 41. ***Solamen*, etc.:** "It is a comfort to the miserable to have companions in pain." 53. **proper:** own.

Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.
Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.
Faust. Ay, so I will. (*Writes.*) But Mephistophilis, [60
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.
Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*
Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul. Ah, there it stayed.
Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a chafer of coals.*

Meph. Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on.
Faust. So now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*
Meph. O what will not I do to obtain his soul. [*Aside.*
Faust. Consummatum est: this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer —
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo, fuge! Whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ: —
I see it plain; here in this place is writ
Homo, fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly.
Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* Devils, *giving crowns and rich apparel to* FAUSTUS, *and dance, and then depart.*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?
Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to show thee what magic can perform.
Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?
Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.
Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul;
But yet conditionally that thou perform

73. ***Consummatum est:*** "It is done." 76. ***Homo, fuge:*** "Man, flee."

All articles prescribed between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.

Faust. Then hear me read them: *On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he pleases. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.*

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the Devil give thee good on't.

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortured and remain for ever;
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be;
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not Heaven.

Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou then that Faustus shall be damned?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too; but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?

130. **fond:** foolish.

Tush; these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.
Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I am damned, and am now in hell.
Faust. How! now in hell!
Nay, and this be hell, I'll willingly be damned here;
What? walking, disputing, &c?
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.
Meph. How — a wife?
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.
Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have one.
Meph. Well — thou wilt have one. Sit there till I come:
I'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a* Devil *dressed like a woman, with fireworks.*

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?
Faust. A plague on her for a hot whore!
Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
And if thou lovest me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed;
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly: [*Gives a book.*
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armor shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.
Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

155. **Penelope:** the wife of Odysseus. 156. **Saba:** the Queen of Sheba. 159. **iterating:** repeating.

Meph. Here they are, in this book. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more, — and then I have done, — wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. [*Turns to them. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Faustus' Study.*

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou Heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How provest thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me;
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Ay, God will pity me if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.
[*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. My heart's so hardened I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears
" Faustus, thou art damned! " Then swords and knives,
Poison, gun, halters, and envenomed steel

Are laid before me to dispatch myself,
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolved; Faustus shall ne'er repent.
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree
Whose terminine is termed the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feigned, but are erring stars.

Faust. But tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore?*

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush!
These slender trifles Wagner can decide;
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finished in a natural day;
The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia?*

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens, or spheres, are there?

27. **Alexander:** another name for Paris of Troy. Œnone, in the same line, was his wife. She killed herself. 28. **he:** Amphion, who, according to Greek mythology, captured Thebes and built a wall around it by charming the stones into place by playing a magic harp given him by Hermes. 37. **centric earth:** The discussion that follows is according to the Ptolemaic system. 46. ***situ*, etc.:** "in space and time."

Meph. Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. *Per inæqualem motum respecta totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world.

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [*Exit.*

Faust. Ay, go, accurséd spirit, to ugly hell.
'Tis thou hast damned distresséd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Re-enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

E. Ang. Too late.

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. Ah, Christ, my Savior,
Seek to save distresséd Faustus' soul.

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, *and* Mephistophilis.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O Faustus! they are come to fetch away thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise;
Thou should'st not think of God: think of the Devil,
And of his dam, too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,

67. ***Per inaequalem:*** "Through unequal motion in respect to the whole."
95. **And of his dam, too:** without meaning, but printed in all editions.

And Faustus vows never to look to Heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some pastime. Sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but mark this show: talk of the Devil, and nothing else. — Come away!

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou — the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea: I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her brow; or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed I do — what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. What art thou — the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in an old leathern bag; and might I have my wish I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold!

Faust. What art thou — the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou — the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die,

129. **case:** pair.

and I live alone! then thou should'st see how fat I would be. But must thou sit and I stand! Come down with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal! What art thou — the fifth?

Glut. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers — a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these: Peter Pickleherring, and Martin Martlemas-beef. O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery Marchbeer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged; thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the Devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton! Who art thou — the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence; let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lech. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery.

Luc. Away to hell, to hell! [*Exeunt the Sins.* Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and return again.
How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.
In meantime take this book; peruse it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

142. **bevers:** lunches between meals. 146. **Martlemas:** Nov. 11. "Martinmas time" is often referred to in the old ballads. It was the season for hanging up provisions of all kinds to dry for winter use. 149. **Marchbeer:** Beer brewed in March was highly esteemed. It still is in Germany, called "bock-beer." 164. **Lechery:** This should obviously be L., but all the old texts have it spelled out.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the Devil.
Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer! Come, Mephistophilis.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Learnéd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemnized. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The Pope's Privy Chamber.*

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Past with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environed round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenchéd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents.
There saw we learnéd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time;
But tell me, now, what resting-place is this?

Chorus: In some editions this speech is given to Wagner.
2. **Trier:** Treves, a city in Germany. 13. **Maro:** Virgil. His full name was Publius Virgilius Maro. The Middle Ages considered him a magician. 17. **temple:** St. Mark's, Venice.

Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man, we'll be bold with his good cheer.
And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same.
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts:
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge called Ponto Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons, framed of carvéd brass,
As match the days within one cómplete year;
Besides the gates and high pyramides,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome;
Come therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay; I know you'd fain see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me, Mephistophilis, that I
May be invisible, to do what I please
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[*Mephistophilis charms him.*

Meph. So, Faustus, now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discerned.

40. **double:** large, probably with two bores. 42. **pyramides:** church spires, but here evidently obelisks.

Sound a sennet. Enter the POPE *and the* CARDINAL *of* LORRAIN *to the banquet, with* FRIARS *attending.*

Pope. My lord of Lorrain, will 't please you draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you an you spare!

Pope. How now! Who's that which spake? — Friars, look about.

1 Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me [65 from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir. [*Snatches it.*

Pope. How now! Who's that which snatched the meat from me? Will no man look? My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence. 70

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't. [*Snatches it.*

Pope. What, again! My lord, I'll drink to your Grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your Grace. [*Snatches the cup.*

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness. 75

Pope. It may be so. Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost. Once again, my lord, fall to.

[*The Pope crosses himself.*

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more I would advise you.

[*The Pope crosses himself again.*

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third, 80
I give you fair warning.

[*The Pope crosses himself again, and Faustus hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away.*

Come on, Mephistophilis, what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not. We shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle, — candle, book, and bell,
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell! 85
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the FRIARS *to sing the Dirge.*

1 Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing:

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the [90 table! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Stage direction, **sennet:** " A particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, different from a flourish." 91. ***Maledicat Dominus:*** "May the Lord curse him."

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! *Maledicat Dominus!*
Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! *Maledicat Dominus!*
Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! *Maledicat Dominus!*
Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! *Maledicat Dominus! Et omnes sancti! Amen!*

[*Mephistophilis and Faustus beat the Friars, and fling fireworks among them: and so exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stayed his course, and so returnéd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends, and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of Astrology,
Which Faustus answered with such learnéd skill,
As they admired and wondered at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land;
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did in trial of his art,
I leave untold — your eyes shall see performed. [*Exit.*

Scene VIII. *An Inn-yard.*

Enter Robin *the Ostler with a book in his hand.*

Robin. O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Dr. Faustus' conjuring books, and i' faith I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked before me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter Ralph *calling* Robin.

Ralph. Robin, prithee come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed

and made clean. He keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out. Prithee come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up; you are dismembered, Ralph; keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Ralph. Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou canst not read.

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! Why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it: first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tavern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph; and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Ralph. O brave Robin, shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horsebread as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph; let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the Devil's name. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *An Inn.*

Enter ROBIN *and* RALPH *with a silver goblet.*

Robin. Come, Ralph, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *Ecce signum,* here's a simple purchase for horsekeepers; our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Enter the VINTNER.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the vintner.

Robin. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.

24. **ippocras:** a spiced red wine. 32. **horsebread:** a specially prepared bread that used to be fed to horses.

3. **purchase:** booty.

Drawer, I hope all is paid: God be with you. Come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I, a goblet, Ralph; I, a goblet! I scorn you, and you are but a &c. I, a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favor.

[*Searches him.*

Robin. How say you now?

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow. You, sir!

Ralph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. (*Vintner searches him.*) Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vint. Well, t' one of you hath this goblet about you.

Robin. (*Aside.*) You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me. — Sirrah you, I'll teach ye to impeach honest men; stand by; — I'll scour you for a goblet! — stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub. Look to the goblet, Ralph.

[*Aside to Ralph.*

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. (*Reads from a book.*) *Sanctobulorum, Periphrasticon* — Nay, I'll tickle you, vintner. Look to the goblet, Ralph. [*Aside to Ralph.*

Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, &c. [*Reads.*

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, *sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about.*

Vint. O nomine Domini! what meanest thou, Robin? Thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. Peccatum peccatorum! Here's thy goblet, good vintner. [*Gives the goblet to Vintner, who exit.*

Robin. Misericordia pro nobis! What shall I do? Good Devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,

12. **a &c**: The actor playing this part was free to use whatever terms of abuse he wanted to. 26. ***Sanctobulorum*, etc.**: As Robin could not read he probably made this up; or it may be a passage from a book of magic. 30. ***O nomine Domini:*** "In the name of the Lord." In ll. 34, 36, the phrases are "Sin of sins," and "Have mercy on us," all of them phrases remembered from church services.

Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexéd with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come
Only for pleasure of these damnéd slaves.

Robin. How from Constantinople? You have had a great journey. Will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and begone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so begone. [*Exit.*

Robin. How, into an ape? That's brave! I'll have fine sport with the boys. I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I' faith thy head will never be out of the pottage pot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Emperor's Court.*

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, *and a* KNIGHT *with attendants.*

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic; they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported; and here I swear to thee by the honor of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I' faith he looks much like a conjuror. [*Aside.*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have pubished, and nothing answerable to the honor of your imperial majesty, yet for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.
As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honor of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree

Of high renown and great authority;
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the word's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As, when I heard but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.
If, therefore, thou by cunning of thine art
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entombed this famous conquerer,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They used to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request so far forth as by art, and power of my Spirit, I am able to perform.

Knight. I' faith that's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*

Faust. But, if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability [45 to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [*Aside.*

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander [50 and his paramour shall appear before your Grace in that manner that they best lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them presently. [55

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I' faith that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag!

Faust. No, sir, but when Actæon died, he left the horns [60 for you. Mephistophilis, begone.

[*Exit Mephistophilis.*

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll begone. [*Exit.*

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so. Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter Mephistophilis *with* Spirits *in the shape of* Alexander *and his* Paramour.

31. **motion:** mention.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she lived had a wart or mole in her neck; how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your Highness may boldly go and see.

[*Exeunt Spirits.*

Emp. Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes.

Faust. Will't please your Highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth. [*Exit Attendant.*

Re-enter the KNIGHT *with a pair of horns on his head.*

How now, sir knight! why I had thought thou had'st been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damnéd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How darest thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. O, not so fast, sir; there's no haste; but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him; he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which, being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns; and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars. Mephistophilis, transform him straight. (*Mephistophilis removes the horns.*) Now, my good lord, having done my duty I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor; yet, ere you go,
Expect from me a bounteous reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *A Green; later, Faustus' House.*

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That Time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years;

Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wittenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a Horse-Courser.

Horse-C. I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is! God save you, Master Doctor!

Faust. What, horse-courser! You are well met.

Horse-C. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so; if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-C. Alas, sir, I have no more. — I pray you speak for me.

Meph. I pray you let him have him; he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money. (*Horse-Courser gives Faustus the money.*) My boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water at any hand.

Horse-C. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. O yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-C. Well, sir. — Now I am made man for ever. I'll not leave my horse for forty. If he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel. (*Aside.*) Well, God b' wi' ye, sir, your boy will deliver him me: but hark ye, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is? [*Exit Horse-Courser.*

Faust. Away, you villain; what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?
What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemned to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts.
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep;
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*Sleeps in his chair.*

12. **Horse-courser:** horse-dealer.

Re-enter HORSE-COURSER, *all wet, crying.*

Horse-C. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quotha? Mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor. Has given me a pur- [45 gation has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water. Now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me know of, I, like a venturous youth, rid [50 him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse! — O, yonder is his [55 snipper-snapper. — Do you hear? You hey-pass, where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? You cannot speak with him.

Horse-C. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep. Come some other time. 60

Horse-C. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.

Horse-C. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him. 65

Meph. See where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-C. Ay, this is he. God save you, Master Doctor! Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! — Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not. 70

Horse-C. So ho, ho! — so ho, ho! (*Hollas in his ear.*) No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. (*Pulls Faustus by the leg, and pulls it away.*) Alas, I am undone! What shall I do?

Faust. O, my leg, my leg! Help, Mephistophilis! call [75 the officers. My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-C. O lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more.

Meph. Where be they? 80

Horse-C. I have none about me. Come to my ostry and I'll give them you.

45. **Doctor Lopus:** Dr. Lopez, a Spanish Jew, executed in 1594 on the charge of attempting to poison Queen Elizabeth. 56. **hey-pass:** juggler.

Meph. Begone quickly. [*Horse-Courser runs away.*

Faust. What, is he gone? Farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labor. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter Wagner.

How now, Wagner, what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honorable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XII. *The Duke's Court.*

Enter the Duke *of* Vanholt, *the* Duchess, Faustus, *and* Mephistophilis.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well. — But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied-women do long for some dainties or other. What is it, madam? Tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor; and for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing! Mephistophilis, begone. (*Exit Mephistophilis.*) Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter Mephistophilis *with the grapes.*

Here they be, madam; wilt please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

Faust. If it like your Grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the East; and by means

of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as ye see. — How do you like them, madam; be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that I e'er tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learnéd man for the great kindness he hath showed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your Grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII. *Faustus' House.*

Enter WAGNER, *solus.*

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods;
And yet, methinks, if that death were near,
He would not banquet and carouse and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See where they come! Belike the feast is ended. [*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS, *with two or three* SCHOLARS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

1 Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favor, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.

Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and Helen passeth over the stage.*

2 Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

3 Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

1 Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell — the same I wish to you.

[*Exeunt Scholars.*

Enter an Old Man.

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Savior sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast thou done?
Damned art thou, Faustus, damned; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says " Faustus! come! thine hour is almost come! "
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[*Mephistophilis gives him a dagger.*

Old Man. Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul;
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words do comfort my distresséd soul.
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,

Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*

Faust. Accurséd Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair;
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast;
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it now then quickly, with unfeignéd heart,
Lest danger do attend thy drift.

[*Faustus stabs his arm and writes on a paper with his blood.*

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age,
That durst dissuade me from my Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire, —
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen, which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Faustus, this or what else thou shalt desire
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. [*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies! —
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven be in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,

75. **crooked age:** i.e., the Old Man. 90. **Was this, etc.:** This passage is one of the most famous in the Elizabethan drama. Shakespeare borrowed the idea in *Troilus and Cressida*, II, ii.

Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my pluméd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Old Man.

Old Man. Accurséd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of Heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride;
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends! see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XIV. *Faustus' House.*

Enter Faustus *with* Scholars.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

1 Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not, comes he not?

2 Schol. What means Faustus?

3 Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over solitary.

1 Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit. Never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body and soul.

2 Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offences can never be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea Heaven itself, Heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blesséd, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends! what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

3 Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Ah, my God, I would weep, but the Devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears! Yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it indeed; but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

1 Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the Devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity; and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away! lest you perish with me.

2 Schol. Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

3 Schol. God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

1 Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me! and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2 Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell! If I live till morning I'll visit you: if not— Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell!

[*Exeunt Scholars. The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul — half a drop: ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer! —
Where is it now? 'Tis gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! O no, it will not harbor me!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds,
That when they vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to Heaven.

[*The clock strikes the half hour.*

Ah, half the hour is past! 'Twill all be past anon!
O God!
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me,

70. ***O lente*, etc.:** "Run slowly, slowly, steeds of the night."

Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years —
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved!
O, no end is limited to damnéd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live, still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of Heaven.
[*The clock strikes twelve.*
O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
[*Thunder and lightning.*
O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean — ne'er be found.
My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!

Enter DEVILS.

Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! — Ah Mephistophilis!
[*Exeunt Devils with Faustus.*

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnéd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometimes grew within this learnéd man.
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practice more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*

Terminat hora diem, terminat author opus.

102. **metempsychosis:** the theory that the human soul at death passed into the body of another animal. ***Terminat*, etc.:** "The hour ends the day, the author ends his work."

NOTE ON THE MARLOWE PLAYS

Tamburlaine was that rare thing in the dramatic world — something new, both as to type and manner of expression. It inaugurated the type of play known as "conqueror plays" eventually imitated by nearly every other dramatist of the day. Up to the time of Marlowe English tragedy had lacked the charm of style. While *Gorboduc,* the earliest, was in blank verse, it was blank verse of an irritatingly formal, stodgy type. In the *Spanish Tragedy,* almost exactly contemporary with *Tamburlaine,* Thomas Kyd had shown that talk in blank verse could keep human beings human, but its magnificent possibilities as a vehicle for poetic drama were first demonstrated by the youthful scholar just out of Cambridge.

When Marlowe left the university in 1587 he probably had begun his play. By the following year *Tamburlaine* was produced by Henslowe's company, to which Marlowe had attached himself on his arrival in London. It fairly startled the London followers of the drama by the bold daring of its conception and the "high astounding terms" that crashed bewilderingly into their ears.

The one thing that Marlowe had learned from his predecessors in tragedy was that he did not want to do what they had done. The traditions of Seneca, as exemplified in plays from *Gorboduc* to the *Spanish Tragedy,* he deliberately and disdainfully threw to the winds. For his first play he chose a protagonist thoroughly in accord with his own ambitious enthusiasm to conquer the dramatic world of London, a character whose exploits had to be told in "a great and thundering speech," one who cared nothing for man, God, or the devil. The story of Tamburlaine, the cruel Asiatic Napoleon of the fourteenth century, was well known to English readers through Pedro Mexia's biography, translated from the Spanish in 1571. Marlowe used this freely, carrying over many of its striking scenes, such as the cage of Bajazeth, and in Mexia Tamburlaine is already called the Scourge of God.

Marlowe easily sensed that the story of Tamburlaine would appeal to an Elizabethan audience. To an age that reveled in stories of adventure in strange lands, explorations in unknown countries, and the capture of gold-laden Spanish galleons, nothing seemed impossible. Tamburlaine to them seemed scarce other than a superlative sort of Elizabethan hero. And when Marlowe braved the critics by unhesitatingly adopting "the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse" the final touch was added, so that the reader of today can well understand the immediate and lasting favor of *Tamburlaine* with the Elizabethan audience. It is only fair to add that the presentation of the play lost nothing in having the giant Edward Alleyn in the title rôle. This remarkable actor was then a young man of about the same age as Marlowe, exceedingly tall, and endowed with a voice eminently suited "to spout" the sonorous iambics of Marlowe's poetry.

When the reader calms down sufficiently to examine *Tamburlaine* critically he can find plenty of faults, but none of these destroys his enthusiasm. For instance, there is no plot, a grievous fault from the point of view of the Senecans. There is instead a series of splendid scenes, a number of them manifestly impossible in real life, some of them fantastic, even silly, but what of that? Throughout these ten acts Tamburlaine stalks

with an overbearing confidence in his own destiny. As one success follows another, the reader almost believes that "this Scythian Tamburlaine" does "hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains," and that he may "become immortal like the gods." It is difficult to realize that this conquering Scourge of God is really a villain, even though he never wins the reader's sympathy. Like the audiences of the day, one quickly forgets the wholesale shedding of blood and his heartless cruelty because of the sheer romance of it all. The reader is further disarmed by Tamburlaine's romantic love for the "fair Zenocrate," a love that lasted until his last moment, and by the way he kept faith with his devoted henchmen, to whom he promised the world, and delivered it. They are all kings in the end. Many of the stage effects are strikingly audacious but quite in keeping with the character of Tamburlaine. It is only in calm retrospect that some of them appear tricky or ridiculous, such as the dragging along of the cage of Bajazeth, more especially where he finally beats out his brains against the iron bars, the justly famous entrance of the "pampered jades of Asia," and the hearse of Zenocrate.

It is not until Part II that Tamburlaine has to realize that the chains binding the Fates are beginning to crack. He blusters it out magnificently as Zenocrate is about to die, and when he realizes at last the fatalism of the Greek doctrine, that "Fate goes aye as it must," he never whines. He meets his own end as a Tamburlaine should.

Marlowe's third play, *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus,* quickly followed Part II of *Tamburlaine* in 1588. There is some doubt about the sources used by Marlowe for this play, but an examination of the German *Faustbuch* clearly indicates that he must have known it. This work recounts the marvelous exploits of Dr. Johann Faust, a German medical quack of the earlier half of the sixteenth century. Unless Marlowe could read German he must have gotten his material from the English translation which appeared in 1588, and this theory is given color by the fact that the imperfect text shows every evidence of haste. There is no attempt at any division into acts, only a series of scenes. It is possible that after the extraordinary success of *Tamburlaine* the slave-driving Henslowe clamored for more, and that Marlowe saw his chance in the newly published *Faustbuch,* the details of which readily lent themselves to the Marlowe manner. In the sixteenth century there was still wide belief in black magic, witchcraft, and allied phantasies, and these, coupled with the idea of a man selling his immortal soul to the devil in return for twenty-four years of unbridled mortal life, must have appealed strongly to the imagination of the young dramatist.

In the opening scenes Doctor Faustus is portrayed as a philosophic young savant, deeply read in all the learned sciences, but baffled by the eternal mystery of the origin and destiny of the universe. To the free-thinking Marlowe this was a congenial theme and no doubt partially accounts for the greater excellence of these scenes. Having exhausted the sources of legitimate knowledge and found no solution, Faustus yields to the temptation of magic. To understand this play it is necessary to remember that Faustus's original ambition was the power he hoped to secure through a knowledge deeper than that of metaphysics. This is clearly shown by his first conversations with Mephistophilis. After the contract is signed Faustus says, "First will I question with thee about hell." But Faustus is human and is unable to resist the worldly lures that Mephistophilis puts within his reach. His character quickly deteriorates, and be-

fore long, instead of discoursing about hell and the human soul, he uses his power in an almost childish fashion, performing tricks for worldly applause like a stage magician. He becomes satiated, even glutted, with his power, so much so that

> "the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burned the topless towers of Ilium"

could produce only a momentary thrill. Deep down in his soul his conscience frequently burned, shown by the Good and Bad Angels, but the reader is aware that the struggle is hopeless. At last the twenty-four years that in prospect had seemed a young eternity are up, and the wretched sinner has only one more hour to live. For that terrific climax the reader is willing to forget some of the drivel that went before. Never did Alleyn have such opportunity to utilize his great powers.

It is necessary to say a few words about the inevitable contrast between Marlowe's play and that of Goethe. To get a sure perspective it must be remembered that Marlowe was a young man, that he was the first to write on the Faust theme, and that he wrote hurriedly. Goethe devoted almost a lifetime to give *Faust* its final form. He gave the story a plot by adding the pathetic figure of Marguerite, and in the second part he has Faust save his soul by a highly wrought scheme of redemption. The Mephistophilis of Marlowe is a gloomy, melancholy devil who can not forget the glories of a heaven forever lost to him; the Mephistopheles of Goethe is a merry, sportive devil who joys in his work. As literature Goethe's play is superior to Marlowe's, just as its story is more attractive to the modern reader, but the earlier play has decidedly positive merits, fully recognized by Goethe himself.

The Marlowe texts here printed follow the first extant editions, *Tamburlaine* 1590, and *Faustus* 1604. The best recent edition is that of Brooke, 1910, Oxford.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR

By Ben Jonson

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Knowell, an old Gentleman.
Edward Knowell, his Son.
Brainworm, the Father's Man.
Master Stephen, a Country Gull.
George Downright, a plain Squire.
Wellbred, his Half-brother.
Kitely, a Merchant, their Brother-in-law.
Thomas Cash, his Cashier.
Captain Bobadill, a Paul's Man.
Master Mathew, a Town Gull.
Oliver Cob, a Water-bearer.
Justice Clement, an old merry Magistrate.
Roger Formal, his Clerk.
Wellbred's Servant.

Dame Kitely, Kitely's Wife.
Mistress Bridget, his Sister.
Tib, Cob's Wife.
Other servants, etc.

Scene. — *London.*

PROLOGUE

Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not bettered much;
Yet ours, for want, hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate.
To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tiring-house brings wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleased to see
One such today, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas;
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeared
The gentlewomen; nor rolled bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;
But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,

When she would show an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
Except we make 'em such, by loving still
Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.
I mean such errors, as you'll all confess,
By laughing at them, they deserve no less;
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
You, that have so graced monsters, may like men.

ACT I

Scene I. *A Street in London.*

Enter Knowell *at the Door of his House.*

Know. A goodly day toward! and a fresh morning. — Brainworm!

Enter Brainworm.

Call up your young master; bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.
Brai. I will, sir, presently.
Know. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.
Brai. Well, sir. [*Exit.*
Know. How happy yet should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our Universities,
Either of which hath favored him with graces;
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion that he cannot err.
Myself was once a student, and indeed,
Fed with the self-same humor he is now,
Dreaming on naught but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professors,
Which then I thought the mistress of all knowledge;
But since, time and the truth have waked my judgment,

11. **Universities:** Jonson was an honorary M.A. from both universities.
14. **fond:** foolish.

And reason taught me better to distinguish
The vain from the useful learnings.

Enter Master STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen,
What news with you, that you are here so early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Know. That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz.

Step. O, I know that, sir; I would not ha' come else. How does my cousin Edward, uncle?

Know. O, well, coz; go in and see; I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Know. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No, wusse; but I'll practice against next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Know. O, most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle. Why, you know, an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallants' company without 'em. And by gadslid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every humdrum; hang 'em, scroyles, there's nothing in 'em i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i' faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry; I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Know. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb; go to!
Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.
Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.

26. **coz:** a familiar term for any relative. 31. **an:** if, frequently so used in this play. 32. **hawking and hunting:** Books on these subjects were common. 35. **No, wusse:** No, certainly not. (wusse — *y-wis.*) 41. **languages:** technical terms. 43. **by gadslid:** by God's eyelid, an oath. 45. **scroyles:** scabs. 46. **Hogsden:** Hoxton, a manor that still belongs to St. Paul's. In Hogsden Field Jonson killed Gabriel Spencer, an actor, in a duel. 47. **archers of Finsbury:** Finsbury Fields was an archery practice ground. 48. **ducking:** duck hunting. 48. **Islington ponds:** a suburban parish west of Shoreditch. 49. **'Slid:** God's eyelid. 49. **mun:** must.

Ha' you not yet found means enow to waste
That which your friends have left you, but you must
Go cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?
O, it's comely! This will make you a gentleman!
Well, cousin, well! I see you are e'en past hope
Of all reclaim. — Ay, so, now you're told on it,
You look another way.
Step. What would you ha' me do?
Know. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman,
Learn to be wise, and practice how to thrive;
That would I have you do, and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humors you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He, that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavory snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still;
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it. — Who comes here?

Scene II. *The Same.*

Knowell, Stephen. *Enter a* Servant.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen!
Step. Nay, we don't stand much on our gentility, friend; yet you are welcome; and I assure you, mine uncle here is a man

57. **kite:** hawk. 74. **melt, etc.:** waste your money on. 75. **bravery:** gaudy clothes. 75. **affect:** try.

of a thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir, at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will. I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir! Why, and in very good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! You were not best, sir; an you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to. And they can give it again soundly too, an need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! An you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither, in't.

Know. Cousin, cousin! Will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson, base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an 'twere not for shame, I would —

Know. What would you do, you peremptory gull?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You see the honest man demeans himself
Modestly towards you, giving no reply
To your unseasoned, quarreling, rude fashion;
And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit as of humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am ashamed
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me. [*Exit Stephen.*

Serv. I pray you, sir, is this Master Knowell's house?

Know. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Knowell; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Know. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? Cry you mercy, sir. I was required by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

11. **flout:** mock. 19. **presently:** right away. 26. **mechanical:** used in contempt. 28. **gull:** stupid fool. 33. **huff:** swagger. 34. **wit:** sense. 38. **marry:** by Mary, a common Elizabethan oath.

Know. To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'sy. (*Reads.*) "To his most selected friend, Master Edward Knowell." What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, pray you be covered.

Serv. One Master Wellbred, sir.

Know. Master Wellbred! a young gentleman, is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; Master Kitely married his sister — the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

Know. You say very true. — Brainworm!

Enter Brainworm.

Brai. Sir.

Know. Make this honest friend drink here: — pray you, go in. [*Exeunt Brainworm and Servant.*

This letter is directed to my son;
Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious),
Be it but for the style's sake, and the phrase,
To see if both do answer my son's praises,
Who is almost grown the idolater
Of this young Wellbred. — What have we here? What's this? (*Reads.*) Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends i' the Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? Yet, if thou dost, come over and but see our frippery; change an old shirt for a whole smock with us. Do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-west wall. An I had been his son, I had saved him the labor long since, if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back door, and coddling every kernel of the fruit for 'em, would ha' served. But prithee, come over to me quickly this morning; I have such a present for thee! — our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymer, sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think him himself poet-major o' the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other, I will not venture

45. **What, etc.:** The servant had taken his hat off, and Knowell asks him to put it on again. 53. **Old Jewry:** a section of old London mainly occupied by Jews and considered not quite respectable. 70. **frippery:** an old clothes store. 76. **coddling:** stewing. 79. **Turkey company:** a merchant company licensed to trade with the East.

his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as uncon- [85
scionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum. From the *Windmill*.
From the Bordello it might come as well,
The Spittle, or Pict-hatch. Is this the man
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit, 90
The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth!
I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch;
Worse, by possession of such great good gifts, 95
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ
In such a scurrilous manner to a friend!
Why should he think I tell my apricots,
Or play the Hesperian dragon with my fruit, 100
To watch it? Well, my son, I'd thought
You'd had more judgment t' have made election
Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust
Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare
No argument, or subject from their jest. 105
But I perceive affection makes a fool
Of any man too much the father. — Brainworm!

Re-enter Brainworm.

Brai. Sir.
Know. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?
Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.
Know. And where's your young master? 110
Brai. In his chamber, sir.
Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he?
Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.
Know. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son; but with no notice that I have opened it, on your life. 115
Brai. O Lord, sir! that were a jest indeed. [*Exit.*
Know. I am resolved I will not stop his journey,
Nor practice any violent mean to stay

86. **Guildhall verdict:** a verdict by the City authorities. The Guildhall is still the seat of the City government. 87. **viaticum:** traveling expenses. 87. **Windmill:** a tavern. 88. **Bordello:** a house of ill fame. 89. **Spittle:** an insane asylum. 89. **Pict-hatch:** a notorious underworld resort. 99. **tell:** count. 100. **Hesperian dragon:** a fabled serpent watching the apples in Hesperides, slain by Hercules.

The unbridled course of youth in him; for that,
Restrained, grows more impatient; and in kind,
Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound,
Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
There is a way of winning more by love
And urging of the modesty, than fear;
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compelled to goodness, may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warn 'em, and the same
They should for virtue 've done, they'll do for shame. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *A Room in* Knowell's *House.*

Enter E. Knowell, *with a letter in his hand, followed by* Brainworm.

E. Know. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce contents me. — What countenance, prithee, made he i' the reading of it? Was he angry or pleased?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No? How know'st thou then that he did either?

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he opened it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

E. Know. That's true; well, I thank thee, Brainworm. [*Moves to window to read letter.*

Enter Master Stephen.

Step. O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha'-call-him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, Master Stephen; what of him?

Step. O, I ha' such a mind to beat him; where is he, canst thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind; he is gone, Master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? When went he? How long since?

121. **generous:** well bred.

Brai. He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid i' the fields! Whoreson Scanderbag rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brai. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay, rolled hard, Master Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now; let him e'en go and hang. 'Pray thee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me —

Brai. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, Master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't: How dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brai. A very good leg, Master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust; I'll ha' a pair of silk again' winter, that I go to dwell i' the town. I think my leg would show in a silk hose.

Brai. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would; I have a reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for't. [*Exit.*

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Gramercy for this.

E. Know. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do —

E. Know. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience, I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as

23. **Scanderbag:** a name given by the Turks to Castriot, an Albanian patriot, with whom they had frequent wars. A biography of him had appeared in 1596, and he is often referred to in Elizabethan plays. 29. **boot:** use. 30. **truss:** to tie the laces that held up the breeches. It also was slang for *beat*. 40. **again':** i.e., against, in preparation for. 44. **In sadness:** seriously. 55. **costermonger:** a vendor of fruit and vegetables from a hand-cart. 56. **troll:** sing. 57. **Trundle:** a publisher of ballads.

another man; for he takes much physic, and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, [60 Master Wellbred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience! Then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens — (*Sees Stephen.*) What, my wise cousin! Nay then, I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's [65 one, that's three: O for a fourth, Fortune! if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee —

Step. O, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me — 70

E. Know. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an I had, coz? What would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle. 75

E. Know. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then — 80

E. Know. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

E. Know. Why, be so, gentle coz; and, I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him; it's but crossing [85 over the fields to Moorgate. Will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you into bond or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one an 'twere; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. [90 Do you think I would leave you? I protest —

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackings, but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Know. You speak very well, coz. 95

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me; but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Know. Your turn, coz? Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like [100

59. **physic:** medicine. 65. **mess:** a dinner party of four. 93. **fackings:** a mild form of *by my faith*. 99. **sort:** rank.

a tankard-bearer at a conduit! fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savor of a strong spirit; and he! this man! so graced, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foiled by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter, again' a good [105 time, shows more bright to the world than he! and he! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn, or a black cypress! O coz! it cannot be answered; [110 go not about it. Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so: and let the idea of what you are be portrayed i' your face that men may read i' your physnomy, "Here within this [115 place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature," which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentlemanlike, than I have been, I'll [120 insure you.

E. Know. Why, that's resolute, Master Stephen! — (*Aside.*) Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humor; we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty [125 pound. — Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Know. Follow me! You must go before.

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you, show me, good cousin. [*Exeunt.* [130

Scene IV. *The Lane before* Cob's *House.*

Enter Master Mathew.

Mat. I think this be the house. — What, ho!

Enter Cob.

Cob. Who's there? O, Master Mathew! give your worship good morrow.

101. **tankard-bearer:** water-carrier. Water had to be carried from the conduits, and carriers were paid by the "turn" or trip. 105. **again' a good time:** in preparation for a time when the family pewter would be on display. 110. **black cypress:** crape. 115. **physnomy:** physiognomy.

Mat. What, Cob! How dost thou, good Cob? Dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, Monsieur Cob! What lineage, what lineage?

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man; and yet no man neither — by your worship's leave, I did lie in that — but herring, the king of fish (from his belly I proceed), one o' the monarchs o' the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's book. His cob was my great-great-mighty-great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty? Why mighty, I pray thee?

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob.

Mat. How know'st thou that?

Cob. How know I? why, I smell his ghost ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost! O unsavory jest! and the ghost of a herring cob?

Cob. Ay, sir; with favor of your worship's nose, Master Mathew, why not the ghost of a herring-cob, as well as the ghost of rasher-bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I say, rasher-bacon. They were both broiled o' the coals; and a man may smell broiled meat, I hope! You are a scholar; upsolve me that, now.

Mat. (*Aside.*) O raw ignorance! — Cob, canst thou show me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas, ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean Captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, pray thee advise thyself well; do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house; he! He lodge in such a base, obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'dst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed all night! Well, sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my

16. **harrot's:** herald's. 16. **cob:** young herring, i.e., son. 28. **Roger Bacon:** a thirteenth century English philosopher. 43. **Mass:** a mild oath.

bench; an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done tonight.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so; perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir; I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine. Gi' me my tankard there, ho! [*Enter Tib with tankard, and exit.*] God b' wi' you, sir. It's six o'clock: I should ha' carried two turns by this. What, ho! my stopple! come.

[*Re-enter Tib with stopple, and exit.*

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his havings? Well, I'll tell him my mind. [*Enters house.*

Cob. What, Tib, show this gentleman up to the captain. O, an my house were the Brazen-head now! faith it would e'en speak "Moe fools yet." You should have some now would take this Master Mathew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is (O, my guest is a fine man!), and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house where I serve water, one Master Kitely's, i' the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mistress Bridget, and calls her "mistress," and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading o' these same abominable, vile (a pox on 'em! I cannot abide them), rascally verses, poyetry, poyetry, and speaking of interludes; 'twill make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer, and ti-he at him. — Well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh! There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest — he teaches me — he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: "By St. George! — the foot of Pharaoh! — the body of me! — as I am a gentleman and a soldier!" such dainty oaths! and withal he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest, and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels. — Well, he owes

49. **cast:** a pun. *To cast* means *to throw dice* and *to throw up*. 52. **swallowed, etc.:** i.e., got drunk. The token was a small piece of brass with the proprietor's name on it. 56. **stopple:** stopper. 60. **Brazen-head:** a reference to the head of brass in Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*. 61. **moe:** more. 66. **flout, etc.:** make outrageous fun of him. 67. **useth:** frequents. 70. **mistress:** i.e., ladylove. 74. **ti-he:** giggle. 83. **tonnels:** nostrils

me forty shillings — my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence at a time — besides his lodging; I would I had it! I shall ha' it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman. [*Exit.*

Scene V. *A Room in* Cob's *House.*

Bobadill *lying on a bench.*

Bob. Hostess, hostess!

Enter Tib.

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup o' thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below, would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'odso, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague — what meant he?

Mat. (*Below.*) Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who's there? — Take away the bason, good hostess. — Come up, sir.

Tib. (*Goes to the door.*) He would desire you to come up, sir. — You come into a cleanly house, here! [*Exit.*

Enter Mathew.

Mat. 'Save you, sir; 'save you, captain!

Bob. Gentle Master Mathew! Is it you, sir? Please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others. — Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

86. **action:** term time. 87. **up-tails:** "bottoms up."
5. **'odso:** God's soul. 9. **bason:** basin. 19. **sort:** company.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private.

Bob. Ay, sir; sit down, I pray you. Master Mathew, in any case, possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who? I, sir? No.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient! But in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valor in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir! I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! "Go by, Hieronimo"?

Mat. Ay; did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penned?

Bob. Well penned? I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was! They'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again.

[*While Mathew reads Bobadill makes himself ready.*

Mat. Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this book. "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!" There's a conceit! "Fountains fraught with tears!" "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" another — "O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!" a third — "Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!" a fourth. O, the Muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! How do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. "To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refinéd essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste: thus, mildly, I conclude."

42. **resolve:** am convinced. 45. **Go by, Hieronimo:** a line frequently quoted from the *Spanish Tragedy*. 51. *Stage direction,* **makes himself ready:** gets dressed. 53. The passages are read from Act III of the *Spanish Tragedy*. 61. This stanza Jonson wrote in ridicule of the love poems of the day, probably those of Samuel Daniel, a contemporary poet, with whom Mathew is sometimes identified.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, sir! a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses. But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late. — That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. This other day I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentlemanlike; yet he condemned, and cried it down for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay; he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs: a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes; he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word; but when, when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharoah, an't were my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall chartel him; I'll show you a

77. **hanger:** a loop in a belt to hold a dagger or sword. 78. **peremptory:** swaggerers used words in this way to intensify their speech. 80. **pied:** variegated. 83. **rook:** fool. 93. **carry, etc.:** domineer. 105. **chartel:** challenge. 106. **dependence:** reason for a duel. 107. **Caranza:** author of a work on dueling.

trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure, the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom, of whom, ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By Heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you. — Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. [*Enter Tib with a puzzled air.*] Lend us another bed-staff — [*Exit Tib.*] the woman does not understand the words of action. — Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus: [*Re-enter Tib.*] — give it the gentleman, and leave us. [*Exit Tib.*] So, sir. Come on; O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time — Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly.

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill! A well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir, — make a thrust at me — [*Mathew pushes at Bobadill.*] come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body. The best-practiced gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it.

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard. O, the "stoccata," while you live, sir; note that. — Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted; some tavern, or so — and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe

109. **stoccata:** thrust. 119. **bed-staff:** used for beating a mattress. 144. **venue:** thrust. 149. **breathe:** exercise.

you, by my direction; and then, I will teach you your trick; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand; you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, — except it were hail-shot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, Master Mathew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come. We will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach, and then we'll call upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

Scene I. *The Old Jewry. A Hall in* Kitely's *House.*

Enter Kitely, Cash, *and* Downright.

Kit. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk,
Here take my key: — it is no matter neither.
Where is the boy?
Cash. Within, sir, i' th' warehouse.
Kit. Let him tell over, straight, that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Master Lucar. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grograns, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him on the Exchange, anon.
Cash. Good, sir. [*Exit.*
Kit. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?
Down. Ay, what of him?
Kit. He is a jewel, brother.
I took him of a child up at my door,
And christened him, gave him mine own name, Thomas,
Since bred him at the Hospital; where proving
A toward imp, I called him home, and taught him

152. **learn:** often so used in Elizabethan English. 162. **Corydon:** a stock term in poetry for country bumpkin.

5. **tell:** count. 6. **eight:** eight reals, a little over $2.00. 9. **grograns:** ribbed cloth, partly silk. 10. **Exchange:** fashionable shopping resort. 15. **Hospital:** Christ's Hospital, at the time a foundling school. 16. **toward:** promising.

So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And given him, who had none, a surname, Cash,
And find him, in his place, so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.
Down. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said y' had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?
Kit. Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience;
But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection —
Down. What need this circumstance? Pray you, be direct.
Kit. I will not say how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love; but let my past behavior,
And usage of your sister, but confirm
How well I've been affected to your —
Down. You are too tedious; come to the matter, the matter.
Kit. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declined in what he was,
And greatly altered in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him.
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
And — what was chief — it showed not borrowed in him,
But all he did became him as his own,
And seemed as perfect, proper, and possessed,
As breath with life, or color with the blood.
But now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,
And he himself withal so far fallen off
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell men's judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends; and not content
To stale himself in all societies,
He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theater, a public receptacle
For giddy humor, and diseaséd riot;

29. **circumstance:** indirectness. 55. **stale:** cheapen.

And here, as in a tavern or a stews,
He and his wild associates spend their hours,
In repetition of lascivious jests,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Control my servants; and, indeed, what not?

Down. 'Sdeins, I know not what I should say to him, i' the whole world! He values me at a cracked three-farthings, for aught I see. It will never out o' the flesh that's bred i' the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve; but counsel to him is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well! he knows what to trust to, for George; let him spend, and spend, and domineer, till his heart ache; an he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the Counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i' faith; and claps his dish at the wrong man's door. I'll lay my hand o' my halfpenny, ere I part with't to fetch him out, I'll assure you.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Down. 'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother,
But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,
(Though but with plain and easy circumstance,)
It would both come much better to his sense,
And savor less of stomach, or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants you authority,
Which, by your presence seconded, must breed
A kind of duty in him, and regard;
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That in the rearing would come tottering down,
And in the ruin bury all our love.
Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humor,
And overflowing of the vapor in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars
With the false breath of telling what disgraces
And low disparagements I had put upon him.

64. **'Sdeins:** an oath of obscure meaning. 70. **for:** 'fore. 72. **Counters:** two city jails. 73. **claps his dish:** i.e., begs. Beggars carried a dish with a clapper. 95. **humor:** temper.

Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon every word,
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
From my flat cap unto my shining shoes;
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? Marry, this:
They would give out — because my wife is fair,
Myself but lately married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house —
That I were jealous! — nay, as sure as death,
That they would say; and, how that I had quarreled
My brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Down. Mass, perhaps so; they're like enough to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it; so should I,
Like one of these penurious quacksalvers,
But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
And try experiments upon myself;
Lend scorn and envy opportunity
To stab my reputation and good name —

SCENE II. *The Same.*

KITELY, DOWNRIGHT. *Enter* MATHEW *struggling with* BOBADILL.

Mat. I will speak to him.

Bob. Speak to him! away! By the foot of Pharaoh, you shall not! you shall not do him that grace. — The time of day to you, gentleman o' the house. Is Master Wellbred stirring?

Down. How then? What should he do?

Bob. (*To Kitely.*) Gentleman of the house, it is to you. Is he within, sir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging tonight, sir, I assure you.

Down. Why, do you hear? You!

Bob. The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me; I'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt Bobadill and Mathew.*

Down. How! scavenger? Stay, sir, stay!

Kit. Nay, brother Downright.

Down. 'Heart! stand you away, an you love me.

100. **fable:** story. 103. **cap, shoes:** marks of a citizen trader instead of a gallant. 117. **bills:** advertisements.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not; I will overrule you.

Down. Ha! scavenger? well, go to, I say little; but by this good day (God forgive me I should swear), if I put it up so, say I am the rankest cow that ever pissed. 'Sdeins, an I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet Street again, while I live; I'll sit in a barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice, first. Scavenger? 'heart! — and I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck; your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so.

Kit. O, do not fret yourself thus; never think on't.

Down. These are my brother's consorts, these! These are his cam'rades, his walking mates! He's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, an I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole ging of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should be said, he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet, he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension, then,
Run in an easy current, not o'er high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently, and compose
Th' imperfect thoughts you labor to reclaim;
More winning than enforcing the consent.

Down. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

[*Bell rings.*

Kit. How now! O, the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife company till I come; I'll but give order for some dispatch of business to my servants.

[*Exit Downright.*

Scene III. *The Same.*

Kitely. Cob *passes by with his tankard.*

Kit. What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back, i' faith, for coming so late this morning.

18. **put it up:** put up with. 21. **madge-howlet:** barn owl. 23. **tumbrel-slop:** puffed breeches, evidently worn by Bobadill. 24. **Garagantua:** a giant in Rabelais. 29. **swinge:** beat; but it might be *swing*, from the reference to the hangman. 29. **ging:** gang.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody have not them by the belly, for walking so late in the evening. [*Exit.*

Kit. Well, yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eased,
Though not reposed in that security
As I could wish, but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world.
Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
So Wellbred had ne'er lodged within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants and young revelers,
That any women should be honest long.
Is't like that factious beauty will preserve
The public weal of chastity unshaken,
When such strong motives muster and make head
Against her single peace? No, no, beware.
When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kind and quality
Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
Had answered their affections, all the world
Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;
For opportunity hath balked 'em yet,
And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
To attend the impositions of my heart.
My presence shall be as an iron bar,
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire;
Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects
Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter Dame Kitely *and* Bridget.

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. [*Exit Bridget.*] — Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kit. An she have overheard me now!

Dame K. I pray thee, good muss, we stay for you.

Kit. By Heaven, I would not for a thousand angels!

Dame K. What ail you, sweetheart? are you not well? speak, good muss.

38. **muss:** mouse, a term of endearment. 39. **angel:** a coin worth about $2.50.

Kit. Troth my head aches extremely on a sudden.

Dame K. [*Putting her hand to his forehead.*] O, the Lord!

Kit. How now? What?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal. For love's sake, sweetheart, come in, out of the air.

Kit. How simple, and how subtle are her answers!
A new disease, and many troubled with it?
Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. The air! she has me i' the wind! — Sweetheart, I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray Heaven it do. [*Exit.*

Kit. A new disease! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be called poor mortals' plague;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First, it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgment; and from thence
Sends like contagion to the memory,
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a subtle vapor, spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensitive part,
Till not a thought, or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah! but what misery is it to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection
In such extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *Moorfields.*

Enter Brainworm *like a maimed Sub-officer.*

Brai. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace; and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is as

46. **disease:** a fever so called after Prince Henry died of it. 53. **wind:** i.e., she suspects my thought.

3. **sort:** lot.

ominous a fruit as the fico. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us; so much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, dry-foot, over Moorfields to London, this morning; now I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that are blue waiters, and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear motley at the year's end, and who wears motley, you know), have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the mid- way. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain Cæsar, I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now must I practice to get the true garb of one of these lance-knights, my arm here, and my — young master! and his cousin, Master Stephen, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier! [*Moves away.*

Enter E. Knowell *and* Stephen.

E. Know. So, sir, and how then, coz?

Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Know. How! lost your purse! Where? When had you it?

Step. I cannot tell; — stay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am afeard they will know me, would I could get by them!

E. Know. What? ha' you it?

Step. No; I think I was bewitched, I — [*Cries.*

E. Know. Nay, do not weep the loss; hang it, let it go.

Step. O, it's here. No, an it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary sent me.

E. Know. A jet ring! O the posy, the posy?

Step. Fine, i' faith. —

" Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep."

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Know. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my posy was,

" The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judged by St. Peter."

5. **fico:** a gesture of contempt made by thrusting the thumb between two fingers. 9. **dry-foot:** by guess. 12. **blue waiters:** servants wore blue livery. 13. **motley:** fool's clothes. 20. **lance-knight:** the lowest infantry officer.

E. Know. How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the meter.

E. Know. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he helped you at your need; thank him, thank him.

Brai. (*Aside.*) I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture, come what will. (*Comes toward them.*) Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier; one that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a refuge; but now it is the humor of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else should I rather die with silence, than live with shame; however, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speaks, not myself; this condition agrees not with my spirit —

E. Know. Where hast thou served?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor, by sea and land, any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave in the galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs; and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

[*Takes it in his hand.*

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though? I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Know. Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat; I'd not wear it as 'tis, an you would give me an angel.

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir: [*Stephen examines the blade.*] nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard; but tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a silver hilt —

E. Know. Come, come, you shall not buy it; — hold, there's a shilling, fellow; take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so, and there's another shilling, fellow, I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money!

E. Know. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. — Tell me your lowest price.

E. Know. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Know. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me, for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Another Part of Moorfields.*

Enter Knowell.

Know. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter
Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one. —
When I was young, he lived not in the stews
Durst have conceived a scorn, and uttered it,
On a gray head; age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life; so much
The sanctity of some prevailed for others.
But now we all are fallen; youth, from their fear,
And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, e'en parents,
That did destroy the hopes in our own children;
Or they not learned our vices in their cradles,
And sucked in our ill customs with their milk;
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palates cunning; the first words
We form their tongues with, are licentious jests!
Can it call, " whore "? cry, " bastard "? O, then, kiss it!
A witty child! Can't swear? The father's darling!

90. **Higginbottom:** some contemporary swaggerer.
2. **admire:** wonder at. 5. **he:** i.e., he who.

Give it two plums. Nay, rather than't shall learn
No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it!
But this is in the infancy, the days
Of the long coat; when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. Ay, it is like,
When it is gone into the bone already!
No, no; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin; it stains into the liver
And heart, in some; and, rather than it should not,
Note, what we fathers do! Look how we live!
What mistresses we keep! at what expense!
In our sons' eyes, where they may handle our gifts,
Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,
Taste of the same provoking meats with us,
To ruin of our states! Nay, when our own
Portion is fled, to prey on the remainder,
We call them into fellowship of vice!
Bait 'em with the young chambermaid, to seal,
And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction.
This is one path, but there are millions more,
In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
Well, I thank Heaven, I never yet was he
That traveled with my son, before sixteen,
To show him the Venetian courtesans;
Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
To my sharp boy, at twelve; repeating still
The rule, " Get money; still, get money, boy;
No matter by what means; money will do
More, boy, than my lord's letter." Neither have I
Dressed snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
Perfumed my sauces, and taught him to make 'em;
Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,
At all the ord'naries, and only feared
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
These are the trade of fathers now; however,
My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
None of these household precedents, which are strong
And swift to rape youth to their precipice.
But let the house at home be ne'er so clean
Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and cobwebs,
If he will live abroad with his companions,
In dung and leystals, it is worth a fear;

40. **seal:** agree to sell. 55. **ordinaries:** eating-houses. 60. **rape:** drag. 64. **leystals:** heaps of filth.

Nor is the danger of conversing less
Than all that I have mentioned of example.

Enter Brainworm, *disguised as before.*

Brai. (*Aside.*) My master! nay, faith, have at you; I am fleshed now, I have sped so well. — Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier; I am ashamed of this base course of life — God's my comfort — but extremity provokes me to't; what remedy?

Know. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been; a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Know. Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the king of Heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful. Sweet worship —

Know. Nay, an you be so importunate —

Brai. O, tender sir! need will have its course; I was not made to this vile use! Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much; it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus. — [*Weeps.*] Honorable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time; by this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had sucked the hilts long before, I am a pagan else. Sweet honor —

Know. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base!
Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practice such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labor; nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg;

88. **given:** i.e., it may be returned in some way.

But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insist'st in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so —

Know. Ay,
You'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? In the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days; but — and for service, would it were as soon purchased, as wished for! The air 's my comfort! — (*Sighs.*) — I know what I would say —

Know. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Know. Fitz-Sword!
Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place, and honor of a soldier —

Know. Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths;
Speak plainly, man; what think'st thou of my words?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy as my service should be honest.

Know. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds
Will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*

Brai. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose. O that my belly were hooped now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! Never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus! Now shall I be possessed of all his counsels; and, by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty; faith, and I'm resolved to prove his patience. Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad

119. **purchased:** gained. 138. **abuse:** deceive. 141. **cassock:** a loose outer coat. 141. **musket-rest:** a stick on which a musket was rested when taking aim. 142. **Mile-end:** the soldiers' training-ground for city troops.

counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant. Why, this is better than to have staid his journey! Well, I'll [145
follow him. O how I long to be employed! [*Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *The Old Jewry. A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter Master MATHEW, WELLBRED, *and* BOBADILL.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you, too.

Wel. O, I came not there tonight.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Downright? 5

Bob. He. Master Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me, but let me say to you this: as sure as honor, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard, upon such a —

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother. 10

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part —

Wel. Good captain, " faces about " to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, [15
by St. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Wel. Oh, Master Mathew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, *quos æquus amavit Jupiter.* 20

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question you do, (*Aside.*) or you do not, sir.

Enter E. KNOWELL *and* STEPHEN.

Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome; how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury; [25
now I see there's some love in thee. (*Lower.*) Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of; nay, what a drowsy humor is this now! Why dost thou not speak?

13. **"faces about":** a military term of the day. 20. ***quos*, etc.:** "Whom impartial Jove has loved," from Virgil. 24. **Thespian girls:** the Muses.

E. Know. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Know. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus's epistles, and I'll have my judgment burned in the ear for a rogue; make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I mar'le what camel it was, that had the carriage of it; for doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it!

Wel. Why?

E. Know. "Why," say'st thou? Why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mista'en my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Know. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now; but I'll assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing style some hour before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

E. Know. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

E. Know. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I — a grain or two better — for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 't will change shortly. But, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hangby's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hear'st 'em once go; my wind-instruments; I'll wind 'em up — But what strange piece of silence is this? The sign of the Dumb Man?

E. Know. O, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please; he has his humor, sir.

Wel. Oh, what is't, what is't?

E. Know. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension. I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search; if you can take him, so!

Wel. Well, Captain Bobadill, Master Mathew, pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. — (*To Stephen.*) I know not your name, sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

35. **mar'le:** marvel.

Step. My name is Master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir. I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Master Wellbred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favor you please), I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words.

E. Know. And I fewer, sir; I have scarce enow to thank you.

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. O, it's your only fine humor, sir! your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Know. (*Aside.*) Sure he utters them then by the gross.

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. Know. I' faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study; it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold, I warrant you; have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

Wel. (*Aside.*) Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'em! I might see self-love burnt for her heresy.

Step. Cousin, is it well? Am I melancholy enough?

E. Know. Oh ay, excellent.

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. Know. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of service, was performed tomorrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

E. Know. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why at the beleaguering of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever

76. **general man:** one who makes everyone's acquaintance. 110. **Strigonium:** Gran, a city in Hungary, captured from the Turks in 1597.

I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of — what do you call it? last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and soldier.

Step. 'So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman!

E. Know. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium? and " What-do-you-call 't " ?

Bob. O lord, sir! By St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

E. Know. 'Twas pity you had not ten; (*Aside.*) a cat's and your own, i' faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. (*Aside to Stephen.*) Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Step. (*To him.*) So I do.

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Know. (*Aside.*) You must bring me to the rack, first.

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think), confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, an put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. Know. Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir. But did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth; you shall perceive, sir. (*Shows his rapier.*) It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em. I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I mar'le whether it be a Toledo or no.

114. **taking in:** capture. 115. **it:** Tortosa, in the first version of the play, laid in Italy. 115. **Genoways:** Genoese. 119. **'So:** i.e., Godso, an oath. 135. **demi-culverins:** nine-pounder cannon. 136. **give on:** to make an attack. 138. **linstock:** a stick which held the lint used in firing a cannon. 139. **petronel:** a carbine. 148. **Morglay, etc.:** the swords of Bevis, King Arthur, and Orlando. 149. **that:** that which.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.
Step. I have a countryman of his, here.
Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.
Bob. This a Toledo! Pish!
Step. Why do you pish, captain?
Bob. A Fleming, by Heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them.
E. Know. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.
Wel. Where bought you it, Master Stephen?
Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier — a hundred of lice go with him — he swore it was a Toledo.
Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.
Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.
E. Know. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.
Step. Well, I will put it up! but by — (*To himself.*) I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it — an e'er I meet him —
Wel. O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.
Step. Whoreson, coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.
E. Know. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.
Step. A stomach? Would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.
Wel. It's better as 'tis. — Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

SCENE II. *The same.*

E. KNOWELL, Master STEPHEN, Master MATHEW, WELLBRED, *and* BOBADILL. *Enter* BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

E. Know. A miracle, cousin; look here, look here!
Step. Oh — 'od's lid! By your leave, do you know me, sir?
Brai. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.
Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?
Brai. Yes, marry did I, sir.
Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?
Brai. True, I did so.

158. **guilder**: in silver, about a dollar, in gold about fifty cents more. 165. **provant rapier**: the kind provided by the government.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, sir, I confess it; it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confessed it. — 'Od's will, an you had not confessed it —

E. Know. O cousin, forbear, forbear!

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confessed it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favor, do you see.

E. Know. (*Aside to Wellbred.*) Ay, "by his leave," he is, and "under favor"; a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much on him. I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Know. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brai. Sir, shall I entreat a word with you?

[*They move apart.*

E. Know. With me, sir? You have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you?

Brai. You are conceited, sir. Your name is Master Knowell, as I take it?

E. Know. You are i' the right; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brai. No, sir; I am none of that coat.

E. Know. Of as bare a coat, though. Well, say, sir.

Brai. Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear — your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, — Brainworm.

E. Know. Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Brai. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Know. My father?

Brai. Nay, never start, 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

E. Know. Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? My father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father! Where is he?

28. **conceited:** witty. 34. **drum:** an allusion to a tricky servant in a contemporary play.

Brai. At Justice Clement's house here, in Coleman Street, where he but stays my return; and then —

Wel. Who's this? Brainworm!

Brai. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device; — nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

Wel. But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, sir? What a question is that!

Wel. We'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little; Brainworm, thou shalt go with us. — Come on, gentlemen. — Nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not; 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en pressed to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames Street, or at Custom-house quay, in a civil war against the carmen!

Brai. Amen, amen, amen, say I. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Old Jewry.* Kitely's *Warehouse.*

Enter Kitely *and* Cash.

Kit. What says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kit. O, that is well; fetch me my cloak, my cloak! — [*Exit Cash.*

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;
Ay, that will be the least; and then 't will be
An hour, before I can dispatch with him,
Or very near; well, I will say two hours.
Two hours? ha! things never dreamt of yet,
May be contrived, ay, and effected too,
In two hours' absence; well, I will not go.
Two hours! No, fleering Opportunity,
I will not give your subtilty that scope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robbed,
That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
And shows the felon where his treasure lies?

64. **pressed:** impressed.

Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?
I will not go. Business, go by for once.
No, beauty, no; you are of too good caract
To be left so, without a guard, or open!
Your luster, too, 'll inflame at any distance,
Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws;
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden.
You must be then kept up, close, and well watched,
For, give you opportunity, no quicksand
Devours, or swallows swifter! He that lends
His wife — if she be fair — or time or place,
Compels her to be false. I will not go.
The dangers are too many. — And then the dressing
Is a most main attractive! Our great heads
Within the city never were in safety
Since our wives wore these little caps. I'll change 'em;
I'll change 'em straight, in mine; mine shall no more
Wear three-piled acorns, to make my horns ache.
Nor will I go. I am resolved for that.

Re-enter Cash *with cloak.*

Carry in my cloak again. — Yet stay. — Yet do, too;
I will defer going, on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kit. That's true! fool on me! I had clean forgot it;
I must go. What's a-clock?

Cash. Exchange-time, sir.

Kit. 'Heart, then will Wellbred presently be here too,
With one or other of his loose consorts.
I am a knave if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turned and turned,
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act. — It shall be so.

22. **caract:** carat, i.e., value. 38. **three-piled:** of good quality. Note the pun in this line; it is especially poor. 44. **Exchange-time:** ten o'clock, according to another version of the play.

Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me. — Thomas!
Cash. Sir.
Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not. —
Thomas, is Cob within?
Cash. I think he be, sir.
Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,
Lost i' my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange!
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change! What should I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.
Thomas — you may deceive me, but, I hope —
Your love to me is more —
Cash. Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be called love, you are
More than in hope, — you are possessed of it.
Kit. I thank you, heartily, Thomas; gi' me your hand;
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A secret to impart unto you — but,
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up;
So far I tell you, Thomas.
Cash. Sir, for that —
Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think, I esteem you, Thomas,
When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas. If thou should'st
Reveal it, but —
Cash. How! I reveal it?
Kit. Nay,
I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st,
'Twere a great weakness.
Cash. A great treachery,
Give it no other name.
Kit. Thou wilt not do't, then?
Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever!
Kit. (*Aside.*) He will not swear, he has some reservation,
Some concealed purpose, and close meaning, sure;
Else, being urged so much, how should he choose
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He's no precisian, that I am certain of,

59. **to**: compared to. 88. **precisian**: Puritan.

Nor rigid Roman Catholic. He'll play
At fayles, and tick-tack; I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it? Urge him again,
And by some other way? I will do so.
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose;
Yes, you did swear?
Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you —
Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good;
I am resolved without it; — at thy pleasure.
Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Delivered me in nature of your trust.
Kit. It's too much; these ceremonies need not;
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is, —
(*Aside.*) Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture. —
I have of late, by divers observations —
(*Aside.*) But whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,
Being not taken lawfully? Ha? — say you? —
(*Aside.*) I will ask counsel ere I do proceed —
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or tomorrow.
Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.
Kit. I will think: — and, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.
Cash. I will, sir.
Kit. And hear you, if your mistress' brother, Wellbred,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.
Cash. Very well, sir.
Kit. To the Exchange, do you hear?
Or here in Coleman Street, to Justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
Cash. I will not, sir.
Kit. I pray you have a care on't.
Or, whether he come or no, if any other
Stranger, or else; fail not to send me word.
Cash. I shall not, sir.

90. **fayles, tick-tack:** popular varieties of backgammon. 97. **resolved:** convinced. 108. **lawfully:** i.e., before a justice.

Kit. Be't your special business
Now to remember it.
Cash. Sir, I warrant you.
Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,
I told you of.
Cash. No, sir; I do suppose it.
Kit. Believe me, it is not.
Cash. Sir, I do believe you.
Kit. By Heaven it is not, that's enough. But, Thomas,
I would not you should utter it, do you see,
To any creature living, — yet, I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;
It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you; I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this.
But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,
Locked up in silence, midnight, buried here. —
[*Touches his temple.*
(*Aside.*) No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [*Exit.*
Cash. "Locked up in silence, midnight, buried here!"
Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head? ha!
Best dream no longer of this running humor,
For fear I sink; the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all. But soft —
Oh, 'tis our water-bearer; somewhat has crossed him now.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

CASH. *Enter* COB.

Cob. Fasting-days! What tell you me of fasting-days? 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me! They say the whole world shall be consumed with fire one day, but would I had these Ember-weeks and villainous Fridays burnt, in the meantime, and then —
Cash. Why, how now, Cob? What moves thee to this choler, ha?
Cob. Collar, Master Thomas! I scorn your collar, I, sir, I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water. An you offer to ride me, with your collar, or halter either, I may hap show you a jade's trick, sir.
Cash. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? Why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir.

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob? Thy humor, thy humor — thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humor! mack, I think it be so indeed; what is that humor? Some rare thing, I warrant.

Cash. Marry, I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation, and fed by folly.

Cob. How! must it be fed?

Cash. Oh ay, humor is nothing, if it be not fed. Did'st thou never hear that? It's a common phrase, "Feed my humor."

Cob. I'll none on it; humor, avaunt! I know you not, be gone! Let who will make hungry meals for your monstership, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'Slid, I ha' much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days, too; an't had been any other day but a fasting-day — a plague on them all for me — by this light, one might have done the commonwealth good service, and have drowned them all i' the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach them hugely. I have a maw now, an 'twere for Sir Bevis his horse against 'em.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man out of love with 'em, I think; their bad conditions, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 'twere something, but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes but my lineage goes to wrack; poor cobs! they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion; and your maids too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own flesh and blood. My princely coz, (*Pulls out a red herring*) fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as

16. **humor:** *humor* was the fashionable word for *rheum*, meaning *mood*. 18. **mack:** mass. 35. **stomach:** resent. 35. **maw:** appetite. 49. **cobs:** herring. 52. **Hannibal:** cannibal.

King Cophetua. O that I had room for my tears, I could [55
weep salt water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand of my kin! But I may curse none but these filthy almanacs; for an't were not for them, these days of persecution would ne'er be known. I'll be hanged an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em, and puts in more [60
fasting-days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger.

Cash. 'Slight, peace! Thou'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else; here's Master Mathew. (*Aside.*) Now must I look out for a messenger to my master. [*Exit with Cob.* [65

Scene V. *The same.*

Enter Wellbred, E. Knowell, Brainworm, Mathew, Bobadill, *and* Stephen.

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Know. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes, faith; but was't possible thou shouldst not [5
know him? I forgive Master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Know. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been joined patten with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen [10
of the round; such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. Into the likeness of one [15
of these reformados had he molded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been sergeant-major, if not lieutenant-colonel [20
to the regiment.

61. **fasting-days:** Both Wednesday and Friday were observed. 61. **utter:** sell. 63. **beaten:** Salted stock-fish were so hard that they had to be beaten before being cooked.

8. **patten:** by a patent. 9. **writhen:** twisted. 10. **gentlemen, etc.:** patrolmen. 15. **shove-groat shilling:** a smooth shilling used in playing shovelboard. 16. **reformados:** disbanded officers.

Wel. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Know. An artificer? an architect! Except a man had studied begging all his life time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I mar'le?

Brai. Of a Hounsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold, for "A crafty knave needs no broker."

Brai. True, sir; but I did "need a broker," ergo —

Wel. Well put off; — "no crafty knave," you'll say.

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten, sir.

Re-enter Cash.

Cash. Francis! Martin! Ne'er a one to be found, now? What a spite 's this!

Wel. How now, Thomas? Is my brother Kitely within?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but Master Downright is within. — Cob! what, Cob! Is he gone too?

Wel. Whither went your master? Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not; to Justice Clement's, I think, sir — Cob! [*Exit.*

E. Know. Justice Clement! what's he?

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I showed him you the other day.

E. Know. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he has a very strange presence, methinks; it shows as if he stood out of the rank from other men; I have heard many of his jests i' the University. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak of one shoulder, or serving of God; any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humor.

Cash *comes in and out, calling.*

Cash. Gasper! — Martin! — Cob! 'Heart, where should they be, trow?

36. **ten:** pun on the various meanings of *shifts*.

Bob. Master Kitely's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. (*Aside, after taking it.*) Fire on your match! No time but now to "vouchsafe"? — Francis! — Cob! [*Exit.*

Bob. Body o' me! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado; did you never take any, Master Stephen?

Step. No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only; therefore it cannot be but 'tis most divine! Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind, so, it makes an antidote, that, had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound, your Balsamum and your St. John's wort are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado; your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humors, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quack-salver. Only thus much, by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. Know. This speech would ha' done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Re-enter Cash *with* Cob.

Cash. At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman Street.

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, Master Kitely's man?

Cash. (*Aside.*) Would his match, and he, and pipe and all, were at Sancto Domingo! I had forgot it. [*Exit.*

Cob. By God's me, I mar'le what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers. There

65. **Trinidado:** tobacco from Trinidad. 74. **simple:** medicinal herb. 80. **to:** compared to. 81. **Nicotian:** a French tobacco named after M. Nicot, a diplomat.

were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight; one of them, [100 they say, will ne'er 'scape it; he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe. Why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little [105 better than ratsbane, or rosaker. [*Bobadill cudgels him.*

All. O, good captain, hold, hold!

Bob. You base cullion, you!

Re-enter Cash.

Cash. Sir, here's your match. — Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough served. 110

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

Bob. Do you prate? Do you murmur?

E. Know. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humor of a fool? — Away, knave. 115

Wel. Thomas, get him away. [*Exit Cash with Cob.*

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd ha' stabbed him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir. 120

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. (*To himself.*) Oh, he swears most admirably! "By Pharaoh's foot!" — "Body o' Cæsar!" I shall never do it, sure. "Upon mine honor, and by St. George!" — No, I ha' not the right grace. 125

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk.

Step. None, I thank you, sir. (*To himself.*) O, this gentleman does it rarely too; but nothing like the other. (*Practicing to the post.*) "By this air!" — As I am a gentle- [130 man!" "By —

Brai. (*Pointing to Stephen.*) Master, glance, glance! — Master Wellbred! [*Exeunt Bobadill and Mathew.*

Step. "As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest —"

Wel. (*Aside.*) You are a fool; it needs no affidavit. 135

E. Know. Cousin, have you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation —

106. **ratsbane, rosaker:** common poisons. 108. **cullion:** a low fellow. 127. **drunk:** then so used.

E. Know. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed —

Wel. No, Master Stephen? As I remember, your name is entered in the artillery-garden.

Step. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, "as I am a soldier" by that?

E. Know. O yes, that you may; it's all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, it is "divine tobacco!"

Wel. But soft, where's Master Mathew? Gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O, let's follow them. Master Mathew is gone to salute his mistress in verse. We shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnished. — Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm? Where? Is this Brainworm?

E. Know. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body o' me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Know. 'Tis larded with 'em; a kind of French dressing, if you love it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Coleman Street.*

A Room in Justice CLEMENT'S *House.*

Enter KITELY *and* COB.

Kit. Ha! how many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, Master Wellbred —

Kit. Tut, beside him, what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; — mass, I know not well, there are so many.

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kit. (*Aside.*) A swarm, a swarm!
Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
With forkéd stings, thus wide and large! — But, Cob,
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

142. **artillery-garden:** practice-ground for London artillery men.

Cob. A little while, sir.
Kit. Didst thou come running?
Cob. No, sir.
Kit. (*Aside.*) Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste.
Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry?
I, that before was ranked in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What! never sigh,
Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold.
'Tis done, 'tis done! nay, when such flowing store,
Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap,
The cornucopiæ will be mine, I know. — But, Cob,
What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister, and my wife would bid them welcome; ha?
Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.
Kit. No; their lips were sealed with kisses, and the voice —
Drowned in a flood of joy at their arrival —
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty. —
Cob, which of them was 't that first kissed my wife?
My sister, I should say; — my wife, alas!
I fear not her; ha! who was it, say'st thou?
Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the troth of it?
Kit. Oh, ay, good Cob, I pray thee, heartily.
Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kissed, unless they would have kissed the post, in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all, at their tobacco, with a pox!
Kit. How? were they not gone in, then, ere thou cam'st?
Cob. O no, sir.
Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then?
Cob, follow me. [*Exit.*
Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit; I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for some five and fifty reasons, hammering, hammering revenge; oh, for three or four gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay, an he had not lien in my house, 'twould never have grieved me, but being my guest, one, that I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt has been at washing; pawned her neckkerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn monster of ingrati-

34. **Bridewell:** a house of correction. 42. **eggs, etc.:** business; "irons in the fire."

tude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for't; here comes Justice Clement.

Scene VII. *The same.*

Cob. *Enter* Clement, Knowell, *and* Formal.

Clem. What's Master Kitely gone, Roger?

Form. Ay, sir.

Clem. 'Heart of me! what made him leave us so abruptly? — How now, sirrah? what make you here? What would you have, ha?

Cob. An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbor of your worship's —

Clem. A poor neighbor of mine! Why, speak, poor neighbor.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice. I have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years.

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish. Marry, I have seldom 'scaped scot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well! What business has my poor neighbor with me?

Cob. An't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship.

Clem. Of me, knave? Peace of me, knave! Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha?

Cob. No, sir, but your worship's warrant for one that has wronged me, sir. His arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an my credit could compass it with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for't, I'm sure.

Know. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend?

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a twelve-month and a day, I may swear, by the law of the land, that he killed me.

Clem. How, how, knave? swear he killed thee and by the law? What pretence, what color hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an't please your worship, both black, and

11. **Green Lattice:** a tavern. 11. **scot and lot:** rates and taxes. 30. **day:** legal time limit for determining a charge of murder.

blue; color enough, I warrant you. I have it here to show your worship. [*Bares his arm.*

Clem. What is he that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says he is, o' the city here.

Clem. A soldier o' the city! What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? Speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by 'em when they were taking on 't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, Justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear Master Justice!

Clem. Nay God's precious! an such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done. Away with him!

Cob. O, good Master Justice! (*To Knowell.*) Sweet old gentleman!

Know. "Sweet Oliver," would I could do thee any good! — Justice Clement, let me entreat you, sir.

Clem. What! a thread-bare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers! — Roger, away with him! By God's precious — (*Cob would implore.*) — I say, go to.

Cob. Dear Master Justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserved it; but not the prison, I beseech you.

Know. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant; — he shall not go, I but fear the knave.

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go; my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship!

42. **bob:** hit. 64. **metal:** pewter. 74. **fear:** make him to fear.

Clem. Away, dispatch him. [*Exeunt Formal with Cob.*] How now, Master Knowell, in dumps, in dumps! Come, this becomes not.

Know. Sir, would I could not feel my cares.

Clem. Your cares are nothing; they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What! your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason; you had reason to take care; but being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it. (*Takes some.*) I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A Room in* KITELY'S *House.*

Enter DOWNRIGHT *and* Dame KITELY.

Down. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings 'em in here; they are his friends.

Down. His friends! his fiends. 'Slud! they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort of unlucky sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'em: and 'twere not more for your husband's sake than anything else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em; they should say and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an you had done, as you might have done, they should have been parboiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, e'er a one of 'em.

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason!

89. **sack:** a kind of sherry. 90. **muse:** wonder.
6. **'Slud:** God's blood. 7. **sort:** company. 15. **parboiled:** thoroughly boiled.

Scene II. *The same.*

Downright, Dame Kitely. *Enter* Mistress Bridget, *with* Master Mathew, *and* Bobadill; *followed, at a distance, by* Wellbred, E. Knowell, Stephen, *and* Brainworm.

Brid. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth!
Mat. You say well, mistress; and I mean as well.
Down. Hoy-day, here is stuff!
Wel. O, now stand close; pray Heaven, she can get him to read! He should do it of his own natural impudency.
Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?
Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy —
Down. (*Aside.*) "To mock an ape withal!" O, I could sew up his mouth, now.
Dame K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.
Down. Are you rhyme-given too?
Mat. Mistress, I'll read it, if you please.
Brid. Pray you do, servant.
Down. (*To himself.*) O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better. [*Exit.*
E. Know. What ails thy brother? Can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?
Well. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bagpipe. But mark; you lose the protestation.
Mat. Faith, I did it in a humor; I know not how it is; but — please you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a — pray you, sir, you can judge?
Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh!
Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing.
E. Know. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.
Bob. Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister. Fie! while you live, avoid this prolixity.
Mat. I shall, sir; well, *incipere dulce.*
E. Know. How! *insipere dulce?* a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed!
Wel. What, do you take *incipere* in that sense?

1. **Servant:** lover. 6. **stand close:** quietly on one side. 10. **"To mock," etc.:** a proverb, "to fool a fool with." 24. **censure:** judge. 32. ***incipere dulce:*** It is sweet to begin. Mathew pronounced it as spelled in line 33.

E. Know. You do not, you! This was your villainy, to gull him with a *mot.*

Wel. O, the benchers' phrase: "*pauca verba, pauca verba!*"

Mat. (*Reads.*) "Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine."

E. Know. This is in "Hero and Leander."

Wel. O, ay! peace, we shall have more of this.

Mat. "Be not unkind and fair; misshapen stuff
Is of behavior boisterous and rough."

Wel. How like you that, sir?

[*Stephen nods several times.*

E. Know. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it.

Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:
"And I in duty will exceed all other,
As you in beauty do excel Love's mother."

E. Know. Well, I'll have him free of the wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stolen remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Know. A filching rogue, hang him! — and from the dead! It's worse than sacrilege.

WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, *and* STEPHEN *come forward.*

Wel. Sister, what ha' you here? — Verses? Pray you, let's see. Who made these verses? They are excellent.

Mat. O, Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning; I made 'em *extempore* this morning.

Wel. How! *extempore?*

Mat. Ay, would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadill; he saw me write them, at the — pox on it! — the Star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so?

E. Know. Faith, his are even with him; they ha' curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Know. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

37. ***mot:*** French for *proverb.* 38. **benchers:** probably the benchers of the Inns of Court. 38. ***pauca verba:*** few words. 44. **"Hero and Leander":** a poem by Marlowe. The quotation is inexact, and may be a slam on Daniel, accused of plagiarism. 58. **dead:** Marlowe died in 1593.

Step. Body o' Cæsar, they are admirable!
The best that ever I heard, as I'm a soldier!

Re-enter Downright.

Down. I am vexed, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still.
'Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomiums, and devices; you may see what it is, to be the mistress of a wit that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drowned over head and ears in the deep well of desire. Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme and do tricks too.

Down. O monster! impudence itself! tricks!

Dame K. Tricks, brother! what tricks?

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks?

Dame K. Ay, never spare any body here; but say what tricks.

Brid. Passion of my heart, do tricks!

Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied! Why, you monkeys, you, what a caterwauling do you keep! Has he not given you rhymes, and verses, and tricks?

Down. O, the fiend!

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant; you'll be begged else shortly for a concealment; go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling, in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a teston at least. How now, gallants? Master Mathew! Captain! What, all sons of silence? No spirit?

Down. Come, you might practice your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss; this is no tavern nor drinking school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now! whose cow has calved?

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, sir; you and your companions mend yourselves when I ha' done.

Wel. My companions?

Down. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I am not afraid of you, nor them either; your hangbyes here. You must

90. **vied and revied:** terms used in gambling, like auction bidding. 94. **take it in snuff:** be offended. 96. **concealment:** i.e., for holding something illegally. 98. **teston:** sixpence. 102. **wuss:** y-wis, surely. 104. **whose cow, etc.:** Who is bragging?

have your poets and your potlings, your soldados and foolados to follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. — Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and Slops your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears? cut a whetstone! you are an ass, do you see! Touch any man here, and, by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea, that would I fain see, boy. [*They all draw.*

Dame K. O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brig. Help, help! Thomas!

Enter Cash *and some of the house to part them. The Women continue their cries.*

E. Know. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heaven! — Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.

[*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Down. You whoreson, bragging coystril!

Scene III. *The same.*

To them enter Kitely.

Kit. Why, how now! what's the matter, what's the stir here?
Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where is he?
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.
My wife and sister, they are cause of this.
What, Thomas! — Where is this knave?

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humors, this.

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his "ancient humor."

[*Exeunt all but those of the house.*

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

Down. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and

111. **potlings:** drinkers; or perhaps "little poets." 114. **Slops:** loose trousers, referring to Bobadill. 128. **coystril:** low servant.
11. **sort:** gang.

roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and "Songs and Sonnets," his fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent,
Too sudden, in your humor; and you know
My brother Wellbred's temper will not bear
Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence,
Where every slight disgrace he should receive
Might wound him in opinion, and respect.

Down. Respect! what talk you of respect 'mong such,
As ha' no spark of manhood nor good manners?
'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you! respect! [*Exit.*

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demeaned himself.

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine? I would it were no worse, brother!
You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seemed to be a gentleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts.
[*Exeunt Dame Kitely and Bridget.*

Kit. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion!
"Fair disposition!" "excellent good parts!"
Death! these phrases are intolerable.
"Good parts!" how should she know his parts?
His parts! Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plain, too clear; — Thomas, come hither.
What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.
My mistress, and your sister —

Kit. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kit. What gentleman was that they praised so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Knowell, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kit. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much.
I'll die, but they have hid him i' the house
Somewhere; I'll go and search. — Go with me, Thomas;
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Lane before* COB'S *House.*

Enter COB.

Cob. (*Knocking.*) What, Tib! Tib, I say!

Tib. (*Within.*) How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard? (*She opens.*) O, husband! is't you? What's the news?

Cob. Nay, you have stunned me, i'faith; you ha' given me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me. Cuckold! 'Slid, cuckold!

Tib. Away, you fool! did I know it was you that knocked? Come, come, you may call me as bad when you list.

Cob. May I? — Tib, you are a whore.

Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie! and in my throat too! Do you long to be stabbed, ha?

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope.

Cob. O, must you be stabbed by a soldier? Mass, that's true! When was Bobadill here, your captain? that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullion? I'll tickle him, i' faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter, trow?

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously! But I have it here in black and white (*Touches it in his girdle*) for his black and blue shall pay him. O, the justice, the honestest old brave Trojan in London! I do honor the very flea of his dog. A plague on him though, he put me once in a villainous filthy fear; marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smoked soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door; I charge you, let nobody in to you, wife, nobody in to you; those are my words. Not Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend in his likeness; you are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore, keep the door shut upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter here without my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib, and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

17. **foist:** cut-purse. 17. **Burgullion:** swaggering bully. 26. **smoked:** scared.

Tib. Why, "sweet."

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower. [*Kissing her.* Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter E. Knowell, Wellbred, Stephen, *and* Brainworm, *disguised as before.*

E. Know. Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties. But, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir, fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have possessed me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir. Make it no question. [*Exit.*

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. — Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my agilities in this device?

E. Know. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent if it take.

Wel. Take, man! Why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not; but tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget, as thou pretend'st?

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Know. Nay, that, I am afraid, will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Know. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand, thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man, I'll bring her.

E. Know. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Well. Why, by — what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am —

E. Know. 'Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *A Street.*

Enter Formal *and* Knowell.

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?
Know. Ay, a knave,
I took him begging o' the way, this morning,
As I came over Moorfields.

Enter Brainworm, *disguised as before.*

O, here he is! — You've made fair speed, believe me;
Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus?
Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.
Know. How so?
Brai. O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch — indeed all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son as to yourself!
Know. How should that be, unless that villain, Brainworm,
Have told him of the letter, and discovered
All that I strictly charged him to conceal?
'Tis so.
Brai. I am partly o' the faith 'tis so, indeed.
Know. But, how should he know thee to be my man?
Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art. Is not your son a scholar, sir?
Know. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied
Unto such hellish practice; if it were,
I had just cause to weep my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.
But, where did'st thou find them, Fitz-Sword?
Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, "Master Knowell's man!" another cries "Soldier!" and thus half a dozen of 'em, till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seemed men, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany 'em; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get out of me (as, I protest,

they must ha' dissected, and made an anatomy o' me first, and so I told 'em), they locked me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence, by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I [40 heard it while I was locked up, there was a great many rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with 'em at a feast, and your son, Master Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your worship shall [45 be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Know. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.
Go thou, along with Justice Clement's man,
And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit Know-* [50 *well.*] Yes — invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air! O the sport that I should then take, to look on him, if I durst! But now, I mean to appear no more afore him [55 in this shape. I have another trick to act yet. O that I were so happy as to light on a nupson now of this justice's novice! — Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers. 60

Form. You ha' been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss; and expense of all, almost —

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it — 65

Brai. O, sir —

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars. They say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end. 70

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why, at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know; (*Aside.*) and more too somewhat.

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill; there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. [75 I pray you, sir, let me request you, to the Windmill.

36. **anatomy:** skeleton. 39. **bottom:** a ball. 57. **nupson:** simpleton. 70. **Mile-end:** military training-ground. 75. **neat:** colloquial for *liquor*. The name of the tavern suggests the *grist*.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir; (*Aside.*) and make grist o' you, if I have good luck. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A Street.*

Enter MATHEW, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, *and* STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were today, Master Wellbred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Know. We were now speaking of him; Captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention this morning, for that: — You shall kill him, beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick. [*Fences.*

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay! [*Practices at a post.*

Mat. Rare, captain!

Bob. Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a — *punto.*

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O, good sir! yes, I hope, he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travail for knowledge (in that mystery only) there came three or four of 'em to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools, and withal so much importuned me, that — I protest to you as I am a gentleman — I was ashamed of their rude demeanor out of all measure; well, I told 'em that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humor; but if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favor I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Know. So, sir, then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried! you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, showed them some two

13. **like lightning:** i.e., make a hit. 14. **hay:** like that. 16. ***punto:*** instant. 17. **prove:** try.

or three tricks of prevention, have purchased 'em since a credit to admiration. They cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? Because I am excellent; and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous, as ever I heard!

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary, where I have driven them afore me the whole length of the street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not o'ercome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em; yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, sir; and in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no! What's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen.

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself. But, were I known to her Majesty and the lords, — observe me, — I would undertake — upon this poor head and life — for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be, of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have, and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccata, your passada, your montanto;

42. **more:** greater. 45. **Turnbull, etc.:** disreputable suburbs. 51. **pismire:** ant. 59. **peculiar:** particular, individual.

till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, [80 or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honor, refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill, every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty [85 score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days, a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practiced upon us) by fair [90 and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state [95 then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me; if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind; but, I will bastinado him, by [100 the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Know. God's so, look where he is! yonder he goes.

[*Downright walks over the stage.*

Down. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals? 105

Bob. It's not he, is it?

E. Know. Yes faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hanged then, if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he. 110

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so; but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

Re-enter Downright.

But see, he is come again. 115

Down. O, "Pharaoh's foot," have I found you? Come, draw, to your tools; draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

86. **two hundred:** Bobadill is not strong in arithmetic.

Bob. Gentleman of valor, I do believe in thee, hear me —

Down. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it till now, body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Mathew.

Down. 'Sdeath! you will not draw then?

[*Cudgels him, disarms him, and throws him down. Mathew runs away.*

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favor, forbear!

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you! You'll "control the point," you! (*Looking about.*) Your consort is gone? Had he stayed he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other; but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself; that'll prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir. I desire your construction in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven! Sure, I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet; go, get you to a surgeon. (*Exit Bobadill.*) 'Slid! and these be your tricks, your passadas, and your montantos, I'll none of them. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em! Come, coz.

Step. Mass, I'll ha' this cloak.

E. Know. God's will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en't up as well as I. I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Know. How an he see it? He'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha' it; I'll say I bought it.

E. Know. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz.

[*Exeunt.*

120. **Tall:** brave. 127. **control:** beat it down.

SCENE VIII. *A Room in* KITELY'S *House.*

Enter KITELY, WELLBRED, Dame KITELY, *and* BRIDGET.

Kit. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,
T' incense his anger, and disturb the peace
Of my poor house, where there are sentinels
That every minute watch to give alarms
Of civil war, without adjection
Of your assistance or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you. Since there is no harm done, anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valor in obscurity is to keep himself as it were in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man, unless he fight? For indeed, all this my wise brother stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely.

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? So might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poisoned, for any thing he knows; or the wholesome wine he drank, even now at the table.

Kit. (*Aside.*) Now, God forbid! O me! now I remember,
My wife drank to me last, and changed the cup;
And bade me wear this curséd suit today.
See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscovered! —
I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,
Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me;
O, I am sick at heart! I burn, I burn.
If you will save my life, go fetch it me.

Wel. O strange humor! my very breath has poisoned him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do you mean?
The strength of these extreme conceits will kill you.

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Wellbred, now,
For putting such a toy into his head!

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? Will he be poisoned with a simile? — Brother Kitely, what a strange and idle imagination is this! For shame, be wiser. O' my soul, there's no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? How am I then not poisoned?
Am I not poisoned? How am I, then, so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

5. **adjection:** addition. 23. **mithridate:** an antidote for poison.

Enter Brainworm, *in* Formal's *clothes.*

Brai. Master Kitely, my master, Justice Clement, salutes you; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now, when I think I am sick, very sick! Well, I will wait upon his worship. — Thomas! Cob! (*Aside.*) I must seek them out, and set 'em sentinels till I return. — Thomas! Cob! Thomas! [*Exit.*

Wel. This is perfectly rare, Brainworm; but how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man? [*Takes him aside.*

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow the grist o' me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse; where I so marshaled him, that I made him drunk with admiration; and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stripped him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armor and an old brown bill to watch him, till my return; which shall be, when I ha' pawned his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brainworm; his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly, for here, tell him, the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and than the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away. [*Exit Brainworm.*

Re-enter Kitely, Cash *following.*

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. (*Takes him aside.*) Now, my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt have it; lay to both thine ears.
Hark what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas;
Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence to thy mistress;
If she would show him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow 'em, Thomas, or else hang on him,
And let him not go after; mark their looks;
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him;
But praise his leg; or foot; or if she say
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,

How hot it is; O, that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,
And if they do but whisper, break 'em off;
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

Kit. Why, I believe thee. — Where is Cob, now? Cob! [*Exit.*

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob. I wonder how he employs Cob so!

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in; but this, I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end? I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. — Thomas, fetch your cloak and go with me. (*Exit Cash.*) I'll after him presently; I would to fortune I could take him there, i' faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! [*Exit.*

Wel. So, let 'em go; this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching. But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties; and I am sure they will abide the touch; an they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I! and it touches me too in part, though not in the — Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honor of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister. There's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul, he loves you. Will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine own

108. **ceruse:** a cosmetic for whitening the skin.

constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man; but this motion of yours savors of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.

Well. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is returned to hinder us!

Re-enter Kitely.

Kit. What villainy is this? Called out on a false message! This was some plot! I was not sent for. — Bridget, Where's your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? Whither, for God's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit. Abroad with Thomas! O, that villain dors me; He hath discovered all unto my wife! Beast that I was, to trust him! whither, I pray you, Went she?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I'll tell you, brother, Whither I suspect she's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe; but, keep my counsel.

Kit. I will, I will; to Cob's house? Doth she haunt Cob's? She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favor, Hath told her all. [*Exit.*

Wel. Come, he is once more gone, Sister, let's lose no time; the affair is worth it. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX. *A Street.*

Enter Mathew *and* Bobadill.

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away? ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments; and that's all.

Mat. Why, so! but what can they say of your beating?

125. **squire:** a pander. 133. **dors:** fools.

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that's all.

Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say?

Bob. Tut! I assure you, no; you shall have there your nobilis, your gentilezza, come in bravely upon your "reverse," stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your "retricato" with his left leg, come to the "assalto" with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood. But, wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter; fascinated; but I will be unwitched and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear? Is't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested, and brought before Justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss; would we had it!

Enter Brainworm *still as* Formal.

Mat. Why, here comes his man, let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Mat. Save you, sir!

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law; now, if you would do us the favor to procure a warrant to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favors as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? He asks a brace of angels; you have no money?

Bob. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish; let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn? we have none to the value of his demand.

33. **preferment:** i.e., for himself. 42. **cross:** penny.

Mat. O, yes. I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be missed; it must be done now.

Bob. Well, and there be no remedy; I'll step aside and pull 'em off. [*Withdraws.*

Mat. Do you hear, sir? We have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, this jewel and that gentleman's silk stockings; because we would have it dispatched ere we went to our chambers.

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently, what's his name, say you? Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brai. What manner of man is he?

Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk russet, laid about with russet lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. (*Returning.*) And here are stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but, who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain; that must be considered.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not; 'tis service of danger!

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets o' the city, a serjeant; I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. You will, sir? Why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt Bobadill and Mathew.*

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Downright for the arrest. [*Exit.*

Scene X. *The Lane before* Cob's *House.*

Enter Knowell

Know. O, here it is; I am glad I have found it now. Ho! who is within here? [*Knocking.*

Tib. (*Within.*) I am within, sir. What's your pleasure?

Know. To know who is within, besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Know. O! fear you the constable? Then I doubt not

69. **varlet:** bailiff.

You have some guests within deserve that fear;
I'll fetch him straight. [*Tib opens.*
Tib. O' God's name, sir!
Know. Go to. Come, tell me, is not young Knowell here?
Tib. Young Knowell? I know none such, sir, o' mine honesty.
Know. Your honesty? Dame, it flies too lightly from you;
There is no way but fetch the constable.
Tib. The constable? The man is mad, I think.
[*Claps to the door.*

Enter Dame Kitely *and* Cash.

Cash. Ho! who keeps house here?
Know. O, this is the female copesmate of my son;
Now shall I meet him straight.
Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.
Cash. Ho, goodwife! [*Tib slightly re-opens door.*
Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?
Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door?
Belike you get something to keep it shut.
Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye?
Dame K. So strange you make it! Is not my husband here?
Know. Her husband!
Dame K. My tried husband, Master Kitely?
Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.
Dame K. No, dame; he does it not for need, but pleasure.
Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.
Know. This is but a device to balk me withal.

Enter Kitely, *muffled in his cloak.*

Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my son disguised?
Dame K. (*Spies her husband, and runs to him.*) O, sir, have I forestalled your honest market?
Found your close walks? You stand amazed now, do you?
I'faith, I'm glad I have smoked you yet at last.
What is your jewel, trow? In; come, let's see her; —
Fetch forth your huswife, dame; — if she be fairer,
In any honest judgment, than myself,
I'll be content with it; but she is change,

15. **copesmate:** companion. 29. **close:** secret. 30. **smoked:** discovered.

She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
And you are well! Your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir! O, you treachor!
Know. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.
Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,
Close at your villainy, and wouldst thou 'scuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me? —
O, old incontinent, (*To Knowell.*) dost not thou shame,
When all thy powers in chastity is spent,
To have a mind so hot, and to entice,
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman?
Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch!
Kit. Defy me, strumpet? Ask thy pander here,
[*Pointing to Thomas.*
Can he deny it? or that wicked elder?
Know. Why, hear you, sir.
Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never speak.
Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.
Know. What lunacy is this that haunts this man?
Kit. Well, good wife ba'd, Cob's wife, and you,
That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy; —
And you, young apple-squire — and old cuckold-maker;
I'll ha' you every one before a justice;
Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.
Know. Marry, with all my heart, sir. I go willingly;
Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
And half forgive my son, for the device.
Kit. Come, will you go?
Dame K. Go! to thy shame believe it.

Enter Cob.

Cob. Why, what's the matter here, what's here to do?
Kit. O, Cob, art thou come? I have been abused,
And i' thy house; never was man so wronged!
Cob. 'Slid, in my house, my Master Kitely? Who wrongs you in my house?
Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young here:
Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken 'em.

37. **sod:** boiled. 37. **treachor:** traitor. 56. **hoddy-doddy:** dupe.

Cob. How? bawd? is my house come to that? Am I preferred thither? (*Beats his wife.*) Did I charge you to keep your doors shut, Is'bel? and do you let 'em lie open for all comers?

Know. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife,
This 's madness in thee.

Cob. Why, is there no cause?

Kit. Yes, I'll show cause before the justice, Cob.
Come, let her go with me.

Cob. Nay, she shall go.

Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see an you may be allowed to make a bundle o' hemp o' your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do you not go?

Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we'll ha' you tamed.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene XI. *A Street.*

Enter Brainworm *disguised as a City Serjeant.*

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says he 'rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven I come well off!

Enter Mathew *and* Bobadill.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.

Bob. Let's go in quest of him.

Mat. 'Save you, friend! are not you here by appointment of Justice Clement's man?

Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me two gentlemen had willed him to procure a warrant from his master (which I have about me) to be served on one Downright.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see, where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware.

Bob. Bear back, Master Mathew.

Enter Stephen *in* Downright's *cloak.*

Brai. Master Downright, I arrest you i' the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice, by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend? I am no Downright, I. I am Master Stephen. You do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly; I am in nobody's bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!

Brai. Why, now are you deceived, gentlemen!

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us; but see, here a' comes indeed! this is he, officer.

Enter Downright.

Down. Why, how now, Signior gull! Are you turned filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir? I bought it even now, in open market.

Brai. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen! these rascals!

[*Raises his cudgel.*

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. Go before Master Justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir. I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain.

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore Heaven!

[*Exeunt Bobadill and Mathew.*

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloak.

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? What would you have?

Down. I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, I'll take your word; and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words taken; bring him along.

41. **make:** prepare.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that; I may take bail.

Down. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose, at another time. But you shall not, now, varlet. Bring him along or I'll swinge you. [*Raises cudgel.*

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case. Here's your money again.

Down. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

Down. Yet more ado.

Brai. (*Aside.*) I have made a fair mash on't.

Step. Must I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

Down. Come along afore me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. — Can he, fellow?

Brai. I think not, sir; it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why, then let him do his worst, I am resolute.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *Coleman Street. A Hall in* Justice CLEMENT'S *House.*

Enter CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITELY, Dame KITELY, TIB, COB, *and* Servants.

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave; — my chair, sirrah. — You, Master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?

Know. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Know. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Know. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk! about what time was this?

Know. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kitely?

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good; but, Mistress Kitely, how chance that you were at Cob's? Ha?

Dame K. An' please you, sir, I'll tell you; my brother Wellbred told me that Cob's house was a suspected place —

Clem. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used thither, daily.

Clem. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True, sir, but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kitely; but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected?

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so? That alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Clem. How? Wellbred first tell her, then tell you after? Where is Wellbred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this a mere trick, a device; you are gulled in this most grossly, all! — Alas, poor wench, wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, an't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so.

Clem. Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence. —

Enter a Servant.

How now, sir? what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what's he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! Take down my armor, my sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves! Come on, come on, hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword; — stand by, I will end your matters anon. — Let the soldier enter. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Bobadill, *followed by* Mathew.

Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

47. **gorget:** throat armor.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Bob. By your worship's favor — [*Approaches him.*

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence; you send me word, sir, you are a soldier; why, sir, you shall be answered here; here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wronged and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow about the town here; and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humor of quarreling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace; [10 despoiled me of mine honor; disarmed me of my weapons; and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here, take my armor off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is [15 not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has [20 brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant?

Serv. Yes, sir. The officer says, procured by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. (*Exit Servant.*) Set by this picture.

SCENE III. *The Same.*

To them enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, *with* BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

What, Master Downright! Are you brought at Master Freshwater's suit here?

Down. I'faith, sir. And here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. — O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! Who? Master Knowell?

25. **picture:** i.e., Bobadill.

1. **Freshwater:** a soldier who had not crossed the sea.

Know. Ay, sir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wronged here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. O, did you "find it," now? You said, you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said, I stole it; nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile. — You that have cause to complain there, stand forth; had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so; where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an my clerk can make warrants and my hand not at 'em! Where is the warrant? — Officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir; your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be served and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No! how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so —

Clem. O, God's pity was it so, sir? "He must serve it!" Give me my long sword there, and help me off; so. Come on, sir varlet, I "must" cut off your legs, sirrah (*Brainworm kneels*); nay, stand up, "I'll use you kindly"; — I "must" cut off your legs, I say.

[*Flourishes over him with his long sword.*

Brai. (*Kneeling again.*) O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good Master Justice!

Clem. I "must" do it; there is no remedy. I "must" cut off your legs, sirrah — I "must" cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it — I "must" cut off your nose — I "must" cut off your head.

Brai. O, good your worship!

Clem. Well, rise; how dost thou do now? Dost thou feel thyself well? Hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why, so! I said "I must cut off thy legs," and "I

20. **passion:** pathetically.

must cut off thy arms," and "I must cut off thy head"; but I did not do it; so you said, "you must serve this gentleman with my warrant," but, you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you "must," ? Sirrah! Away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your "must," sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail, — away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this; I will not lose by my travail any grain of my fame, certain. [*Takes off his disguises.*

Clem. How is this!

Know. My man Brainworm!

Step. O yes, uncle; Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! — give me a bowl of sack. If he belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it, I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Know. Sir, you know I love not to have my favors come hard from me. You have your pardon; though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself: first, as Brainworm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reformed soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Know. Is it possible? or that thou shouldst disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone that I have run through today. I brought this gentleman, Master Kitely, a message too, in the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship, while Master Wellbred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! my sister stolen away?

Know. My son is not married, I hope.

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound — which is her portion — can make 'em; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-

supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Marry, that will I (I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. — Sirrah, go you and fetch 'em hither, "upon my warrant." [*Exit Servant.*] Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. — Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, — but all in kindness — and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein, departed, sold "your worship's warrant" to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off, this is my sentence: — Pledge me. — Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit o' the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him, for't. — How now, what noise is that?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

Scene IV. *The same.*

To them enter Formal, *in a suit of armor.*

What! drunk? In arms against me? Your reason, your reason for this?

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happened into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stripped me of all my clothes.

Clem. Well, tell him I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him; — but what is this to your armor? What may that signify?

Form. An't please you, sir, it hung up i' the room, where I was stripped; and I borrowed it of one o' the drawers to

113. **ingine:** wit.

come home in, because I was loath to do penance through the street i' my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while.

Scene V. *The same.*

To them enter E. Knowell, Wellbred, *and* Bridget.

Who be these? O, the young company; — welcome, welcome! Gi' you joy. Nay, Mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I ha' made your peace, give me your hand; so will I for all the rest ere you forsake my roof.

E. Know. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'em, they are no part of my care.

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister, the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir; below the stairs, and in public: — her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet? I will challenge him myself presently at extempore.

Mount up thy Phlegon, Muse, and testify
How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud,
Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,
And through the welkin thundered all aloud.

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir. He is all for the pocket-muse; please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein.

[*They search Mathew's pockets.*

Wel. You must not deny the Queen's Justice, sir, under a writ o' rebellion.

Clem. What! all this verse? Body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in's hose; let's see some of his subjects. [*Reads.*

Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,
Runs this poor river, charged with streams of eyes.

How! This is stolen.

E. Know. A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

7. **these two:** Mathew and Bobadill. 16. **Phlegon:** one of the horses of the Sun. 18. **podex:** rump. 26. **realm:** pun on *ream.* 29. **eyes:** These lines parody the first two lines of Daniel's *Sonnet to Delia.*

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? — Bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. — Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines! brighter, and brighter! still it increases! O, now it's at the highest; and now, it declines as fast. You may see. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Know. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies!

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet than a sheriff. Master Kitely, you look upon me! Though I live i' the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor — out of his year. But these paper-pedlars! these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach. They have it with the fact.

E. Know. Sir, you have saved me the labor of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these; — you sign o' the soldier, and picture o' the poet, (but both so false, I will not ha' you hanged out at my door till mid-night,) while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court, without; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you; he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated! — Why, sir, you shall give Master Downright his cloak; and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have, i' the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavor with your wit to keep 'em so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, Master Downright, your anger;

59. **third:** Formal. 60. **provided:** He is still in armor

you, Master Knowell, your cares; Master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy.
For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns i' the mind are worse than o' the head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me; — kiss me, sweetheart.
See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Winged with my cleanséd and my cred'lous breath!
Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, see! on heads, that think they've none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this will come!
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.
I ha' learned so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom, take your bride and lead; — every one, a fellow. Here is my mistress, — Brainworm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference; whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause. [*Exeunt.*

NOTE

In the annals of the Elizabethan drama the decade between 1590 and 1600 marks a sort of peak, with romantic comedy in full swing, and tragedy, finally freed from all Senecan restraints through the spectacular successes of Marlowe, was about to blossom forth into a *Julius Caesar* and a *Hamlet*. But the supremacy of romance was not to go unchallenged. Ben Jonson, the greatest scholar and keenest critic of his day, felt toward comedy much as Marlowe had felt toward tragedy. As a classical scholar, Jonson's theories of the drama and poetry were determined by Aristotle, Horace, and Quintilian, and he was exceedingly impatient with the extravagancies of current productions, especially their remoteness from reality in style and subject matter. Like Marlowe, he became a militant innovator, as the Prologue to his first play clearly indicates. The violation of the so-called dramatic unities of Aristotle particularly irritated Jonson, and accordingly his first comedy was to be a model of form and style. In *Every Man in His Humor*, therefore, we find that the action is confined to London, that it all takes place in one day, and as there is only the slightest pretence to a plot, the third of the unities remains intact also.

For a young man of twenty-five, *Every Man in His Humor* is a remarkably mature piece of work, but Jonson was one of the many factotums of Henslowe and must have had considerable experience as an actor, as a reviser of other men's plays, and as a general utility man in the production of plays. When he was ready to write his own first comedy he knew that he did not want to do what his fellow-dramatists were doing. To break away from the comedy of incident and situation he deliberately

chose that of character, in which the emphasis is more upon what a person *is* than upon what he *does*, and further, he determined that his plays should "show an image of the times." Humor on the stage was of many varieties, as exemplified in the history of English drama from the time of the Miracle plays, but Jonson created a new type, that which is inherent in the character himself.

In *Every Man in His Humor* the scene is contemporary London. At the time the word "humor" was a fashionable term for any foible, eccentricity, affectation, or oddity of conduct and manners, and all such were supposed to have their foundation in a human being's physical constitution. By holding these idiosyncrasies up to scorn Jonson secured his comic effects. The success of his first effort was such that he stuck to his original purpose in all his comedies, the only deviation being that in later plays his satire became more biting than in the first one. Jonson's purpose was really twofold, not only to make fun of human frailties but to correct them, and in *Every Man in His Humor* he is less the moralist and more the entertainer. He depends almost entirely upon the "humors" for his effects, although the activities of Brainworm in his various disguises also help to make the reader forget that there is practically no plot to the play.

The supreme glory of the play is of course Captain Bobadill, the swashbuckling braggart soldier. He is funny chiefly because he takes himself seriously. He hasn't a grain of the saving sense of humor, and yet he is not like Ralph Roister Doister, who was merely stupid. Bobadill is a careful but unmitigated liar, one who consciously assumed an air of melancholy over the fact that the world was so benighted that it could not possibly appreciate what a wonderful fellow he was. When he is finally unmasked he is helpless. Unlike Falstaff, of whom one thinks in this connection, he is unable to laugh at his own discomfiture or drown it in numberless cups of sack, for Bobadill is absteminous to a degree. When Justice Clement gets through with him he is simply finished, almost an object of pity as he stands in the court while the more favored persons of the play make merry at supper.

Of the other characters the most interesting are Brainworm, Cob, and the two gulls, Stephen and Mathew. All four of these offered excellent chances for good acting, but it seems that among actors Kitely was a favorite rôle, at least in the eighteenth and nineteenth century revivals, but Charles Dickens, in an amateur production in 1845, took the part of Bobadill, and, according to report, did it most acceptably.

The first version of *Every Man in His Humor* had an Italian setting and the names of the characters were Italian. This was quite in the manner of the day when it was still the fashion to lay the scenes of plays in foreign lands, especially Italy, but this custom was going out, and Jonson never again deserted London in his comedies. He changed the 1598 version to London, but when is not known. In 1616 he published a folio edition of his plays and in this the revised version, as given here, was printed. In a note to the play he says that the play was first produced at the Globe by "the then Lord Chamberlain his Servants," and that "the principal comedians were Will. Shakespeare, Aug. Philips, Hen. Condel, Will. Slye, Will. Kempe, Ric. Burbage, Joh. Hemings, Tho. Pope, Chr. Beeston, Joh. Duke." Unfortunately he gives no reason for having the Burbage-Shakespeare Company produce his first play instead of

his employer Henslowe, nor does he give a clue as to what parts were assigned to the various actors.

There is no complete modern edition of Jonson, although one has been announced by the Oxford University Press. The first complete text, aside from the original folios, was that of Gifford, first printed in 1816. Many of the plays have been published, either individually or in groups, in modern drama series, the best as well as the most comprehensive being that in the Mermaid Series, 3 vols.

THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY

By Thomas Dekker.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The King.
The Earl of Cornwall.
Sir Hugh Lacy, Earl of Lincoln.
Rowland Lacy, otherwise Hans, } His Nephews.
Askew, }
Sir Roger Oateley, Lord Mayor of London.
Master Hammon, } Citizens of
Master Warner, } London.
Master Scott, }
Simon Eyre, the Shoemaker.
Roger, commonly called Hodge, } Eyre's
Firk, } Journeymen.
Ralph, }
Lovell, a Courtier.
Dodger, Servant to the Earl of Lincoln.
A Dutch Skipper.
A Boy.

Rose, Daughter of Sir Roger.
Sybil, her Maid.
Margery, Wife of Simon Eyre.
Jane, Wife of Ralph.

Courtiers, Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Hunters, Shoemakers, Apprentices, Servants.

Scene. — *London and Old Ford.*

The Prologue

As it was pronounced before the Queen's Majesty

As wretches in a storm, expecting day,
With trembling hands and eyes cast up to heaven,
Make prayers the anchor of their conquered hopes,
So we, dear goddess, wonder of all eyes,
Your meanest vassals, through mistrust and fear
To sink into the bottom of disgrace
By our imperfect pastimes, prostrate thus
On bended knees, our sails of hope do strike,
Dreading the bitter storms of your dislike.
Since then, unhappy men, our hap is such
That to ourselves ourselves no help can bring,
But needs must perish, if your saint-like ears,
Locking the temple where all mercy sits,
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues;
Oh grant, bright mirror of true chastity,
From those life-breathing stars, your sun-like eyes,
One gracious smile; for your celestial breath
Must send us life, or sentence us to death.

ACT I

Scene I. *A Street in London.*

Enter the Lord Mayor *and the* Earl of Lincoln.

Lincoln. My lord mayor, you have sundry times
Feasted myself and many courtiers more;
Seldom or never can we be so kind
To make requital of your courtesy.
But leaving this, I hear my cousin Lacy
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.
L. Mayor. True, my good lord, and she loves him so well
That I mislike her boldness in the chase.
Linc. Why, my lord mayor, think you it then a shame,
To join a Lacy with an Oateley's name?
L. Mayor. Too mean is my poor girl for his high birth;
Poor citizens must not with courtiers wed,
Who will in silks and gay apparel spend
More in one year than I am worth, by far;
Therefore your honor need not doubt my girl.
Linc. Take heed, my lord, advise you what you do!
A verier unthrift lives not in the world,
Than is my cousin; for I'll tell you what:
'Tis now almost a year since he requested
To travel countries for experience;
I furnished him with coin, bills of exchange,
Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
Solicited my friends in Italy
Well to respect him. But to see the end,
Scant had he journeyed through half Germany,
But all his coin was spent, his men cast off,
His bills embezzled, and my jolly coz,
Ashamed to show his bankrupt presence here,
Became a shoemaker in Wittenberg,
A goodly science for a gentleman
Of such descent! Now judge the rest by this:
Suppose your daughter have a thousand pound,
He did consume me more in one half year;
And make him heir to all the wealth you have,
One twelvemonth's rioting will waste it all.
Then seek, my lord, some honest citizen

6. **affected to:** in love with. 15. **doubt:** fear. 18. **cousin:** any relative, often abbreviated to coz. 27. **embezzled:** squandered.

To wed your daughter to.
L. Mayor. I thank your lordship.
(*Aside.*) Well, fox, I understand your subtilty. —
As for your nephew, let your lordship's eye
But watch his actions, and you need not fear,
For I have sent my daughter far enough.
And yet your cousin Rowland might do well,
Now he hath learned an occupation;
And yet I scorn to call him son-in-law.
Linc. Ay, but I have a better trade for him.
I thank his grace, he hath appointed him
Chief colonel of all those companies
Mustered in London and the shires about,
To serve his highness in those wars of France.
See where he comes! —

Enter Lovell, Lacy, *and* Askew.

Lovell, what news with you?
Lov. My Lord of Lincoln, 'tis his highness' will,
That presently your cousin ship for France
With all his powers; he would not for a million,
But they should land at Dieppe within four days.
Linc. Go certify his grace, it shall be done.
[*Exit Lovell.*
Now, cousin Lacy, in what forwardness
Are all your companies?
Lacy. All well prepared.
The men of Hertfordshire lie at Mile-end,
Suffolk and Essex train in Tothill-fields,
The Londoners and those of Middlesex,
All gallantly prepared in Finsbury,
With frolic spirits long for their parting hour.
L. Mayor. They have their imprest, coats, and furniture;
And, if it please your cousin Lacy come
To the Guildhall, he shall receive his pay;
And twenty pounds besides my brethren
Will freely give him, to approve our loves
We bear unto my lord, your uncle here.
Lacy. I thank your honor.
Linc. Thanks, my good lord mayor.
L. Mayor. At the Guildhall we will expect your coming.
[*Exit.*

63. **imprest:** advance pay. 63. **furniture:** equipment for war.

Linc. To approve your loves to me? No subtilty!
Nephew, that twenty pound he doth bestow
For joy to rid you from his daughter Rose.
But, cousins both, now here are none but friends,
I would not have you cast an amorous eye
Upon so mean a project as the love
Of a gay, wanton, painted citizen.
I know, this churl even in the height of scorn
Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine.
I pray thee, do thou so! Remember, coz,
What honorable fortunes wait on thee.
Increase the king's love, which so brightly shines,
And gilds thy hopes. I have no heir but thee, —
And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit
Thou start from the true bias of my love.
Lacy. My lord, I will for honor, not desire
Of land or livings, or to be your heir,
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
As shall add glory to the Lacys' name.
Linc. Coz, for those words here's thirty Portuguese,
And, nephew Askew, there's a few for you.
Fair Honor, in her loftiest eminence,
Stays in France for you, till you fetch her thence.
Then, nephews, clap swift wings on your designs.
Begone, begone, make haste to the Guildhall;
There presently I'll meet you. Do not stay;
Where honor beckons, shame attends delay. [*Exit.*
Askew. How gladly would your uncle have you gone!
Lacy. True, coz, but I'll o'erreach his policies.
I have some serious business for three days,
Which nothing but my presence can dispatch.
You, therefore, cousin, with the companies,
Shall haste to Dover; there I'll meet with you;
Or, if I stay past my prefixéd time,
Away for France; we'll meet in Normandy.
The twenty pounds my lord mayor gives to me
You shall receive, and these ten Portuguese,
Part of mine uncle's thirty. Gentle coz,
Have care to our great charge; I know, your wisdom
Hath tried itself in higher consequence.
Askew. Coz, all myself am yours; yet have this care,
To lodge in London with all secrecy;
Our uncle Lincoln hath, besides his own,

85. **bias:** inclination. 90. **Portuguese:** a gold coin worth about $20.

Many a jealous eye, that in your face
Stares only to watch means for your disgrace.
Lacy. Stay, cousin, who be these?

Enter Simon Eyre, Margery *his wife,* Hodge, Firk, Jane, *and* Ralph *with a piece.*

Eyre. Leave whining, leave whining! Away with this whimpering, this puling, these blubbering tears, and these wet eyes! I'll get thy husband discharged, I warrant thee, sweet Jane; go to!

Hodge. Master, here be the captains.

Eyre. Peace, Hodge; husht, ye knave, husht!

Firk. Here be the cavaliers and the colonels, master.

Eyre. Peace, Firk; peace, my fine Firk! Stand by with your pishery-pashery, away! I am a man of the best presence; I'll speak to them, an they were Popes. — Gentlemen, captains, colonels, commanders! Brave men, brave leaders, may it please you to give me audience. I am Simon Eyre, the mad shoemaker of Tower Street; this wench with the mealy mouth that will never tire is my wife, I can tell you; here's Hodge, my man and my foreman; here's Firk, my fine firking journeyman, and this is blubbered Jane. All we come to be suitors for this honest Ralph. Keep him at home, and as I am a true shoemaker and a gentleman of the Gentle Craft, buy spurs yourselves, and I'll find ye boots these seven years.

Marg. Seven years, husband?

Eyre. Peace, midriff, peace! I know what I do. Peace!

Firk. Truly, master cormorant, you shall do God good service to let Ralph and his wife stay together. She's a young new-married woman; if you take her husband away from her a night, you undo her; she may beg in the daytime; for he's as good a workman at a prick and an awl as any is in our trade.

Jane. O let him stay, else I shall be undone.

Firk. Ay, truly, she shall be laid at one side like a pair of old shoes else, and be occupied for no use.

Lacy. Truly, my friends, it lies not in my power;

Stage direction, **piece:** i.e., of work, probably a pair of shoes. 125. **pishery-pashery:** idle chatter. 132. **firking:** frisky or tricky. 134. **Gentle Craft:** Greene, in *George-à-Greene* (1592), says: "You shall no more be called Shoemakers, but you and yours to the world's end shall be called the trade of the Gentle Craft." 139. **cormorant:** quibble on colonel.

The Londoners are pressed, paid, and set forth
By the lord mayor; I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why, then you were as good be a corporal as a colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow; and I tell you true, I think you do more than you can answer, to press a man within a year and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Well said, melancholy Hodge; gramercy, my fine foreman.

Marg. Truly, gentlemen, it were ill done for such as you, to stand so stiffly against a poor young wife; considering her case, she is new-married, but let that pass. I pray, deal not roughly with her; her husband is a young man, and but newly entered, but let that pass.

Eyre. Away with your pishery-pashery, your pols and your edipols! Peace, midriff; silence, Cicely Bumtrinket! Let your head speak.

Firk. Yea, and the horns too, master.

Eyre. Too soon, my fine Firk, too soon! Peace, scoundrels! See you this man? Captains, you will not release him? Well, let him go; he's a proper shot; let him vanish! Peace, Jane, dry up thy tears, they'll make his powder dankish. Take him, brave men; Hector of Troy was an hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant scoundrels, Prince Arthur's Round-table — by the Lord of Ludgate — ne'er fed such a tall, such a dapper swordsman; by the life of Pharaoh, a brave, resolute swordsman! Peace, Jane! I say no more, mad knaves.

Firk. See, see, Hodge, how my master raves in commendation of Ralph!

Hodge. Ralph, th' art a gull, by this hand, an thou goest not.

Askew. I am glad, good Master Eyre, it is my hap
To meet so resolute a soldier.
Trust me, for your report and love to him,
A common slight regard shall not respect him.

Lacy. Is thy name Ralph?

Ralph. Yes, sir.

Lacy. Give me thy hand;
Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman.
Woman, be patient; God, no doubt, will send
Thy husband safe again; but he must go,
His country's quarrel says it shall be so.

149. **pressed:** impressed into service. 162. **pols and edipols:** oaths often found in Latin comedies, shortened from "By Pollux." 169. **dankish:** damp. 170. **hackney:** common drudge. 171. **Termagant:** a supposed Mohammedan god, frequently mentioned in early plays, and always as loud-mouthed and violent. 172. **tall:** brave. 177. **gull:** fool.

Hodge. Th' art a gull, by my stirrup, if thou dost not go. I will not have thee strike thy gimlet into these weak vessels; prick thine enemies. Ralph.

Enter Dodger.

Dodger. My lord, your uncle on the Tower-hill
Stays with the lord mayor and the aldermen,
And doth request you with all speed you may,
To hasten thither.

Askew. Cousin, let's go.

Lacy. Dodger, run you before, tell them we come. — [*Exit Dodger.*

This Dodger is mine uncle's parasite,
The arrant'st varlet that e'er breathed on earth;
He sets more discord in a noble house
By one day's broaching of his pickthank tales,
Than can be salved again in twenty years,
And he, I fear, shall go with us to France,
To pry into our actions.

Askew. Therefore, coz,
It shall behove you to be circumspect.

Lacy. Fear not, good cousin. — Ralph, hie to your colors. [*Exit Lacy and Askew.*

Ralph. I must, because there is no remedy;
But, gentle master and my loving dame,
As you have always been a friend to me,
So in my absence think upon my wife.

Jane. Alas, my Ralph.

Marg. She cannot speak for weeping.

Eyre. Peace, you cracked groats, you mustard tokens, disquiet not the brave soldier. Go thy ways, Ralph!

Jane. Ay, ay, you bid him go; what shall I do
When he is gone?

Firk. Why, be doing with me or my fellow Hodge; be not idle.

Eyre. Let me see thy hand, Jane. This fine hand, this white hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must card, must work; work, you bombast-cotton-candle-quean; work for your living, with a pox to you. — Hold thee, Ralph, here's five sixpences for thee; fight for the honor of the Gentle Craft, for the

196. **parasite:** one who lives on others by performing all sorts of mean and menial services. 199. **pickthank tales:** told to please and gain favor thereby. 210. **cracked groats:** worthless four-penny pieces. 210. **mustard token:** a coupon given to buyers of mustard, similar to our trading-stamps; hence of small value.

gentlemen shoemakers, the courageous cordwainers, the flower of St. Martin's, the mad knaves of Bedlam, Fleet Street, Tower Street and Whitechapel; crack me the crowns of the French knaves; a pox on them, crack them; fight, by the Lord of Ludgate; fight, my fine boy!

Firk. Here, Ralph, here's three twopences; two carry into France, the third shall wash our souls at parting, for sorrow is dry. For my sake, firk the *Basa mon cues.*

Hodge. Ralph, I am heavy at parting; but here's a shilling for thee. God send thee to cram thy slops with French crowns, and thy enemies' bellies with bullets.

Ralph. I thank you, master, and I thank you all.
Now, gentle wife, my loving lovely Jane,
Rich men, at parting, give their wives rich gifts,
Jewels and rings, to grace their lily hands.
Thou know'st our trade makes rings for women's heels;
Here take this pair of shoes, cut out by Hodge,
Stitched by my fellow Firk, seamed by myself,
Made up and pinked with letters for thy name.
Wear them, my dear Jane, for thy husband's sake,
And every morning when thou pull'st them on,
Remember me, and pray for my return.
Make much of them; for I have made them so,
That I can know them from a thousand mo.

[*Drum sounds. Enter the* Lord Mayor, *the* Earl of Lincoln, Lacy, Askew, Dodger, *and* Soldiers. *They pass over the stage;* Ralph *falls in amongst them;* Firk *and the rest cry* "Farewell," &c., *and so exeunt.*

ACT II

Scene I. *A Garden at Old Ford.*

Enter Rose, *alone, making a garland.*

Rose. Here sit thou down upon this flow'ry bank,
And make a garland for thy Lacy's head.
These pinks, these roses, and these violets,
These blushing gilliflowers, these marigolds,
The fair embroidery of his coronet,

228. ***Basa,* etc.:** i.e., "Down with the French." 230. **slops:** short wide trunk-hose or breeches. 239. **pinked:** pricked or punched. 244. **mo:** more. *Scene,* **Old Ford:** then a suburb, now a part of London.

Carry not half such beauty in their cheeks,
As the sweet countenance of my Lacy doth.
O my most unkind father! O my stars,
Why lowered you so at my nativity,
To make me love, yet live robbed of my love?
Here as a thief am I imprisonéd
For my dear Lacy's sake within those walls,
Which by my father's cost were builded up
For better purposes; here must I languish
For him that doth as much lament, I know,
Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Enter Sybil.

Sybil. Good morrow, young mistress. I am sure you make that garland for me, against I shall be Lady of the Harvest.

Rose. Sybil, what news at London?

Sybil. None but good; my lord mayor, your father, and Master Philpot, your uncle, and Master Scott, your cousin, and Mistress Frigbottom by Doctors' Commons, do all, by my troth, send you most hearty commendations.

Rose. Did Lacy send kind greetings to his love?

Sybil. O yes, out of cry, by my troth. I scant knew him; here 'a wore a scarf; and here a scarf, here a bunch of feathers, and here precious stones and jewels, and a pair of garters, — O, monstrous! like one of our yellow silk curtains at home here in Old Ford house, here in Master Bellymount's chamber. I stood at our door in Cornhill, looked at him, he at me indeed, spake to him, but he not to me, not a word; marry go-up, thought I, with a wanion! He passed by me as proud — Marry foh! are you grown humorous, thought I; and so shut the door, and in I came.

Rose. O Sybil, how dost thou my Lacy wrong!
My Rowland is as gentle as a lamb,
No dove was ever half so mild as he.

Sybil. Mild? yea, as a bushel of stamped crabs. He looked upon me as sour as verjuice. Go thy ways, thought I; thou may'st be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my nether-stocks. This is your fault, mistress, to love him that loves not you; he thinks scorn to do as he's done to; but if I were as

18. **against:** for the time when. 25. **out of cry:** beyond measure. 32. **wanion:** vengeance. 33. **humorous:** capricious. 38. **stamped crabs:** crushed crab apples. 39. **verjuice:** juice of green fruits. 40. **gaskins:** wide breeches first worn by the Gascons. 40. **nether-stocks:** stockings. The meaning of the whole sentence may be, "I know you but it doesn't mean anything."

you, I'd cry, " Go by, Jeronimo, go by! "
I'd set mine old debts against my new driblets,
And the hare's foot against the goose giblets,
For if ever I sigh, when sleep I should take,
Pray God I may lose my maidenhead when I wake.

Rose. Will my love leave me then, and go to France?

Sybil. I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalk before the soldiers. By my troth, he is a proper man; but he is proper that proper doth. Let him go snick up, young mistress.

Rose. Get thee to London, and learn perfectly,
Whether my Lacy go to France, or no.
Do this, and I will give thee for thy pains
My cambric apron and my Romish gloves,
My purple stockings and a stomacher.
Say, wilt thou do this, Sybil, for my sake?

Sybil. Will I, quoth'a? At whose suit? By my troth, yes, I'll go. A cambric apron, gloves, a pair of purple stockings, and a stomacher! I'll sweat in purple, mistress, for you; I'll take anything that comes a' God's name. O rich! a cambric apron! Faith, then have at " up tails all." I'll go jiggy-joggy to London, and be here in a trice, young mistress. [*Exit.*

Rose. Do so, good Sybil. Meantime wretched I
Will sit and sigh for his lost company. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *A Street in London.*

Enter Rowland Lacy, *dressed like a Dutch Shoemaker.*

Lacy. How many shapes have gods and kings devised,
Thereby to compass their desired loves!
It is no shame for Rowland Lacy, then,
To clothe his cunning with the Gentle Craft,
That, thus disguised, I may unknown possess
The only happy presence of my Rose.
For her have I forsook my charge in France,
Incurred the king's displeasure, and stirred up
Rough hatred in mine uncle Lincoln's breast.
O love, how powerful art thou, that canst change

43. **"Go by," etc.:** In Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* occurs the line, " Hieronimo beware! Go by, go by!" This was often quoted in ridicule by contemporary playwrights. 45. **giblets:** a proverb for setting off one thing against another. Here it means that she would get a new lover. 51. **snick up:** go and be hanged! 62. **"up tails all":** the name of a popular song. Here it means that she will start right off.

High birth to baseness, and a noble mind
To the mean semblance of a shoemaker!
But thus it must be. For her cruel father,
Hating the single union of our souls,
Hath secretly conveyed my Rose from London,
To bar me of her presence; but I trust,
Fortune and this disguise will further me
Once more to view her beauty, gain her sight.
Here in Tower Street with Eyre the shoemaker
Mean I a while to work; I know the trade,
I learnt it when I was in Wittenberg.
Then cheer thy hoping spirits, be not dismayed,
Thou canst not want; do Fortune what she can,
The Gentle Craft is living for a man. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *An open Yard before* Eyre's *House.*

Enter Eyre, *making himself ready.*

Eyre. Where be these boys, these girls, these drabs, these scoundrels? They wallow in the fat brewis of my bounty, and lick up the crumbs of my table, yet will not rise to see my walks cleansed. Come out, you powder-beef queans! What, Nan! what, Madge Mumble-crust! Come out, you fat midriff-swag-belly-whores, and sweep me these kennels that the noisome stench offend not the noses of my neighbors. What, Firk, I say; what, Hodge! Open my shop-windows! What, Firk, I say!

Enter Firk.

Firk. O master, is't you that speak bandog and Bedlam this morning? I was in a dream, and mused what madman was got into the street so early; have you drunk this morning that your throat is so clear?

Eyre. Ah, well said, Firk; well said, Firk. To work, my fine knave, to work! Wash thy face, and thou'lt be more blest.

Firk. Let them wash my face that will eat it. Good master, send for a souse-wife, if you will have my face cleaner.

Stage direction, **ready:** i.e., dressing himself. 2. **brewis:** bread soaked in broth or "pot liquor." 4. **powder-beef:** salt beef. 6. **kennels:** gutters. 10. **bandog and Bedlam:** A bandog was a tied-up watch-dog, and therefore a loud howler; Bedlam was a madman. Hence: "Is it you that is howling like a madman?" 18. **souse-wife:** a woman who washed and pickled pigs' faces.

Enter Hodge.

Eyre. Away, sloven! avaunt, scoundrel! — Good-morrow, Hodge; good-morrow, my fine foreman.

Hodge. O master, good-morrow; y' are an early stirrer. Here's a fair morning. — Good-morrow, Firk, I could have slept this hour. Here's a brave day towards.

Eyre. Oh, haste to work, my fine foreman, haste to work.

Firk. Master, I am dry as dust to hear my fellow Roger talk of fair weather; let us pray for good leather, and let clowns and ploughboys and those that work in the fields pray for brave days. We work in a dry shop; what care I if it rain?

Enter Margery, *Eyre's Wife.*

Eyre. How now, Dame Margery, can you see to rise? Trip and go, call up the drabs, your maids.

Marg. See to rise? I hope 'tis time enough, 'tis early enough for any woman to be seen abroad. I marvel how many wives in Tower Street are up so soon. Gods me, 'tis not noon, — here's a yawling!

Eyre. Peace, Margery, peace! Where's Cicely Bumtrinket, your maid? She has a privy fault, she farts in her sleep. Call the quean up; if my men want shoe-thread, I'll swinge her in a stirrup.

Firk. Yet, that's but a dry beating; here's still a sign of drought.

Enter Lacy, *as* Hans, *singing.*

Hans. Der was een bore van Gelderland
Frolick sie byen;
He was als dronck he cold nyet stand,
Upsolce sie byen.
Tap eens de canneken,
Drincke, schone mannekin.

Firk. Master, for my life, yonder's a brother of the Gentle Craft; if he bear not Saint Hugh's bones, I'll forfeit my bones;

35. **yawling:** bawling. 38. **in:** with. 42. Hans's song and conversation is a mongrel sort of Dutch. The song:

There was a boor from Gelderland,
Jolly they be;
He was so drunk he could not stand,
Half-seas over they be;
Tap once the cannikin,
Drink, pretty mannikin!

49. **Saint Hugh:** The bones of St. Hugh, the patron saint of the shoemakers, were supposed to have been made into tools for the trade.

he's some uplandish workman; hire him, good master, [50 that I may learn some gibble-gabble; 'twill make us work the faster.

Eyre. Peace, Firk! A hard world! Let him pass, let him vanish; we have journeymen enow. Peace, my fine Firk!

Marg. (*Sarcastically.*) Nay, nay, y' are best follow [55 your man's counsel; you shall see what will come on't: we have not men enow, but we must entertain every butter-box; but let that pass.

Hodge. Dame, 'fore God, if my master follow your counsel, he'll consume little beef. He shall be glad of men an he [60 can catch them.

Firk. Ay, that he shall.

Hodge. 'Fore God, a proper man, and I warrant, a fine workman. Master, farewell; dame, adieu; if such a man as he cannot find work, Hodge is not for you. [*Offers to go.* [65

Eyre. Stay, my fine Hodge.

Firk. Faith, an your foreman go, dame, you must take a journey to seek a new journeyman; if Roger remove, Firk follows. If Saint Hugh's bones shall not be set a-work, I may prick mine awl in the walls, and go play. Fare ye well, [70 master; good-bye, dame.

Eyre. Tarry, my fine Hodge, my brisk foreman! Stay, Firk! — Peace, pudding-broth! By the Lord of Ludgate, I love my men as my life. Peace, you gallimaufry! — Hodge, if he want work, I'll hire him. One of you to him; stay, — [75 he comes to us.

Hans. Goeden dach, meester, ende u vro oak.

Firk. Nails, if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choke. And you, friend Oake, are you of the Gentle Craft? 80

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ik bin den skomawker.

Firk. Den skomaker, quoth a! And hark you, skomaker, have you all your tools, a good rubbing-pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your four sorts of awls, and your two balls of wax, your paring knife, your hand-and thumb-leathers, [85 and good St. Hugh's bones to smooth up your work?

Hans. Yaw, yaw; be niet vorveard. Ik hab all de dingen voour mack skooes groot and cleane.

Firk. Ha, ha! Good master, hire him; he'll make me laugh so that I shall work more in mirth than I can in earnest. 90

50. **uplandish:** from the country. 57. **butter-box:** sarcastic for a Dutchman. 60. **shall:** ought to. 60. **an:** if. 74. **gallimaufry:** meats hashed together. 77. "Good day, master, and your wife too." 81. "Yes, yes, I am a shoemaker." 87. "Yes, yes; be not afraid. I have everything to make shoes big and little."

Eyre. Hear ye, friend, have ye any skill in the mystery of cordwainers?

Hans. Ik weet niet wat yow seg; ich verstaw you niet.

Firk. Why, thus, man: (*Imitating by gesture a shoemaker at work.*) Iche verste u niet, quoth a.

Hans. Yaw, yaw, yaw; ick can dat wel doen.

Firk. Yaw, yaw! He speaks yawing like a jackdaw that gapes to be fed with cheese-curds. Oh, he'll give a villainous pull at a can of double-beer; but Hodge and I have the vantage, we must drink first, because we are the eldest journeymen.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Hans. Hans — Hans Meulter.

Eyre. Give me thy hand; th' art welcome. — Hodge, entertain him; Firk, bid him welcome; come, Hans. Run, wife, bid your maids, your trullibubs, make ready my fine men's breakfasts. To him, Hodge!

Hodge. Hans, th' art welcome; use thyself friendly, for we are good fellows; if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a giant.

Firk. Yea, and drunk with, wert thou Gargantua. My master keeps no cowards, I tell thee. — Ho, boy, bring him an heel-block, here's a new journeyman.

Enter Boy.

Hans. O, ich wersto you; ich moet een halve dossen cans betaelen; here, boy, nempt dis skilling, tap eens freelicke.

[*Exit boy.*

Eyre. Quick, snipper-snapper, away! Firk, scour thy throat; thou shalt wash it with Castilian liquor.

Enter Boy.

Come, my last of the fives, give me a can. Have to thee, Hans; here, Hodge; here, Firk; drink, you mad Greeks, and work like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre, the shoemaker. — Here, Hans, and th' art welcome.

Firk. Lo, dame, you would have lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh. This beer came hopping in well.

Marg. Simon, it is almost seven.

Eyre. Is't so, Dame Clapper-dudgeon? Is't seven o'clock,

93. "I don't know what you say; I don't understand you." 96. "Yes, yes yes; I can do that well." 105. **trullibubs:** sluts. 110. **Gargantua:** the gluttonous giant in Rabelais' satire. 113. "Oh, I understand you; I must pay for a half-dozen cans; here, boy, take this shilling, tap freely this once." 117. **fives:** a shoe last of small size. 124. **clapper-dudgeon:** beggar. Simon pretends that his wife makes as much noise as a beggar with his clap-dish.

and my men's breakfast not ready? Trip and go, you [125
soused conger, away! Come, you mad hyperboreans; follow me, Hodge; follow me, Hans; come after, my fine Firk; to work, to work a while, and then to breakfast! [*Exit.*

Firk. Soft! Yaw, yaw, good Hans, though my master have no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish [130
to go behind you, I being the elder journeyman. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Field near Old Ford.*

Holloaing within. Enter Master Warner *and* Master Hammon, *attired as Hunters.*

Ham. Cousin, beat every brake, the game's not far,
This way with wingéd feet he fled from death,
Whilst the pursuing hounds, scenting his steps,
Find out his highway to destruction.
Besides, the miller's boy told me even now, 5
He saw him take soil, and he holloaed him,
Affirming him to have been so embost
That long he could not hold.
War. If it be so,
'Tis best we trace these meadows by Old Ford.

A noise of Hunters within. Enter Boy.

Ham. How now, boy? Where's the deer? speak, saw'st thou him? 10

Boy. O yea; I saw him leap through a hedge, and then over a ditch, then at my lord mayor's pale. Over he skipped me, and in he went me, and "holla" the hunters cried, and "there, boy; there, boy!" But there he is, a' mine honesty.

Ham. Boy, God amercy. Cousin, let's away; 15
I hope we shall find better sport today. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Another part of the Field.*

Hunting within. Enter Rose *and* Sybil.

Rose. Why, Sybil, wilt thou prove a forester?

Sybil. Upon some, no. Forester, go by; no, faith, mistress. The deer came running into the barn through the orchard and

126. **conger:** a variety of eel.
6. **soil:** cover. 7. **embost:** spent.

over the pale; I wot well, I looked as pale as a new cheese to see him. But whip, says Goodman Pin-close, up with his flail, and our Nick with a prong, and down he fell, and they upon him, and I upon them. By my troth, we had such sport; and in the end we ended him; his throat we cut, flayed him, unhorned him, and my lord mayor shall eat of him anon, when he comes. [*Horns sound within.*

Rose. Hark, hark, the hunters come; y' are best take heed,
They'll have a saying to you for this deed.

Enter Master Hammon, Master Warner, Huntsmen, *and* Boy.

Ham. God save you, fair ladies.
Sybil. Ladies! O gross!
War. Came not a buck this way?
Rose. No, but two does.
Ham. And which way went they? Faith, we'll hunt at those.
Sybil. At those? Upon some, no. When, can you tell?
War. Upon some, ay.
Sybil. Good Lord!
War. Wounds! Then farewell!
Ham. Boy, which way went he?
Boy. This way, sir, he ran.
Ham. This way he ran indeed, fair Mistress Rose;
Our game was lately in your orchard seen.
War. Can you advise, which way he took his flight?
Sybil. Follow your nose; his horns will guide you right.
War. Th' art a mad wench.
Sybil. O, rich!
Rose. Trust me, not I.
It is not like that the wild forest-deer
Would come so near to places of resort;
You are deceived, he fled some other way.
War. Which way, my sugar-candy, can you show?
Sybil. Come up, good honeysops, upon some, no.
Rose. Why do you stay, and not pursue your game?
Sybil. I'll hold my life, their hunting-nags be lame.
Ham. A deer more dear is found within this place.
Rose. But not the deer, sir, which you had in chase.
Ham. I chased the deer, but this dear chaseth me.
Rose. The strangest hunting that ever I see.
But where's your park? [*She offers to go away.*

13. **gross:** stupid. 17. **Wounds:** God's wounds, a mild oath.

Ham. 'Tis here; O stay!
Rose. Impale me, and then I will not stray.
War. They wrangle, wench; we are more kind than they.
Sybil. What kind of hart is that dear heart, you seek?
War. A hart, dear heart.
Sybil. Who ever saw the like?
Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you can?
Ham. My heart is lost.
Rose. Alack, good gentleman!
Ham. This poor lost heart would I wish you might find.
Rose. You, by such luck, might prove your hart a hind.
Ham. Why, Luck had horns, so have I heard some say.
Rose. Now, God, an't be his will, send Luck into your way.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* Servants.

L. Mayor. What, Master Hammon? Welcome to Old Ford!
Sybil. Gods pittikins, hands off, sir! Here's my lord.
L. Mayor. I hear you had ill luck, and lost your game.
Ham. 'Tis true, my lord.
L. Mayor. I am sorry for the same.
What gentleman is this?
Ham. My brother-in-law.
L. Mayor. Y' are welcome both; sith Fortune offers you
Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,
Until you have refreshed your wearied limbs.
Go, Sybil, cover the board! — You shall be guest
To no good cheer, but even a hunter's feast.
Ham. I thank your lordship. — Cousin, on my life,
For our lost venison I shall find a wife.
[*Exeunt all but Mayor.*
L. Mayor. In, gentlemen; I'll not be absent long. —
This Hammon is a proper gentleman,
A citizen by birth, fairly allied;
How fit an husband were he for my girl!
Well, I will in, and do the best I can,
To match my daughter to this gentleman. [*Exit.*

48. **pittikins:** by God's pity.

ACT III

Scene I. *A Room in Eyre's House.*

Enter Hans, *Skipper,* Hodge, *and* Firk.

Skip. Ick sal yow wat seggen, Hans; dis skip, dat comen from Candy, is al vol, by Got's sacrament, van sugar, civet, almonds, cambrick, end alle dingen, towsand towsand ding. Nempt it, Hans, nempt it vor v meester. Daer be de bils van laden. Your meester Simon Eyre sal hae good copen. Wat seggen yow, Hans?

Firk. Wat seggen de reggen, de copen slopen — laugh, Hodge, laugh!

Hans. Mine liever broder Firk, bringt Meester Eyre tot det signe vn Swannekin; daer sal yow finde dis skipper end me. Wat seggen yow, broder Firk? Doot it, Hodge. Come, skipper.

[*Exeunt Hans and Skipper.*

Firk. Bring him, quoth you? Here's no knavery, to bring my master to buy a ship worth the lading of two or three hundred thousand pounds. Alas, that's nothing; a trifle, a bauble, Hodge.

Hodge. The truth is, Firk, that the merchant owner of the ship dares not show his head, and therefore this skipper that deals for him, for the love he bears to Hans, offers my master Eyre a bargain in the commodities. He shall have a reasonable day of payment; he may sell the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer himself.

Firk. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty porpentines as an earnest penny?

Hodge. Portuguese, thou wouldst say; here they be, Firk; hark, they jingle in my pocket like St. Mary Overy's bells.

Enter Eyre *and* Margery.

Firk. Mum, here comes my dame and my master. She'll scold, on my life, for loitering this Monday; but all's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holiday.

1. "I'll tell you what, Hans; this ship that comes from Candia is all full, by God's sacrament, of sugar, civet, almonds, cambric, and all things, a thousand, thousand things. Take it, Hans, take it for your master. There are the bills of lading. Your master, Simon Eyre, shall have a good bargain. What say you, Hans?" 9. "My dear brother Firk, bring Master Eyre to the sign of the Swan, there shall you find this skipper and me. What say you, brother Firk? Do it; Hodge." 26. **St. Mary:** "a fair church, called St. Mary over the Rie, or Overie, that is, over the water." (Stow.) It stood on the south side of the Thames, near London Bridge.

Marg. You sing, Sir Sauce, but I beshrew your heart. I fear, for this your singing we shall smart.

Firk. Smart for me, dame; why, dame, why?

Hodge. Master, I hope you'll not suffer my dame to take down your journeymen.

Firk. If she take me down, I'll take her up; yea, and take her down too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre. Peace, Firk; not I, Hodge; by the life of Pharaoh, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every hair whereof I value at a king's ransom, she shall not meddle with you. — Peace, you bombast-cotton-candle-quean; away, queen of clubs; quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firk; I'll firk you, if you do.

Marg. Yea, yea, man, you may use me as you please; but let that pass.

Eyre. Let it pass, let it vanish away; peace! Am I not Simon Eyre? Are not these my brave men, brave shoemakers, all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly born, as being the sole son of a shoemaker. Away, rubbish! vanish, melt; melt like kitchen-stuff.

Marg. Yea, yea, 'tis well; I must be called rubbish, kitchen-stuff, for a sort of knaves.

Firk. Nay, dame, you shall not weep and wail in woe for me. Master, I'll stay no longer; here's an inventory of my shop-tools. Adieu, master; Hodge, farewell.

Hodge. Nay, stay, Firk; thou shalt not go alone.

Marg. I pray, let them go; there be more maids than Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fools than Firk.

Firk. Fools? Nails! if I tarry now, I would my guts might be turned to shoe-thread.

Hodge. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turned to a Turk, and set in Finsbury for boys to shoot at. — Come, Firk.

Eyre. Stay, my fine knaves, you arms of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a tittle-tattle's words make you forsake Simon Eyre? — Avaunt, kitchen-stuff! Rip, you brown-bread Tannikin; out of my sight! Move me not! Have not I ta'en you from selling tripes in Eastcheap, and set you in my shop, and made you hail-fellow with Simon Eyre, the shoemaker? And now do you deal thus with my journeymen? Look, you powder-beef-quean, on the face of Hodge, here's a face for a lord.

Firk. And here's a face for any lady in Christendom.

52. **sort:** gang. 62. **Finsbury:** at the time known as an archery practice ground. 66. **Tannikin:** a diminutive for Ann among Dutch and German girls.

Eyre. Rip, you chitterling, avaunt! Boy, bid the tapster of the Boar's Head fill me a dozen cans of beer for my journeymen.

Firk. A dozen cans? O brave! Hodge, now I'll stay.

Eyre. (*Aside to the Boy.*) An the knave fills any more than two, he pays for them. (*Exit Boy. Aloud.*) A dozen cans of beer for my journeymen. (*Re-enter Boy.*) Here, you mad Mesopotamians, wash your livers with this liquor. Where be the odd ten? (*Aside*) No more, Madge, no more. — Well said. Drink and to work! — What work dost thou, Hodge? What work?

Hodge. I am a-making a pair of shoes for my lord mayor's daughter, Mistress Rose.

Firk. And I a pair of shoes for Sybil, my lord's maid. I deal with her.

Eyre. Sybil? Fie, defile not thy fine workmanly fingers with the feet of kitchen-stuff and basting-ladles. Ladies of the court, fine ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our appareling; put gross work to Hans. Yark and seam, yark and seam!

Firk. For yarking and seaming let me alone, I come to't.

Hodge. Well, master, all this is from the bias. Do you remember the ship my fellow Hans told you of? The skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan. Here be the Portuguese to give earnest. If you go through with it, you cannot choose but be a lord at least.

Firk. Nay, dame, if my master prove not a lord, and you a lady, hang me.

Marg. Yea, like enough, if you may loiter and tipple thus.

Firk. Tipple, dame? No, we have been bargaining with Skellum Skanderbag: can you Dutch spreaken for a ship of silk Cyprus, laden with sugar-candy?

Enter the Boy *with a velvet coat and an Alderman's gown.* Eyre *puts them on.*

Eyre. Peace, Firk; silence, Tittle-tattle! Hodge, I'll go through with it. Here's a seal-ring, and I have sent for a

73. **chitterling:** sausage. 91. **Yark:** i.e., thrust the awl through the leather. 95. **bias:** beside the point. 104. **Skellum:** the German *Schelm*, a scoundrel. Skanderbag, or Scander Beg, a Turkish name (i.e., Iskander Bey) for George Castriota, the Albanian patriot who freed his country from the Turks in the 15th century. 105. **sugar-candy:** Firk's perversion of "ship from Cyprus and Candia (Crete) laden with silk and sugar."

guarded gown and a damask cassock. See where it comes; look here, Maggy; help me, Firk; apparel me, Hodge; silk and satin, you mad Philistines, silk and satin.

Firk. Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dog in a doublet, all in beaten damask and velvet.

Eyre. Softly, Firk, for rearing of the nap, and wearing threadbare my garments. How dost thou like me, Firk? How do I look, my fine Hodge?

Hodge. Why, now you look like yourself, master. I warrant you, there's few in the city, but will give you the wall, and come upon you with the right worshipful.

Firk. Nails, my master looks like a threadbare cloak new turned and dressed. Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment doth! Dame, dame, are you not enamored?

Eyre. How say'st thou, Maggy, am I not brisk? Am I not fine?

Marg. Fine? By my troth, sweetheart, very fine! By my troth, I never liked thee so well in my life, sweetheart; but let that pass. I warrant, there be many women in the city have not such handsome husbands, but only for their apparel; but let that pass too.

Re-enter Hans *and* Skipper.

Hans. Godden day, mester. Dis be de skipper dat hab de skip van marchandice; de commodity ben good; nempt it, master, nempt it.

Eyre. Godamercy, Hans; welcome, skipper. Where lies this ship of merchandise?

Skip. De skip ben in revere; dor be van Sugar, cyvet, almonds, cambrick, and a towsand towsand tings, gotz sacrament; nempt it, mester: ye sal heb good copen.

Firk. To him, master! O sweet master! O sweet wares! Prunes, almonds, sugar-candy, carrot-roots, turnips, O brave fatting meat! Let not a man buy a nutmeg but yourself.

Eyre. Peace, Firk! Come, skipper, I'll go aboard with you. — Hans, have you made him drink?

Skipper. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale gedrunck.

108. **guarded:** with facings. 112. **beaten:** stamped. 113. **rearing:** ruffling. 117. **wall:** precedence. 118. **come upon:** address you as. 129. "Good day, master. This is the skipper that has the ship of merchandise; the commodity is good; take it, master, take it." 134. "The ship is in the river; there are sugar, civet, almonds, cambric, and a thousand thousand things, by God's sacrament! Take it, master; you shall have a good bargain." 142. "Yes, yes, I have drunk much."

Eyre. Come, Hans, follow me. Skipper, thou shalt have my countenance in the city. [*Exeunt.*

Firk. Yaw, heb veale gedrunck, quoth a. They may well be called butter-boxes, when they drink fat veal and thick beer too. But come, dame, I hope you'll chide us no more.

Marg. No, faith, Firk; no, perdy, Hodge. I do feel honor creep upon me, and which is more, a certain rising in my flesh; but let that pass.

Firk. Rising in your flesh do you feel, say you? Ay, you may be with child, but why should not my master feel a rising in his flesh, having a gown and a gold ring on? But you are such a shrew, you'll soon pull him down.

Marg. Ha, ha! prithee, peace! Thou mak'st my worship laugh; but let that pass. Come, I'll go in; Hodge, prithee, go before me; Firk, follow me.

Firk. Firk doth follow; Hodge, pass out in state. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *London: a Room in* Lincoln's *House.*

Enter the Earl of Lincoln *and* Dodger.

Linc. How now, good Dodger, what's the news in France?

Dodg. My lord, upon the eighteenth day of May
The French and English were prepared to fight;
Each side with eager fury gave the sign
Of a most hot encounter. Five long hours
Both armies fought together; at the length
The lot of victory fell on our side.
Twelve thousand of the Frenchmen that day died,
Four thousand English, and no man of name
But Captain Hyam and young Ardington,
Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

Linc. But Dodger, prithee, tell me, in this fight
How did my cousin Lacy bear himself?

Dodg. My lord, your cousin Lacy was not there.

Linc. Not there?

Dodg. No, my good lord.

Linc. Sure, thou mistakest.
I saw him shipped, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witnesses of the farewells which he gave,
When I, with weeping eyes, bid him adieu.
Dodger, take heed.

Dodg. My lord, I am advised,

That what I spake is true; to prove it so,
His cousin Askew, that supplied his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might convey himself thither.
Linc. Is't even so?
Dares he so carelessly venture his life
Upon the indignation of a king?
Has he despised my love, and spurned those favors
Which I with prodigal hand poured on his head?
He shall repent his rashness with his soul;
Since of my love he makes no estimate,
I'll make him wish he had not known my hate.
Thou hast no other news?
Dodg. None else, my lord.
Linc. None worse I know thou hast. — Procure the king
To crown his giddy brows with ample honors,
Send him chief colonel, and all my hope
Thus to be dashed! But 'tis in vain to grieve,
One evil cannot a worse relieve.
Upon my life, I have found out his plot;
That old dog, Love, that fawned upon him so,
Love to that puling girl, his fair-cheeked Rose,
The lord mayor's daughter, hath distracted him,
And in the fire of that love's lunacy
Hath he burned up himself, consumed his credit,
Lost the king's love, yea, and I fear, his life,
Only to get a wanton to his wife,
Dodger, it is so.
Dodg. I fear so, my good lord.
Linc. It is so — nay, sure it cannot be!
I am at my wits' end. Dodger!
Dodg. Yea, my lord.
Linc. Thou art acquainted with my nephew's haunts;
Spend this gold for thy pains; go seek him out;
Watch at my lord mayor's — there if he live,
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him.
Prithee, be diligent. — Lacy, thy name
Lived once in honor, now 'tis dead in shame. —
Be circumspect. [*Exit.*
Dodg. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *London: a Room in the* Lord Mayor's *House.*

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* Master Scott.

L. Mayor. Good Master Scott, I have been bold with you,
To be a witness to a wedding-knot
Betwixt young Master Hammon and my daughter.
O, stand aside; see where the lovers come.

Enter Master Hammon *and* Rose.

Rose. Can it be possible you love me so?
No, no, within those eyeballs I espy
Apparent likelihoods of flattery.
Pray now, let go my hand.
Ham. Sweet Mistress Rose,
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceive
Of my affection, whose devoted soul
Swears that I love thee dearer than my heart.
Rose. As dear as your own heart? I judge it right;
Men love their hearts best when th' are out of sight.
Ham. I love you, by this hand.
Rose. Yet hands off now!
If flesh be frail, how weak and frail's your vow!
Ham. Then by my life I swear.
Rose. Then do not brawl;
One quarrel loseth wife and life and all.
Is not your meaning thus?
Ham. In faith, you jest.
Rose. Love loves to sport, therefore leave love, y' are best.
L. Mayor. What? square they, Master Scott?
Scott. Sir, never doubt,
Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.
Ham. Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancying me.
Nay, never turn aside, shun not my sight;
I am not grown so fond, to fond my love
On any that shall quit it with disdain;
If you will love me, so — if not, farewell.
L. Mayor. Why, how now, lovers, are you both agreed?
Ham. Yes, faith, my lord.
L. Mayor. 'Tis well, give me your hand.
Give me yours, daughter. — How now, both pull back?

20. **square:** quarrel. 24. **to fond:** found.

What means this, girl?
Rose. I mean to live a maid.
Ham. (*Aside.*) But not to die one; pause, ere that be said.
L. Mayor. Will you still cross me, still be obstinate?
Ham. Nay, chide her not, my lord, for doing well;
If she can live an happy virgin's life,
'Tis far more blesséd than to be a wife.
Rose. Say, sir, I cannot; I have made a vow,
Whoever be my husband, 'tis not you.
L. Mayor. Your tongue is quick; but Master Hammon, know,
I bade you welcome to another end.
Ham. What, would you have me pule and pine and pray,
With "lovely lady," "mistress of my heart,"
"Pardon your servant," and the rhymer play,
Railing on Cupid and his tyrant's-dart;
Or shall I undertake some martial spoil,
Wearing your glove at tourney and at tilt,
And tell how many gallants I unhorsed —
Sweet, will this pleasure you?
Rose. Yea, when wilt begin?
What, love rhymes, man? Fie on that deadly sin!
L. Mayor. If you will have her, I'll make her agree.
Ham. Enforcéd love is worse than hate to me.
(*Aside.*) There is a wench keeps shop in the Old Change,
To her will I; it is not wealth I seek,
I have enough, and will prefer her love
Before the world. — (*Aloud.*) My good lord mayor, adieu. [55
Old love for me, I have no luck with new. [*Exit.*
L. Mayor. Now, mammet, you have well behaved yourself,
But you shall curse your coyness if I live. —
Who's within there? See you convey your mistress
Straight to th' Old Ford! I'll keep you straight enough.
Fore God, I would have sworn the puling girl
Would willingly accept of Hammon's love;
But banish him, my thoughts! — Go, minion, in!
[*Exit Rose.*
Now tell me, Master Scott, would you have thought
That Master Simon Eyre, the shoemaker,
Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise?
Scott. 'Twas well, my lord, your honor and myself
Grew partners with him; for your bills of lading
Shew that Eyre's gains in one commodity

57. **mammet:** puppet or doll.

Rise at the least to full three thousand pound
Besides like gain in other merchandise.
L. Mayor. Well, he shall spend some of his thousands now,
For I have sent for him to the Guildhall.

Enter Eyre.

See, where he comes. Good morrow, Master Eyre.
Eyre. Poor Simon Eyre, my lord, your shoemaker.
L. Mayor. Well, well, it likes yourself to term you so.

Enter Dodger.

Now, Master Dodger, what's the news with you?
Dodg. I'd gladly speak in private to your honor.
L. Mayor. You shall, you shall. — Master Eyre and Master Scott,
I have some business with this gentleman;
I pray, let me entreat you to walk before
To the Guildhall; I'll follow presently.
Master Eyre, I hope ere noon to call you sheriff.
Eyre. I would not care, my lord, if you might call me King of Spain. — Come, Master Scott.
[*Exeunt Eyre and Scott.*
L. Mayor. Now, Master Dodger, what's the news you bring?
Dodg. The Earl of Lincoln by me greets your lordship,
And earnestly requests you, if you can,
Inform him where his nephew Lacy keeps.
L. Mayor. Is not his nephew Lacy now in France?
Dodg. No, I assure your lordship, but disguised
Lurks here in London.
L. Mayor. London? Is't even so?
It may be; but upon my faith and soul,
I know not where he lives, or whether he lives;
So tell my Lord of Lincoln. — Lurks in London?
Well, Master Dodger, you perhaps may start him;
Be but the means to rid him into France,
I'll give you a dozen angels for your pains;
So much I love his honor, hate his nephew.
And, prithee, so inform thy lord from me.
Dodg. I take my leave. [*Exit Dodger.*
L. Mayor. Farewell, good Master Dodger.
Lacy in London? I dare pawn my life,
My daughter knows thereof, and for that cause

98. **angels:** coins worth about $2.50 each.

Denied young Master Hammon in his love.
Well, I am glad I sent her to Old Ford.
Gods Lord, 'tis late; to Guildhall I must hie;
I know my brethren stay my company. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *London: a Room in* Eyre's *House.*

Enter Firk, Margery, Hans, *and* Hodge.

Marg. Thou goest too fast for me, Roger. O, Firk!

Firk. Ay, forsooth.

Marg. I pray thee, run — do you hear? — run to Guildhall, and learn if my husband, Master Eyre, will take that worshipful vocation of Master Sheriff upon him. Hie thee, good Firk.

Firk. Take it? Well, I go; an he should not take it, Firk swears to forswear him. Yes, forsooth, I go to Guildhall.

Marg. Nay, when? Thou art too compendious and tedious.

Firk. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence. (*Aside.*) How like a new cart-wheel my dame speaks, and she looks like an old musty ale-bottle going to scalding.

Marg. Nay, when? Thou wilt make me melancholy.

Firk. God forbid your worship should fall into that humor; — I run. [*Exit.*

Marg. Let me see now, Roger and Hans.

Hodge. Ay, forsooth, dame — mistress, I should say, but the old term so sticks to the roof of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off.

Marg. Even what thou wilt, good Roger; dame is a fair name for any honest Christian; but let that pass. How dost thou, Hans?

Hans. Mee tanck you, vro.

Marg. Well, Hans and Roger, you see, God hath blest your master, and, perdy, if ever he comes to be Master Sheriff of London — as we are all mortal — you shall see, I will have some odd thing or other in a corner for you; I will not be your back-friend; but let that pass. Hans, pray thee, tie my shoe.

Hans. Yaw, ic sal, vro.

Marg. Roger, thou know'st the length of my foot; as it is none of the biggest, so I thank God, it is handsome enough;

12. **ale-bottle:** wooden ale-keg. 23. "I thank you, mistress." 28. **back-friend:** false friend. 29. "Yes, I shall, mistress."

prithee, let me have a pair of shoes made, cork, good Roger, wooden heel too.

Hodge. You shall.

Marg. Art thou acquainted with never a farthingale-maker, nor a French hood-maker? I must enlarge my bum, ha, ha! How shall I look in a hood, I wonder! Perdy, oddly, I think.

Hodge. (*Aside.*) As a cat out of a pillory. — Very well, I warrant you, mistress.

Marg. Indeed, all flesh is grass; and, Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair?

Hodge. Yes, forsooth, at the poulterer's in Gracious Street.

Marg. Thou art an ungracious wag; perdy, I mean a false hair for my periwig.

Hodge. Why, mistress, the next time I cut my beard, you shall have the shavings of it; but they are all true hairs.

Marg. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a mask.

Hodge. (*Aside.*) So you had need, to hide your wicked face.

Marg. Fie upon it, how costly this world's calling is; perdy, but that it is one of the wonderful works of God, I would not deal with it. Is not Firk come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it pass and vanish, as my husband's worship says.

Hans. Ick bin vrolicke, lot see yow soo.

Hodge. Mistress, will you drink a pipe of tobacco?

Marg. Oh, fie upon it, Roger, perdy! These filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slavering baubles that ever I felt. Out upon it! God bless us, men look not like men that use them.

Enter Ralph, *being lame.*

Hodge. What, fellow Ralph? Mistress, look here, Jane's husband! Why, how now, lame? Hans, make much of him, he's a brother of our trade, a good workman, and a tall soldier.

Hans. You be welcome, broder.

Marg. Perdy, I knew him not. How dost thou, good Ralph? I am glad to see thee well.

Ralph. I would to God you saw me, dame, as well
As when I went from London into France.

Marg. Trust me, I am sorry, Ralph, to see thee impotent. Lord, how the wars have made him sunburnt! The left leg is

32. **cork:** High-heeled cork shoes were the style. 39. **pillory:** The flaps of the hood suggested the pillory to Hodge. 42. **hair:** wig. 43. **Gracious Street:** the name for Gracechurch Street before the fire of 1666, where "the Herbe market" was "there kept," says Stow. 54. "I am merry; let's see you so." 55. **drink:** smoke. 61. **tall:** brave.

not well; 'twas a fair gift of God the infirmity took not hold a little higher, considering thou camest from France; but let that pass.

Ralph. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice
To hear that God hath blest my master so
Since my departure.

Marg. Yea, truly, Ralph, I thank my Maker; but let that pass.

Hodge. And, sirrah Ralph, what news, what news in France?

Ralph. Tell me, good Roger, first, what news in England?
How does my Jane? When didst thou see my wife?
Where lives my poor heart? She'll be poor indeed,
Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

Hodge. Limbs? Hast thou not hands, man?
Thou shalt never see a shoemaker want bread, though he have but three fingers on a hand.

Ralph. Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane.

Marg. O Ralph, your wife, — perdy, we know not what's become of her. She was here a while, and because she was married, grew more stately than became her; I checked her, and so forth; away she flung, never returned, nor said bye nor bah; and, Ralph, you know, "ka me, ka thee." And so, as I tell ye — Roger, is not Firk come yet?

Hodge. No, forsooth.

Marg. And so, indeed, we heard not of her, but I hear she lives in London; but let that pass. If she had wanted, she might have opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of my men; I am sure, there's not any of them, perdy, but would have done her good to his power. Hans, look if Firk be come.

Hans. Yaw, ik sal, vro. [*Exit Hans.*

Marg. And so, as I said — but, Ralph, why dost thou weep? Thou knowest that naked we came out of our mother's womb, and naked we must return; and, therefore, thank God for all things.

Hodge. No, faith, Jane is a stranger here; but, Ralph, pull up a good heart, I know thou hast one. Thy wife, man, is in London; one told me, he saw her awhile ago very brave and neat; we'll ferret her out, an London hold her.

Marg. Alas, poor soul, he's overcome with sorrow; he does but as I do, weep for the loss of any good thing. But, Ralph, get thee in, call for some meat and drink, thou shalt find me worshipful towards thee.

91. **ka, etc.:** "oblige me and I'll oblige you." 100. "Yes, I shall, mistress."

Ralph. I thank you, dame; since I want limbs and lands, I'll trust to God, my good friends, and my hands.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hans *and* Firk *running.*

Firk. Run, good Hans! O Hodge, O mistress! Hodge, heave up thine ears; mistress, smug up your looks; on with your best apparel; my master is chosen, my master is called, nay, condemned by the cry of the country to be sheriff of the city for this famous year now to come. And, time now being, a great many men in black gowns were asked for their voices and their hands, and my master had all their fists about his ears presently, and they cried "Ay, ay, ay, ay," — and so I came away —

Wherefore without all other grieve
I do salute you, Mistress Shrieve.

Hans. Yaw, my mester is de groot man, de shrieve.

Hodge. Did I not tell you, mistress? Now I may boldly say: Good-morrow to your worship.

Marg. Good-morrow, good Roger. I thank you, my good people all. — Firk, hold up thy hand: here's a three-penny piece for thy tidings.

Firk. 'Tis but three-half-pence, I think. Yes, 'tis three-pence, I smell the rose.

Hodge. But, mistress, be ruled by me, and do not speak so pulingly.

Firk. 'Tis her worship speaks so, and not she. No, faith, mistress, speak me in the old key: "To it, Firk," "there, good Firk," "ply your business, Hodge," "Hodge, with a full mouth," "I'll fill your bellies with good cheer, till they cry twang."

Enter Eyre *wearing a gold chain.*

Hans. See, myn liever broder, heer compt my meester.

Marg. Welcome home, Master Shrieve; I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here, my Maggy, a chain, a gold chain for Simon Eyre. I shall make thee a lady; here's a French hood for thee; on with it, on with it! dress thy brows with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee look lovely. Where be my fine men? Roger, I'll make over my shop and tools to thee; Firk, thou shalt be the foreman; Hans, thou shalt have an

116. **smug:** brighten. 125. **Shrieve:** sheriff. 133. **rose:** The three-penny silver coin had Queen Elizabeth's head on one side and a rose on the other. 146. **mutton:** The flap of the hood was trimmed with fur or sheep's wool.

hundred for twenty. Be as mad knaves as your master Sim Eyre hath been, and you shall live to be Sheriffs of London. — How dost thou like me, Margery? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. Firk, Hodge, and Hans!

All Three. Ay, forsooth, what says your worship, Master Sheriff?

Eyre. Worship and honor, you Babylonian knaves, for the Gentle Craft. But I forgot myself; I am bidden by my lord mayor to dinner to Old Ford; he's gone before, I must after. Come, Madge, on with your trinkets! Now, my true Trojans, my fine Firk, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some device, some odd crotchets, some morris, or such like, for the honor of the gentlemen shoemakers. Meet me at Old Ford, you know my mind. Come, Madge, away. Shut up the shop, knaves, and make holiday. [*Exeunt.*

Firk. O rare! O brave! Come, Hodge; follow me, Hans; We'll be with them for a morris-dance. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *A Room at Old Ford.*

Enter the Lord Mayor, Rose, Eyre, Margery *in a French hood,* Sybil, *and other* Servants.

L. Mayor. Trust me, you are as welcome to Old Ford
As I myself.

Marg. Truly, I thank your lordship.

L. Mayor. Would our bad cheer were worth the thanks you give.

Eyre. Good cheer, my lord mayor, fine cheer!
A fine house, fine walls, all fine and neat.

L. Mayor. Now, by my troth, I'll tell thee, Master Eyre,
It does me good, and all my brethren,
That such a madcap fellow as thyself
Is entered into our society.

Marg. Ay, but, my lord, he must learn now to put on gravity.

Eyre. Peace, Maggy, a fig for gravity! When I go to Guildhall in my scarlet gown, I'll look as demurely as a saint, and speak as gravely as a justice of peace; but now I am here at Old Ford, at my good lord mayor's house, let it go by, vanish, Maggy, I'll be merry; away with flip-flap, these fooleries, these gulleries. What, honey? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. What says my lord mayor?

149. **twenty:** i.e., for the twenty Portuguese previously lent.

L. Mayor. Ha, ha, ha! I had rather than a thousand pound, I had an heart but half so light as yours.

Eyre. Why, what should I do, my lord? A pound of care pays not a dram of debt. Hum, let's be merry, whiles we are young; old age, sack and sugar will steal upon us, ere we be aware.

L. Mayor. It's well done; Mistress Eyre, pray, give good counsel
To my daughter.

Marg. I hope, Mistress Rose will have the grace to take nothing that's bad.

L. Mayor. Pray God she do; for i' faith, Mistress Eyre,
I would bestow upon that peevish girl
A thousand marks more than I mean to give her
Upon condition she'd be ruled by me.
The ape still crosseth me. There came of late
A proper gentleman of fair revenues,
Whom gladly I would call son-in-law:
But my fine cockney would have none of him.
You'll prove a coxcomb for it, ere you die;
A courtier, or no man, must please your eye.

Eyre. Be ruled, sweet Rose: th' art ripe for a man. Marry not with a boy that has no more hair on his face than thou hast on thy cheeks. A courtier? wash, go by! stand not upon pishery-pashery; those silken fellows are but painted images, outsides, outsides, Rose; their inner linings are torn. No, my fine mouse, marry me with a gentleman grocer like

24. After this line occurs the "First Three-Men's Song," as follows:

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
O, and then did I unto my true love say:
"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!

"Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's choir,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale;
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

"But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo;
See where she sitteth: come away, my joy;
Come away, I prithee: I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy."

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
And then did I unto my true love say:
"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!"

This song, as well as the one in V, iv, are printed separately in the early editions, their place in the play being conjectural. 41. **wash:** nonsense.

my lord mayor, your father; a grocer is a sweet trade; [45 plums, plums. Had I a son or daughter should marry out of the generation and blood of the shoemakers, he should pack; what, the Gentle Trade is a living for a man through Europe, through the world.

[*A noise within of a tabor and a pipe.*

L. Mayor. What noise is this? 50

Eyre. O my lord mayor, a crew of good fellows that for love to your honor are come hither with a morris-dance. Come in, my Mesopotamians, cheerily.

Enter Hodge, Hans, Ralph, Firk, *and other Shoemakers, in a morris; after a little dancing the* Lord Mayor *speaks.*

L. Mayor. Master Eyre, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre. All cordwainers, my good lord mayor. 55

Rose. (*Aside.*) How like my Lacy looks yond' shoemaker!

Hans. (*Aside.*) O that I durst but speak unto my love!

L. Mayor. Sybil, go fetch some wine to make these drink. You are all welcome.

All. We thank your lordship.

[*Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.*

Rose. For his sake whose fair shape thou represent'st, [60 Good friend, I drink to thee.

Hans. Ic bedancke, good frister.

Marg. I see, Mistress Rose, you do not want judgment; you have drunk to the properest man I keep.

Firk. Here be some have done their parts to be as proper as he. 65

L. Mayor. Well, urgent business calls me back to London. Good fellows, first go in and taste our cheer;
And to make merry as you homeward go,
Spend these two angels in beer at Stratford-Bow.

Eyre. To these two, my mad lads, Sim Eyre adds [70 another; then cheerily, Firk; tickle it, Hans, and all for the honor of shoemakers. [*All go dancing out.*

L. Mayor. Come, Master Eyre, let's have your company.

[*Exeunt.*

Rose. Sybil, what shall I do?

Sybil. Why, what's the matter?

Rose. That Hans the shoemaker is my love Lacy, 75
Disguised in that attire to find me out.
How should I find the means to speak with him?

62. "I thank you, good maid."

Sybil. What, mistress, never fear; I dare venture my maidenhead to nothing, and that's great odds, that Hans the Dutchman, when we come to London, shall not only see and [80
speak with you, but in spite of all your father's policies steal you away and marry you. Will not this please you?

Rose. Do this, and ever be assured of my love.

Sybil. Away, then, and follow your father to London, lest your absence cause him to suspect something: 85

Tomorrow, if my counsel be obeyed,
I'll bind you prentice to the Gentle Trade.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

Scene I. *A Street in London.*

Jane, *in a Seamster's shop, working. Enter* Master Hammon, *muffled; he stands aloof.*

Hammon. Yonder's the shop, and there my fair love sits.
She's fair and lovely, but she is not mine.
O, would she were! Thrice have I courted her,
Thrice hath my hand been moistened with her hand,
Whilst my poor famished eyes do feed on that 5
Which made them famish. I am infortunate;
I still love one, yet nobody loves me.
I muse in other men what women see,
That I so want! Fine Mistress Rose was coy,
And this too curious! Oh, no, she is chaste, 10
And for she thinks me wanton, she denies
To cheer my cold heart with her sunny eyes.
How prettily she works! Oh pretty hand!
Oh happy work! It doth me good to stand
Unseen to see her. Thus I oft have stood 15
In frosty evenings, a light burning by her,
Enduring biting cold, only to eye her.
One only look hath seemed as rich to me
As a king's crown; such is love's lunacy.
Muffled I'll pass along, and by that try 20
Whether she know me.

Jane. Sir, what is't you buy?
What is't you lack, sir, calico or lawn,

10. **curious:** fastidious.

Fine cambric shirts, or bands, what will you buy?
Ham. (*Aside.*) That which thou wilt not sell. Faith, yet I'll try;
How do you sell this handkerchief?
Jane. Good cheap.
Ham. And how these ruffs?
Jane. Cheap too.
Ham. And how this band?
Jane. Cheap too.
Ham. All cheap; how sell you then this hand?
Jane. My hands are not to be sold.
Ham. To be given then!
Nay, faith, I come to buy.
Jane. But none knows when.
Ham. Good sweet, leave work a little while; let's play.
Jane. I cannot live by keeping holiday.
Ham. I'll pay you for the time which shall be lost.
Jane. With me you shall not be at so much cost.
Ham. Look, how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.
Jane. It may be so.
Ham. 'Tis so.
Jane. What remedy?
Ham. Nay, faith, you are too coy.
Jane. Let go my hand.
Ham. I will do any task at your command;
I would let go this beauty, were I not
In mind to disobey you by a power
That controls kings: I love you!
Jane. So, now part.
Ham. With hands I may, but never with my heart.
In faith, I love you.
Jane. I believe you do.
Ham. Shall a true love in me breed hate in you?
Jane. I hate you not.
Ham. Then you must love?
Jane. I do.
What are you better now? I love not you.
Ham. All this, I hope, is but a woman's fray,
That means, "Come to me," when she cried, "Away!"
In earnest, mistress, I do not jest,
A true chaste love hath entered in my breast.
I love you dearly, as I love my life,
I love you as a husband loves a wife;
That and no other love, my love requires.

Thy wealth, I know, is little; my desires
Thirst not for gold. Sweet, beauteous Jane, what's mine
Shall, if thou make myself thine, all be thine.
Say, judge, what is thy sentence, life or death?
Mercy or cruelty lies in thy breath.
Jane. Good sir, I do believe you love me well;
For 'tis a silly conquest, silly pride
For one like you — I mean a gentleman —
To boast that by his love-tricks he hath brought
Such and such women to his amorous lure;
I think you do not so, yet many do,
And make it even a very trade to woo.
I could be coy, as many women be,
Feed you with sunshine smiles and wanton looks,
But I detest witchcraft; say that I
Do constantly believe, you constant have ——
Ham. Why dost thou not believe me?
Jane. I believe you;
But yet, good sir, because I will not grieve you
With hopes to taste fruit which will never fall,
In simple truth this is the sum of all:
My husband lives, at least, I hope he lives.
Pressed was he to these bitter wars in France;
Bitter they are to me by wanting him.
I have but one heart, and that heart's his due.
How can I then bestow the same on you?
Whilst he lives, his I live, be it ne'er so poor,
And rather be his wife than a king's whore.
Ham. Chaste and dear woman, I will not abuse thee,
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me.
Thy husband, pressed for France, what was his name?
Jane. Ralph Damport.
Ham. Damport? — Here's a letter sent
From France to me, from a dear friend of mine,
A gentleman of place; here he doth write
Their names that have been slain in every fight.
Jane. I hope death's scroll contains not my love's name.
Ham. Cannot you read?
Jane. I can.
Ham. Peruse the same.
To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest. See here.
Jane. Ay me, he's dead!
He's dead! if this be true, my dear heart's slain!

Ham. Have patience, dear love.
Jane. Hence, hence!
Ham. Nay, sweet Jane,
Make not poor sorrow proud with these rich tears.
I mourn thy husband's death, because thou mourn'st.
Jane. That bill is forged; 'tis signed by forgery.
Ham. I'll bring thee letters sent besides to many,
Carrying the like report; Jane, 'tis too true.
Come, weep not; mourning, though it rise from love,
Helps not the mournéd, yet hurts them that mourn.
Jane. For God's sake, leave me.
Ham. Whither dost thou turn?
Forget the dead, love them that are alive;
His love is faded, try how mine will thrive.
Jane. 'Tis now no time for me to think on love.
Ham. 'Tis now best time for you to think on love,
Because your love lives not.
Jane. Though he be dead,
My love to him shall not be buriéd;
For God's sake, leave me to myself alone.
Ham. 'Twould kill my soul, to leave thee drowned in moan.
Answer me to my suit, and I am gone;
Say to me yea or no.
Jane. No.
Ham. Then farewell!
One farewell will not serve, I come again;
Come, dry these wet cheeks! tell me, faith, sweet Jane,
Yea or no, once more.
Jane. Once more I say no;
Once more be gone, I pray; else will I go.
Ham. Nay, then I will grow rude, by this white hand,
Until you change that cold "no"; here I'll stand
Till by your hard heart ——
Jane. Nay, for God's love, peace!
My sorrows by your presence more increase.
Not that you thus are present, but all grief
Desires to be alone; therefore in brief
Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu:
If ever I wed man, it shall be you.
Ham. O blesséd voice! Dear Jane, I'll urge no more,
Thy breath hath made me rich.
Jane. Death makes me poor.

Exeunt.

Scene II. *London: a Street before* Hodge's *Shop.*

Hodge, *at his shop-board,* Ralph, Firk, Hans, *and a Boy at work.*

All. Hey, down a down, derry.

Hodge. Well said, my hearts; ply your work today, we loitered yesterday; to it pell-mell, that we may live to be lord mayors, or aldermen at least.

Firk. Hey, down a down, derry.

Hodge. Well said, i' faith! How say'st thou, Hans, doth not Firk tickle it?

Hans. Yaw, mester.

Firk. Not so neither, my organ-pipe squeaks this morning for want of liquoring. Hey, down a down, derry!

Hans. Forward, Firk, tow best un jolly youngster. Hort, ay, mester, ic bid yo, cut me un pair vampres vor Mester Jeffre's boots.

Hodge. Thou shalt, Hans.

Firk. Master!

Hodge. How now, boy?

Firk. Pray, now you are in the cutting vein, cut me out a pair of counterfeits, or else my work will not pass current; hey, down a down!

Hodge. Tell me, sirs, are my cousin Mistress Priscilla's shoes done?

Firk. Your cousin? No, master; one of your aunts, hang her; let them alone.

Ralph. I am in hand with them; she gave charge that none but I should do them for her.

Firk. Thou do for her? Then 'twill be a lame doing, and that she loves not. Ralph, thou might'st have sent her to me, in faith, I would have yearked and firked your Priscilla. Hey, down a down, derry. This gear will not hold.

Hodge. How say'st thou, Firk, were we not merry at Old Ford?

Firk. How, merry? Why, our buttocks went jiggy-joggy like a quagmire. Well, Sir Roger Oatmeal, if I thought all meal of that nature, I would eat nothing but bagpuddings.

Ralph. Of all good fortunes my fellow Hans had the best.

11. "Forward, Firk, thou art a jolly youngster. Hark, ay, master, I bid you, cut me a pair of vamps for Master Jeffrey's boots." The upper leather of a shoe is the vamp. 18. **counterfeits:** i.e., vamps, here used with "pass current" as pun. 22. **aunts:** bawds.

Firk. 'Tis true, because Mistress Rose drank to him.

Hodge. Well, well, work apace. They say, seven of the aldermen be dead, or very sick.

Firk. I care not, I'll be none.

Ralph. No, nor I; but then my Master Eyre will come quickly to be lord mayor.

Enter Sybil.

Firk. Whoop, yonder comes Sybil.

Hodge. Sybil, welcome, i' faith; and how dost thou, mad wench?

Firk. Syb-whore, welcome to London.

Sybil. Godamercy, sweet Firk; good lord, Hodge, what a delicious shop you have got! You tickle it, i' faith.

Ralph. Godamercy, Sybil, for our good cheer at Old Ford.

Sybil. That you shall have, Ralph.

Firk. Nay, by the mass, we had tickling cheer, Sybil; and how the plague dost thou and Mistress Rose and my lord mayor? I put the women in first.

Sybil. Well, Godamercy; but God's me, I forget myself, where's Hans the Fleming?

Firk. Hark, butter-box, now you must yelp out some spreken.

Hans. Wat begaie you? Vat vod you, Frister?

Sybil. Marry, you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last.

Hans. Vare ben your egle fro, vare ben your mistris?

Sybil. Marry, here at our London house in Cornhill.

Firk. Will nobody serve her turn but Hans?

Sybil. No, sir. Come, Hans, I stand upon needles.

Hodge. Why then, Sybil, take heed of pricking.

Sybil. For that let me alone. I have a trick in my budget. Come, Hans.

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ic sall meete yo gane.

[*Exeunt Hans and Sybil.*

Hodge. Go, Hans, make haste again. Come, who lacks work?

Firk. I, master, for I lack my breakfast; 'tis munching-time, and past.

Hodge. Is't so? Why, then leave work, Ralph. To breakfast! Boy, look to the tools. Come, Ralph; come, Firk.

[*Exeunt.*

58. "What do you want? What would you, girl?" 61. "Where is your noble lady, where is your mistress?" 68. "Yes, yes, I'll go with you."

Scene III. *Before* Hodge's *Shop.*

Enter a Serving-man.

Serv. Let me see now, the sign of the Last in Tower Street. Mass, yonder's the house. What, haw! Who's within?

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Who calls there? What want you, sir?

Serv. Marry, I would have a pair of shoes made for a gentlewoman against tomorrow morning. What, can you do them?

Ralph. Yes, sir, you shall have them. But what length's her foot?

Serv. Why, you must make them in all parts like this shoe; but, at any hand, fail not to do them, for the gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning.

Ralph. How? By this shoe must it be made? By this? Are you sure, sir, by this?

Serv. How, by this? Am I sure, by this? Art thou in thy wits? I tell thee, I must have a pair of shoes, dost thou mark me? A pair of shoes, two shoes, made by this very shoe, this same shoe, against tomorrow morning by four o'clock. Dost understand me? Canst thou do't?

Ralph. Yes, sir, yes — Ay, ay! — I can do't. By this shoe, you say? I should know this shoe. Yes, sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do't. Four o'clock, well. Whither shall I bring them?

Serv. To the sign of the Golden Ball in Watling Street; enquire for one Master Hammon, a gentleman, my master.

Ralph. Yea, sir; by this shoe, you say?

Serv. I say, Master Hammon at the Golden Ball; he's the bridegroom, and those shoes are for his bride.

Ralph. They shall be done by this shoe; well, well, Master Hammon at the Golden Shoe — I would say, the Golden Ball; very well, very well. But I pray you, sir, where must Master Hammon be married?

Serv. At Saint Faith's Church, under Paul's. But what's that to thee? Prithee, dispatch those shoes, and so farewell.

[*Exit.*

Ralph. By this shoe, said he. How am I amazed
At this strange accident! Upon my life,
This was the very shoe I gave my wife,

When I was pressed for France; since when, alas!
I never could hear of her: 'tis the same,
And Hammon's bride no other but my Jane.

Enter Firk.

Firk. 'Snails, Ralph, thou hast lost thy part of three pots, a countryman of mine gave me to breakfast.

Ralph. I care not; I have found a better thing.

Firk. A thing? Away! Is it a man's thing, or a woman's thing?

Ralph. Firk, dost thou know this shoe?

Firk. No, by my troth; neither doth that know me! I have no acquaintance with it, 'tis a mere stranger to me.

Ralph. Why, then I do; this shoe, I durst be sworn,
Once covered the instep of my Jane.
This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my love;
These true-love knots I pricked; I hold my life,
By this old shoe I shall find out my wife.

Firk. Ha, ha! Old shoe, that wert new! How a murrain came this ague-fit of foolishness upon thee?

Ralph. Thus, Firk: even now here came a serving-man;
By this shoe would he have a new pair made
Against tomorrow morning for his mistress,
That's to be married to a gentleman.
And why may not this be my sweet Jane?

Firk. And why may'st not thou be my sweet ass? Ha, ha!

Ralph. Well, laugh and spare not! But the truth is this:
Against tomorrow morning I'll provide
A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,
To watch the going of the bride to church.
If she prove Jane, I'll take her in despite
From Hammon and the devil, were he by.
If it be not my Jane, what remedy?
Hereof I am sure, I shall live till I die,
Although I never with a woman lie. [*Exit.*

Firk. Thou lie with a woman, to build nothing but Cripplegates! Well, God sends fools fortune, and it may be, he may light upon his matrimony by such a device; for wedding and hanging goes by destiny. [*Exit.*

40. **'Snails:** God's nails, a mild oath

Scene IV. *London: a Room in the* Lord Mayor's *House in Cornhill.*

Enter Hans *and* Rose, *arm in arm.*

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee!
Oh, I did fear such cross mishaps did reign
That I should never see my Rose again.
Rose. Sweet Lacy, since fair opportunity
Offers herself to further our escape,
Let not too over-fond esteem of me
Hinder that happy hour. Invent the means,
And Rose will follow thee through all the world.
Hans. Oh, how I surfeit with excess of joy,
Made happy by thy rich perfection!
But since thou pay'st sweet interest to my hopes,
Redoubling love on love, let me once more
Like to a bold-faced debtor crave of thee,
This night to steal abroad, and at Eyre's house,
Who now by death of certain aldermen
Is mayor of London, and my master once,
Meet thou thy Lacy, where in spite of change,
Your father's anger, and mine uncle's hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

Enter Sybil.

Sybil. Oh God, what will you do, mistress? Shift for yourself, your father is at hand! He's coming, he's coming! Master Lacy, hide yourself in my mistress! For God's sake, shift for yourselves!
Hans. Your father come! Sweet Rose, what shall I do? Where shall I hide me? How shall I escape?
Rose. A man, and want wit in extremity?
Come, come, be Hans still, play the shoemaker,
Pull on my shoe.

Enter the Lord Mayor.

Hans. Mass, and that's well remembered.
Sybil. Here comes your father.
Hans. Forware, metresse, 'tis un good skow, it sal vel dute, or ye sal neit betallen.

30. "In truth, mistress, 'tis a good shoe, it shall do well, or you shall not pay."

Rose. Oh God, it pincheth me; what will you do?
Hans. (*Aside.*) Your father's presence pincheth, not the shoe.
L. Mayor. Well done; fit my daughter well, and she shall please thee well.
Hans. Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well; forware, 'tis un good skoo, 'tis gimait van neits leither; se euer, mine here.

Enter a Prentice.

L. Mayor. I do believe it. — What's the news with you?
Pren. Please you, the Earl of Lincoln at the gate
Is newly 'lighted, and would speak with you.
L. Mayor. The Earl of Lincoln come to speak with me?
Well, well, I know his errand. Daughter Rose,
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, have done!
Syb, make things handsome! Sir boy, follow me. [*Exit.*
Hans. Mine uncle come! O what may this portend?
Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end.
Rose. Be not dismayed at this; whate'er befall,
Rose is thine own. To witness I speak truth,
Where thou appoint'st the place, I'll meet with thee.
I will not fix a day to follow thee,
But presently steal hence. Do not reply;
Love which gave strength to bear my father's hate,
Shall now add wings to further our escape. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Another Room in the same House.*

Enter the Lord Mayor *and the* Earl of Lincoln.

L. Mayor. Believe me, on my credit, I speak truth;
Since first your nephew Lacy went to France,
I have not seen him. It seemed strange to me,
When Dodger told me that he stayed behind,
Neglecting the high charge the king imposed.
Linc. Trust me, Sir Roger Oateley, I did think
Your counsel had given head to this attempt,
Drawn to it by the love he bears your child.
Here I did hope to find him in your house;
But now I see mine error, and confess,
My judgment wronged you by conceiving so.

36. "Yes, yes, I know that well; in truth, 'tis a good shoe, 'tis made of neat's leather; only look, sir!"

L. Mayor. Lodge in my house, say you? Trust me, my lord.
I love your nephew Lacy too too dearly,
So much to wrong his honor; and he hath done so,
That first gave him advice to stay from France.
To witness I speak truth, I let you know,
How careful I have been to keep my daughter
Free from all conference or speech of him;
Not that I scorn your nephew, but in love
I bear your honor, lest your noble blood
Should by my mean worth be dishonoréd.
Linc. (*Aside.*) How far the churl's tongue wanders from his heart!
— Well, well, Sir Roger Oateley, I believe you,
With more than many thanks for the kind love
So much you seem to bear me. But, my lord,
Let me request your help to seek my nephew,
Whom if I find, I'll straight embark for France.
So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now lies in my breast.

Enter SYBIL.

Sybil. Oh Lord! Help, for God's sake! My mistress; oh, my young mistress!
L. Mayor. Where is thy mistress? What's become of her?
Sybil. She's gone, she's fled!
L. Mayor. Gone! Whither is she fled?
Sybil. I know not, forsooth; she's fled out of doors with Hans the shoemaker; I saw them scud, scud, scud, apace, apace!
L. Mayor. Which way? What, John!
Where be my men? Which way?
Sybil. I know not, an it please your worship.
L. Mayor. Fled with a shoemaker? Can this be true?
Sybil. Oh Lord, sir, as true as God's in Heaven.
Linc. (*Aside.*) Her love turned shoemaker? I am glad of this.
L. Mayor. A Fleming butter-box, a shoemaker!
Will she forget her birth, requite my care
With such ingratitude? Scorned she young Hammon
To love a honnikin, a needy knave?
Well, let her fly, I'll not fly after her,
Let her starve, if she will; she's none of mine.
Linc. Be not so cruel, sir.

46. **honnikin**: meaning not known, but evidently a term of abuse.

Enter Firk *with shoes.*

Sybil. (*Aside.*) I am glad she's 'scaped.

L. Mayor. I'll not account of her as of my child.
Was there no better object for her eyes
But a foul drunken lubber, swill-belly,
A shoemaker? That's brave!

Firk. Yea, forsooth; 'tis a very brave shoe, and as fit as a pudding.

L. Mayor. How now, what knave is this? From whence comest thou?

Firk. No knave, sir. I am Firk the shoemaker, lusty Roger's chief lusty journeyman, and I come hither to take up the pretty leg of sweet Mistress Rose, and thus hoping your worship is in as good health, as I was at the making hereof, I bid you farewell, yours, Firk.

L. Mayor. Stay, stay, Sir Knave!

Linc. Come hither, shoemaker!

Firk. 'Tis happy the knave is put before the shoemaker, or else I would not have vouchsafed to come back to you. I am moved, for I stir.

L. Mayor. My lord, this villain calls us knaves by craft.

Firk. Then 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call one knave gently, is no harm. Sit your worship merry! (*Aside to Sybil.*) Syb, your young mistress — I'll so bob them, now my Master Eyre is lord mayor of London.

L. Mayor. Tell me, sirrah, whose man are you?

Firk. I am glad to see your worship so merry. I have no maw to this gear, no stomach as yet to a red petticoat. [*Pointing to Sybil.*

Linc. He means not, sir, to woo you to his maid,
But only doth demand whose man you are.

Firk. I sing now to the tune of Rogero. Roger, my fellow, is now my master.

Linc. Sirrah, know'st thou one Hans, a shoemaker?

Firk. Hans, shoemaker? Oh yes, stay, yes, I have him. I tell you what, I speak it in secret: Mistress Rose and he are by this time — no, not so, but shortly are to come over one another with "Can you dance the shaking of the sheets?" It is that Hans — (*Aside.*) I'll so gull these diggers!

L. Mayor. Know'st thou, then, where he is?

Firk. Yes, forsooth; yea, marry!

69. **bob**: fool. 76. **Rogero**: a popular tune of the day. So also in line 83. 83. **diggers**: i.e., after information.

Linc. Canst thou, in sadness ——

Firk. No, forsooth; no, marry!

L. Mayor. Tell me, good honest fellow, where he is,
And thou shalt see what I'll bestow on thee.

Firk. Honest fellow? No, sir; not so, sir; my profes- [90
sion is the Gentle Craft; I care not for seeing, I love feeling; let me feel it here; *aurium tenus,* ten pieces of gold; *genuum tenus,* ten pieces of silver; and then Firk is your man — (*Aside.*) in a new pair of stretchers.

L. Mayor. Here is an angel, part of thy reward, 95
Which I will give thee; tell me where he is.

Firk. No point! Shall I betray my brother? No! Shall I prove Judas to Hans? No! Shall I cry treason to my corporation? No, I shall be firked and yerked then. But give me your angel; your angel shall tell you. 100

Linc. Do so, good fellow; 'tis no hurt to thee.

Firk. Send simpering Syb away.

L. Mayor. Huswife, get you in. [*Exit Sybil.*

Firk. Pitchers have ears, and maids have wide mouths; but for Hauns Prauns, upon my word, tomorrow morning [105 he and young Mistress Rose go to this gear, they shall be married together, by this rush, or else turn Firk to a firkin of butter, to tan leather withal.

L. Mayor. But art thou sure of this?

Firk. Am I sure that Paul's steeple is a handful [110 higher than London Stone, or that the Pissing-Conduit leaks nothing but pure Mother Bunch? Am I sure I am lusty Firk? God's nails, do you think I am so base to gull you?

Linc. Where are they married? Dost thou know the church? 115

Firk. I never go to church, but I know the name of it; it is a swearing church — stay a while, 'tis — ay, by the mass, no, no, — 'tis — ay, by my troth, no, nor that; 'tis — ay, by my faith, that, that, 'tis, ay, by my Faith's Church under Paul's Cross. There they shall be knit like a pair of [120 stockings in matrimony; there they'll be inconie.

Linc. Upon my life, my nephew Lacy walks
In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker.

Firk. Yes, forsooth.

Linc. Doth he not, honest fellow? 125

86. **Canst:** knowest. 86. **sadness:** seriously. 94. **stretchers:** i.e., of the truth, lies. 97. **no point:** not at all, from Fr. *ne point.* 111. **London Stone:** a stone now in the wall of St. Swithin's church, Cannon Street. It once marked the center from which all Roman roads radiated. 112. **Mother Bunch:** a well-known ale-wife, hence, ale. 121. **inconie:** probably "a pretty sight."

Firk. No, forsooth; I think Hans is nobody but Hans, no spirit.

L. Mayor. My mind misgives me now, 'tis so, indeed.

Linc. My cousin speaks the language, knows the trade.

L. Mayor. Let me request your company, my lord;
Your honorable presence may, no doubt,
Refrain their headstrong rashness, when myself
Going alone perchance may be o'erborne.
Shall I request this favor?

Linc. This, or what else.

Firk. Then you must rise betimes, for they mean to fall to their "hey-pass and repass," "pindy-pandy, which hand will you have," very early.

L. Mayor. My care shall every way equal their haste.
This night accept your lodging in my house,
The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faith's
Prevent this giddy hare-brained nuptial.
This traffic of hot love shall yield cold gains;
They ban our loves, and we'll forbid their banns. [*Exit.*

Linc. At Saint Faith's Church thou say'st?

Firk. Yes, by their troth.

Linc. Be secret, on thy life. [*Exit.*

Firk. Yes, when I kiss your wife! Ha, ha, here's no craft in the Gentle Craft. I came hither of purpose with shoes to Sir Roger's worship, whilst Rose, his daughter, be cony-catched by Hans. Soft now; these two gulls will be at Saint Faith's Church tomorrow morning, to take Master Bridegroom and Mistress Bride napping, and they, in the meantime, shall chop up the matter at the Savoy. But the best sport is, Sir Roger Oateley will find my fellow lame Ralph's wife going to marry a gentleman, and then he'll stop her instead of his daughter. Oh, brave! there will be fine tickling sport. Soft now, what have I to do? Oh, I know; now a mess of shoemakers meet at the Woolsack in Ivy Lane, to cozen my gentleman of lame Ralph's wife, that's true.

Alack, alack!
Girls, hold out tack!
For now smocks for this jumbling
Shall go to wrack. [*Exit.*

136. **hey-pass, etc.:** a juggler's phrase. The other one is used in children's games. 143. **ban:** curse.

ACT V

Scene I. *A Room in* Eyre's *House.*

Enter Eyre, Margery, Hans, *and* Rose.

Eyre. This is the morning, then, say, my bully, my honest Hans, is it not?

Hans. This is the morning that must make us two happy or miserable; therefore, if you ——

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ans, Hans, and these et caeteras! By mine honor, Rowland Lacy, none but the king shall wrong thee. Come, fear nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre lord mayor of London? Fear nothing, Rose; let them all say what they can; dainty, come thou to me — laughest thou?

Marg. Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why, my sweet Lady Madgy, think you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch journeyman? No, vah! Fie, I scorn it, it shall never be cast in my teeth, that I was unthankful. Lady Madgy, thou had'st never covered thy Saracen's head with this French flap, nor loaden thy bum with this farthingale ('tis trash, trumpery, vanity); Simon Eyre had never walked in a red petticoat, nor wore a chain of gold, but for my fine journeyman's Portuguese. — And shall I leave him? No! Prince am I none, yet bear a princely mind.

Hans. My lord, 'tis time for us to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or three of my pie-crust-eaters, my buff-jerkin varlets, that do walk in black gowns at Simon Eyre's heels; take them, good Lady Madgy; trip and go, my brown queen of periwigs, with my delicate Rose and my jolly Rowland to the Savoy; see them linked, countenance the marriage; and when it is done, cling, cling together, you Hamborow turtle-doves. I'll bear you out, come to Simon Eyre; come, dwell with me, Hans, thou shalt eat minced-pies and marchpane. Rose, away, cricket; trip and go, my Lady Madgy, to the Savoy; Hans, wed, and to bed; kiss, and away! Go, vanish!

Marg. Farewell, my lord.

Rose. Make haste, sweet love.

Marg. She'd fain the deed were done.

31. **marchpane:** something like a macaroon.

Hans. Come, my sweet Rose; faster than deer we'll run.
[*Exeunt all but Eyre.*

Eyre. Go, vanish, vanish! Avaunt, I say! By the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a lord mayor; it's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life. Well, Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honor of Saint Hugh. [40 Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings; his majesty is welcome, he shall have good cheer, delicate cheer, princely cheer. This day, my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too; they shall have fine cheer, gentlemanlike cheer. I promised the mad Cappado- [45 cians, when we all served at the Conduit together, that if ever I came to be mayor of London, I would feast them all, and I'll do't, I'll do't, by the life of Pharaoh; by this beard, Sim Eyre will be no flincher. Besides, I have procured that upon every Shrove Tuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell, my fine [50 dapper Assyrian lads shall clap up their shop windows, and away. This is the day, and this day they shall do't, they shall do't.

Boys, that day are you free, let masters care,
And prentices shall pray for Simon Eyre. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *A Street near St. Faith's Church.*

Enter Hodge, Firk, Ralph, *and five or six Shoemakers, all with cudgels or such weapons.*

Hodge. Come, Ralph; stand to it, Firk. My masters, as we are the brave bloods of the shoemakers, heirs apparent to Saint Hugh, and perpetual benefactors to all good fellows, thou shalt have no wrong; were Hammon a king of spades, he should not delve in thy close without thy sufferance. But tell me, [5 Ralph, art thou sure 'tis thy wife?

Ralph. Am I sure this is Firk? This morning, when I stroked on her shoes, I looked upon her, and she upon me, and sighed, asked me if ever I knew one Ralph. Yes, said I. For his sake, said she — tears standing in her eyes — and for [10 thou art somewhat like him, spend this piece of gold. I took it; my lame leg and my travel beyond sea made me unknown. All is one for that; I know she 's mine.

Firk. Did she give thee this gold? O glorious glittering

46. **served:** Apprentices carried water for their masters as part of their duty. 50. **pancake bell:** rung at 11 a.m. Pancakes were part of Shrove Tuesday diet.
8. **stroked:** fitted.

gold! She's thine own, 'tis thy wife, and she loves thee; for I'll stand to't, there's no woman will give gold to any man, but she thinks better of him, than she thinks of them she gives silver to. And for Hammon, neither Hammon nor hangman shall wrong thee in London. Is not our old master Eyre, lord mayor? Speak, my hearts.

All. Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

Enter Hammon, *his Serving-man,* Jane, *and others.*

Hodge. Peace, my bullies; yonder they come.

Ralph. Stand to't, my hearts. Firk, let me speak first.

Hodge. No, Ralph, let me. — Hammon, whither away so early?

Ham. Unmannerly, rude slave, what's that to thee?

Firk. To him, sir? Yes, sir, and to me, and others. Good-morrow, Jane, how dost thou? Good Lord, how the world is changed with you! God be thanked!

Ham. Villains, hands off! How dare you touch my love?

All the Shoemakers. Villains? Down with them! Cry clubs for prentices!

Hodge. Hold, my hearts! Touch her, Hammon? Yea, and more than that; we'll carry her away with us. My masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird-spits; shoemakers are steel to the back, men every inch of them, all spirit.

Those of Hammon's Side. Well, and what of all this?

Hodge. I'll show you. — Jane, dost thou know this man? 'Tis Ralph, I can tell thee; nay, 'tis he in faith, though he be lamed by the wars. Yet look not strange, but run to him, fold him about the neck and kiss him.

Jane. Lives then my husband? Oh God, let me go,
Let me embrace my Ralph.

Ham. What means my Jane?

Jane. Nay, what meant you, to tell me, he was slain?

Ham. Pardon me, dear love, for being misled.
[*To Ralph.*] 'Twas rumored here in London, thou wert dead.

Firk. Thou seest he lives. Lass, go, pack home with him. Now, Master Hammon, where's your mistress, your wife?

Serv.-man. 'Swounds, master, fight for her!
Will you thus lose her?

Shoemakers. Down with that creature! Clubs!
Down with him!

33. **prentices:** "Clubs" was the rallying cry for apprentices when there was a riot.

Hodge. Hold, hold!

Ham. Hold, fool! Sirs, he shall do no wrong.
Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her faith?

Firk. Yea, sir! She must, sir! She shall, sir!
What then? Mend it!

Hodge. Hark, fellow Ralph, follow my counsel; set the wench in the midst, and let her choose her man, and let her be his woman.

Jane. Whom should I choose? Whom should my thoughts affect
But him whom Heaven hath made to be my love?
Thou art my husband, and these humble weeds
Make thee more beautiful than all his wealth.
Therefore, I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owner's hand,
And after ever be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a rag, Jane! The law's on our side; he that sows in another man's ground, forfeits his harvest. Get thee home, Ralph; follow him, Jane; he shall not have so much as a busk-point from thee.

Firk. Stand to that, Ralph; the appurtenances are thine own. Hammon, look not at her!

Serv.-man. O, 'swounds, no!

Firk. Blue coat, be quiet, we'll give you a new livery else; we'll make Shrove Tuesday Saint George's Day for you. Look not, Hammon, leer not! I'll firk you! For thy head now, one glance, one sheep's eye, anything, at her! Touch not a rag, lest I and my brethren beat you to clouts.

Serv.-man. Come, Master Hammon, there's no striving here.

Ham. Good fellows, hear me speak; and, honest Ralph,
Whom I have injured most by loving Jane,
Mark what I offer thee; here in fair gold
Is twenty pound, I'll give it for thy Jane;
If this content thee not, thou shalt have more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife, Ralph; make her not a whore.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claim in her,
And let her be my wife?

All the Shoemakers. No, do not, Ralph.

Ralph. Sirrah Hammon, Hammon, dost thou think a shoemaker is so base to be a bawd to his own wife for commodity? Take thy gold, choke with it! Were I not lame, I would make thee eat thy words.

71. **busk-point:** a lace with a tag used in fastening corsets. 76. **St. George's Day:** a festival for blue-coats, i.e., servingmen.

Firk. A shoemaker sell his flesh and blood?
Oh, indignity!
Hodge. Sirrah, take up your pelf, and be packing.
Ham. I will not touch one penny, but in lieu
Of that great wrong I offeréd thy Jane,
To Jane and thee I give that twenty pound.
Since I have failed of her, during my life,
I vow, no woman else shall be my wife.
Farewell, good fellows of the Gentle Trade:
Your morning mirth my mourning day hath made.
[*Exit.*
Firk. (*To the Serving-man.*) Touch the gold, creature, if you dare! Y'are best be trudging. Here, Jane, take thou it. Now let's home, my hearts.
Hodge. Stay! Who comes here? Jane, on again with thy mask!

Enter the EARL OF LINCOLN, *the* LORD MAYOR, *and Servants.*

Linc. Yonder's the lying varlet mocked us so.
L. Mayor. Come hither, sirrah!
Firk. I, sir? I am sirrah? You mean me, do you not?
Linc. Where is my nephew married?
Firk. Is he married? God give him joy, I am glad of it. They have a fair day, and the sign is in a good planet, Mars in Venus.
L. Mayor. Villain, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose
This morning should be married at Saint Faith's;
We have watched there these three hours at the least,
Yet see we no such thing.
Firk. Truly, I am sorry for't; a bride's a pretty thing.
Hodge. Come to the purpose. Yonder's the bride and bridegroom you look for, I hope. Though you be lords, you are not to bar by your authority men from women, are you?
L. Mayor. See, see, my daughter's masked.
Linc. True, and my nephew,
To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.
Firk. Yea, truly; God help the poor couple, they are lame and blind.
L. Mayor. I'll ease her blindness.
Linc. I'll his lameness cure.
Firk. (*Aside to the Shoemakers.*) Lie down, sirs, and laugh! My fellow Ralph is taken for Rowland Lacy, and Jane for Mistress Damask Rose. This is all my knavery.

L. Mayor. What, have I found you, minion?
Linc. O base wretch!
Nay, hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt
Can hardly be washed off. Where are thy powers?
What battles have you made? O yes, I see,
Thou fought'st with Shame, and Shame hath conquered thee.
This lameness will not serve.
L. Mayor. Unmask yourself.
Linc. Lead home your daughter.
L. Mayor. Take your nephew hence.
Ralph. Hence! 'Swounds, what mean you?
Are you mad? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me.
Where's Hammon?
L. Mayor. Your wife?
Linc. What, Hammon?
Ralph. Yea, my wife; and, therefore, the proudest of you that lays hands on her first, I'll lay my crutch 'cross his pate.
Firk. To him, lame Ralph! Here's brave sport! [145
Ralph. Rose call you her? Why, her name is Jane. Look here else; do you know her now? [*Unmasking Jane.*
Linc. Is this your daughter?
L. Mayor. No, nor this your nephew.
My Lord of Lincoln, we are both abused
By this base, crafty varlet.
Firk. Yea, forsooth, no varlet; forsooth, no base; forsooth, I am but mean; no crafty neither, but of the Gentle Craft.
L. Mayor. Where is my daughter Rose? Where is my child?
Linc. Where is my nephew Lacy married?
Firk. Why, here is good laced mutton, as I promised you.
Linc. Villain, I'll have thee punished for this wrong.
Firk. Punish the journeyman villain, but not the journeyman shoemaker.

Enter Dodger.

Dodg. My lord, I come to bring unwelcome news.
Your nephew Lacy and your daughter Rose
Early this morning wedded at the Savoy,
None being present but the lady mayoress.
Besides, I learnt among the officers,
The lord mayor vows to stand in their defence
'Gainst any that shall seek to cross the match.
Linc. Dares Eyre the shoemaker uphold the deed?

156. **mutton:** slang for woman.

Firk. Yes, sir, shoemakers dare stand in a woman's quarrel, I warrant you, as deep as another, and deeper too.

Dodg. Besides, his grace today dines with the mayor; [170
Who on his knees humbly intends to fall
And beg a pardon for your nephew's fault.

Linc. But I'll prevent him! Come, Sir Roger Oateley;
The king will do us justice in this cause.
Howe'er their hands have made them man and wife, 175
I will disjoin the match, or lose my life. [*Exeunt.*

Firk. Adieu, Monsieur Dodger! Farewell, fools! Ha, ha! Oh, if they had stayed, I would have so lambed them with flouts! O heart, my codpiece-point is ready to fly in pieces every time I think upon Mistress Rose; but let that [180 pass, as my lady mayoress says.

Hodge. This matter is answered. Come, Ralph; home with thy wife. Come, my fine shoemakers, let's go to our master's, the new lord mayor, and there swagger this Shrove Tuesday. I'll promise you wine enough, for Madge keeps the cellar. [185

All. O rare! Madge is a good wench.

Firk. And I'll promise you meat enough, for simp'ring Susan keeps the larder. I'll lead you to victuals, my brave soldiers; follow your captain. O brave! Hark, hark!

[*Bell rings.*

All. The pancake-bell rings, the pancake-bell! 190
Trilill, my hearts!

Firk. O brave! O sweet bell! O delicate pancakes! Open the doors, my hearts, and shut up the windows! keep in the house, let out the pancakes! Oh, rare, my hearts! Let 's march together for the honor of Saint Hugh to the great new [195 hall in Gracious Street-corner, which our master, the new lord mayor, hath built.

Ralph. O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my lord mayor's cost today!

Hodge. By the Lord, my lord mayor is a most brave [200 man. How shall prentices be bound to pray for him and the honor of the gentlemen shoemakers! Let's feed and be fat with my lord's bounty.

Firk. O musical bell, still! O Hodge, O my brethren! There's cheer for the heavens: venison-pasties walk up [205 and down piping hot, like sergeants; beef and brewis comes marching in dry-vats, fritters and pancakes come trowling in

178. **lambed:** whipped. 179. **flouts:** insults. 196. **hall:** Leadenhall, built by Simon Eyre, 1446, as a storehouse for grain against a time of scarcity. 207. **dry-vats:** barrels.

in wheelbarrows; hens and oranges hopping in porters'-baskets, collops and eggs in scuttles, and tarts and custards come quavering in in malt-shovels.

Enter more Prentices.

All. Whoop, look here, look here!

Hodge. How now, mad lads, whither away so fast?

First Pren. Whither? Why, to the great new hall, know you not why? The lord mayor hath bidden all the prentices in London to breakfast this morning.

All. Oh, brave shoemaker, oh, brave lord of incomprehensible good fellowship! Whoo! Hark you! The pancake-bell rings. [*Cast up caps.*

Firk. Nay, more, my hearts! Every Shrove Tuesday is our year of jubilee; and when the pancake-bell rings, we are as free as my Lord Mayor; we may shut up our shops, and make holiday. I'll have it called Saint Hugh's Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed! Saint Hugh's Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for ever.

All. Oh, brave! Come, come, my hearts! Away, away!

Firk. O eternal credit to us of the Gentle Craft! March fair, my hearts! Oh rare! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Street in London.*

Enter the King *and his Train over the stage.*

King. Is our lord mayor of London such a gallant?

Noble. One of the merriest madcaps in your land.
Your grace will think, when you behold the man,
He's rather a wild ruffian than a mayor.
Yet thus much I'll ensure your majesty,
In all his actions that concern his state,
He is as serious, provident, and wise,
As full of gravity amongst the grave,
As any mayor hath been these many years.

King. I am with child, till I behold this huff-cap.
But all my doubt is, when we come in presence,
His madness will be dashed clean out of countenance.

10. **with child:** in suspense. 10. **huff-cap:** swaggerer.

Noble. It may be so, my liege.
King. Which to prevent
Let some one give him notice, 'tis our pleasure
That he put on his wonted merriment.
Set forward!
All. On afore! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Great Hall.*

Enter Eyre, Hodge, Firk, Ralph, *and other Shoemakers, all with napkins on their shoulders.*

Eyre. Come, my fine Hodge, my jolly gentlemen shoemakers; soft, where be these cannibals, these varlets, my officers? Let them all walk and wait upon my brethren; for my meaning is, that none but shoemakers, none but the livery of my company shall in their satin hoods wait upon the trencher of my sovereign.

Firk. O my lord, it will be rare!

Eyre. No more, Firk; come, lively! Let your fellow prentices want no cheer; let wine be plentiful as beer, and beer as water. Hang these penny-pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent lambskins. Rip, knaves, avaunt! Look to my guests!

Hodge. My lord, we are at our wits' end for room; those hundred tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then cover me those hundred tables again, and again, till all my jolly prentices be feasted. Avoid, Hodge! Run, Ralph! Frisk about, my nimble Firk! Carouse me fathom-healths to the honor of the shoemakers. Do they drink lively, Hodge? Do they tickle it, Firk?

Firk. Tickle it? Some of them have taken their liquor standing so long that they can stand no longer; but for meat, they would eat it, an they had it.

Eyre. Want they meat? Where's this swag-belly, this greasy kitchenstuff cook? Call the varlet to me! Want meat? Firk, Hodge, lame Ralph, run, my tall men, beleaguer the shambles, beggar all Eastcheap, serve me whole oxen in chargers, and let sheep whine upon the tables like pigs for want of good fellows to eat them. Want meat? Vanish, Firk! Avaunt, Hodge!

Hodge. Your lordship mistakes my man Firk; he means, their bellies want meat, not the boards; for they have drunk so much, they can eat nothing.

Enter Hans, Rose, *and* Margery.

Marg. Where is my lord?

Eyre. How now, Lady Madgy?

Marg. The king's most excellent majesty is new come; he sends me for thy honor; one of his most worshipful peers bade me tell thou must be merry, and so forth; but let that pass.

Eyre. Is my sovereign come? Vanish, my tall shoemakers, my nimble brethren; look to my guests, the prentices. Yet stay a little! How now, Hans? How looks my little Rose?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me.
I know, your honor easily may obtain
Free pardon of the king for me and Rose,
And reconcile me to my uncle's grace.

Eyre. Have done, my good Hans, my honest journeyman; look cheerily! I'll fall upon both my knees, till they be as hard as horn, but I'll get thy pardon.

Marg. Good my lord, have a care what you speak to his grace.

Eyre. Away, you Islington whitepot! hence, you hop-

32. After this line the following "Second Three Men's Song" is sometimes printed:

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee:
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down a down heydown a down,
(*Close with the tenor boy*)
Hey derry derry, down a down!
Ho, well done; to me let come!
Ring, compass, gentle joy.

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee: etc.
Repeat as often as there be men to drink;
and at last when all have drunk, this verse:
Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

50. **whitepot, etc.:** The literal meaning of the string of epithets in this passage can add nothing to the hearty spirit with which bluff old Simon uttered them. They can all be found in the dictionary.

per-arse! you barley-pudding, full of maggots! you broiled carbonado; avaunt, avaunt, avoid, Mephistophilis! Shall Sim Eyre learn to speak of you, Lady Madgy? Vanish, Mother Miniver-cap; vanish, go, trip and go; meddle with your partlets and your pishery-pashery, your flewes and your whirli- [55 gigs; go, rub, out of mine alley! Sim Eyre knows how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tamburlaine, an he were here, and shall I melt, shall I droop before my sovereign? No, come, my Lady Madgy! Follow me, Hans! About your business, my frolic free-booters! Firk, frisk about, and about, and [60 about, for the honor of mad Simon Eyre, lord mayor of London.

Firk. Hey, for the honor of the shoemakers!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *An Open Yard before the Hall.*

A long flourish, or two. Enter the King, *Nobles,* Eyre, Margery, Lacy, Rose. Lacy *and* Rose *kneel.*

King. Well, Lacy, though the fact was very foul
Of your revolting from our kingly love
And your own duty, yet we pardon you.
Rise both, and, Mistress Lacy, thank my lord mayor
For your young bridegroom here. 5

Eyre. So, my dear liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren, the gentlemen shoemakers, shall set your sweet majesty's image cheek by jowl by Saint Hugh for this honor you have done poor Simon Eyre. I beseech your grace, pardon my rude behavior; I am a handicraftsman, yet my heart is without craft; I [10 would be sorry at my soul, that my boldness should offend my king.

King. Nay, I pray thee, good lord mayor, be even as merry
As if thou wert among thy shoemakers;
It does me good to see thee in this humor. 15

Eyre. Say'st thou me so, my sweet Dioclesian? Then, humph! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. By the Lord of Ludgate, my liege, I'll be as merry as a pie.

King. Tell me, in faith, mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre. My liege, a very boy, a stripling, a younker; [20 you see not a white hair on my head, not a gray in this beard. Every hair, I assure thy majesty, that sticks in this beard, Sim Eyre values at the King of Babylon's ransom, Tamar

18. **pie:** magpie. 23. **Tamar Cham:** Tamburlaine.

Cham's beard was a rubbing brush to't: yet I'll shave it off, and stuff tennis-balls with it, to please my bully king.

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre. My liege, I am six and fifty year old, yet I can cry humph! with a sound heart for the honor of Saint Hugh. Mark this old wench, my king; I danced the shaking of the sheets with her six and thirty years ago, and yet I hope to get two or three young lord mayors, ere I die. I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still. Care and cold lodging brings white hairs. My sweet Majesty, let care vanish, cast it upon thy nobles, it will make thee look always young like Apollo, and cry humph! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born.

King. Ha, ha!
Say, Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like?

Cor. Not I, my lord.

Enter the Earl of Lincoln *and the* Lord Mayor.

King. Lincoln, what news with you?

Linc. My gracious lord, have care unto yourself,
For there are traitors here.

All. Traitors? Where? Who?

Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid! Where be my officers? I'll spend my soul, ere my king feel harm.

King. Where is the traitor, Lincoln?

Linc. Here he stands.

King. Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy! — Lincoln, speak,
What canst thou lay unto thy nephew's charge?

Linc. This, my dear liege: your Grace, to do me honor,
Heaped on the head of this degenerate boy
Desertless favors; you made choice of him
To be commander over powers in France.
But he ——

King. Good Lincoln, prithee, pause a while!
Even in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speak.
I know how Lacy did neglect our love,
Ran himself deeply, in the highest degree,
Into vile treason ——

Linc. Is he not a traitor?

King. Lincoln, he was; now have we pardoned him.
'Twas not a base want of true valor's fire,
That held him out of France, but love's desire.

Linc. I will not bear his shame upon my back.

King. Nor shalt thou, Lincoln; I forgive you both.

Linc. Then, good my liege, forbid the boy to wed
One whose mean birth will much disgrace his bed.
King. Are they not married?
Linc. No, my liege.
Both. We are.
King. Shall I divorce them then? O be it far,
That any hand on earth should dare untie
The sacred knot, knit by God's majesty;
I would not for my crown disjoin their hands,
That are conjoined in holy nuptial bands.
How say'st thou, Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy Rose?
Lacy. Not for all India's wealth, my sovereign.
King. But Rose, I am sure, her Lacy would forgo?
Rose. If Rose were asked that question, she'd say no.
King. You hear them, Lincoln?
Linc. Yea, my liege, I do.
King. Yet canst thou find i' th' heart to part these two?
Who seeks, besides you, to divorce these lovers?
L. Mayor. I do, my gracious lord, I am her father.
King. Sir Roger Oateley, our last mayor, I think?
Noble. The same, my liege.
King. Would you offend Love's laws?
Well, you shall have your wills. You sue to me,
To prohibit the match. Soft, let me see —
You both are married, Lacy, art thou not?
Lacy. I am, dread sovereign.
King. Then, upon thy life,
I charge thee not to call this woman wife.
L. Mayor. I thank your grace.
Rose. O my most gracious lord!
[*Kneels.*
King. Nay, Rose, never woo me; I tell you true,
Although as yet I am a bachelor,
Yet I believe, I shall not marry you.
Rose. Can you divide the body from the soul,
Yet make the body live?
King. Yea, so profound?
I cannot, Rose, but you I must divide.
This fair maid, bridegroom, cannot be your bride.
Are you pleased, Lincoln? Oateley, are you pleased?
Both. Yes, my lord.
King. Then must my heart be eased;
For, credit me, my conscience lives in pain,
Till these whom I divorced, be joined again.

Lacy, give me thy hand; Rose, lend me thine!
Be what you would be! Kiss now! So, that's fine.
At night, lovers, to bed! — Now, let me see,
Which of you all mislikes this harmony.

L. Mayor. Will you then take from me my child perforce?

King. Why, tell me, Oateley; shines not Lacy's name
As bright in the world's eye as the gay beams
Of any citizen?

Linc. Yea, but, my gracious lord,
I do mislike the match far more than he;
Her blood is too too base.

King. Lincoln, no more.
Dost thou not know that love respects no blood,
Cares not for difference of birth or state?
The maid is young, well born, fair, virtuous,
A worthy bride for any gentleman.
Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoop
To bare necessity, and, as I hear,
Forgetting honors and all courtly pleasures,
To gain her love, became a shoemaker.
As for the honor which he lost in France,
Thus I redeem it: Lacy, kneel thee down! —
Arise, Sir Rowland Lacy! Tell me now,
Tell me in earnest, Oateley, canst thou chide,
Seeing thy Rose a lady and a bride?

L. Mayor. I am content with what your grace hath done.

Linc. And I, my liege, since there's no remedy.

King. Come on, then, all shake hands: I'll have you friends;
Where there is much love, all discord ends.
What says my mad lord mayor to all this love?

Eyre. O my liege, this honor you have done to my fine journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these favors which you have shown to me this day in my poor house, will make Simon Eyre live longer by one dozen of warm summers more than he should.

King. Nay, my mad lord mayor, that shall be thy name,
If any grace of mine can length thy life,
One honor more I'll do thee; that new-building,
Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected,
Shall take a name from us; we'll have it called
The Leadenhall, because in digging it
You found the lead that covereth the same.

Eyre. I thank your majesty.

Marg. God bless your grace!
King. Lincoln, a word with you!

Enter Hodge, Firk, Ralph, *and more Shoemakers.*

Eyre. How now, my mad knaves? Peace, speak softly, yonder is the king.
King. With the old troop which there we keep in pay,
We will incorporate a new supply.
Before one summer more pass o'er my head,
France shall repent England was injured.
What are all those?
Lacy. All shoemakers, my liege,
Sometime my fellows; in their companies
I lived as merry as an emperor.
King. My mad lord mayor, are all these shoemakers?
Eyre. All shoemakers, my liege; all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, true Trojans, courageous cordwainers; they all kneel to the shrine of holy Saint Hugh.
All the Shoemakers. God save your majesty!
King. Mad Simon, would they anything with us?
Eyre. Mum, mad knaves! Not a word! I'll do't; I warrant you. — They are all beggars, my liege; all for themselves, and I for them all, on both my knees do entreat, that for the honor of poor Simon Eyre and the good of his brethren, these mad knaves, your grace would vouchsafe some privilege to my new Leadenhall, that it may be lawful for us to buy and sell leather there two days a week.
King. Mad Sim, I grant your suit, you shall have patent
To hold two market-days in Leadenhall,
Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times.
Will this content you?
All. Jesus bless your grace!
Eyre. In the name of these my poor brethren shoemakers, I most humbly thank your grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giving vein and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one boon more.
King. What is it, my lord mayor?
Eyre. Vouchsafe to taste of a poor banquet that stands sweetly waiting for your sweet presence.
King. I shall undo thee, Eyre, only with feasts;
Already have I been too troublesome;
Say, have I not?

Eyre. O my dear king, Sim Eyre was taken unawares upon a day of shroving, which I promised long ago to the prentices of London.

For, an't please your highness, in time past,
I bare the water-tankard, and my coat
Sits not a whit the worse upon my back;
And then, upon a morning, some mad boys,
It was Shrove Tuesday, even as 'tis now,
Gave me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of my tankard, if ever I came to be lord mayor of London, I would feast all the prentices. This day, my liege, I did it, and the slaves had an hundred tables five times covered; they are gone home and vanished;

Yet add more honor to the Gentle Trade,
Taste of Eyre's banquet, Simon's happy made.

King. Eyre, I will taste of thy banquet, and will say,
I have not met more pleasure on a day.
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you all,
Thanks, my kind lady mayoress, for our cheer. —
Come, lords, a while let's revel it at home!
When all our sports and banquetings are done,
Wars must right wrongs which Frenchmen have begun.

[*Exeunt.*

175. **shroving:** merrymaking. 178. **bare, etc.:** when he was an apprentice.

NOTE

In the Introduction to this volume attention was called to the fact that at the time that the Elizabethan drama was reaching its greatest height certain new tendencies arose which affected not only the immediately contemporary plays but indicated lines which the later drama was to follow, especially comedy. The first of these new elements was the comedy of character inaugurated by Ben Jonson in *Every Man in His Humor,* the second was the comedy of manners first given distinctive form by Thomas Dekker in *The Shoemakers' Holiday.* Both Jonson and Dekker aimed at realism; that is, they took their characters from the Elizabethan London of the day, but while Jonson stressed character only, with the almost complete elimination of action and plot, Dekker, without neglecting the element of character, had the persons of his play involved in interesting episodes as well.

Dekker never developed beyond being a hack-writer, but he was one of that species who not only could write on almost any subject imaginable, but could do it quite acceptably; so, while he lacked the genius of his greatest contemporaries, he nevertheless wrote what is perhaps the gayest comedy of the whole Elizabethan period, *The Shoemakers' Holiday.* Like Jonson, Dekker knew his London thoroughly and loved it wholeheartedly. In his plays, instead of satirizing or scolding the citizens of

his town, he endeavored to portray typical representatives of the three classes of Londoners, the nobility, the better class of citizens, and the craftsmen, all loyal to their city and country. Jonson cared little or nothing for plot, but Dekker felt that an interesting story involving types of persons familiar to all audiences would go far in winning a sympathetic reception for his play. For the material of his first play he used Thomas Deloney's *The Gentle Craft,* a group of stories about shoemakers, published in 1598. By combining selected portions from several of these stories, Dekker obtained both the love episodes and the main motive of the career of Simon Eyre.

Dekker showed good theatrical sense in stressing the love element even though he followed the romantic manner of an earlier period, something Jonson either could not or would not do. Jonson wrote more for the intellectuals, Dekker for the class that was eager for emotional stimulation. The love of Lacy for his Rose harks back to the best scenes in Greene's comedies, where impassable obstacles are overcome by true love, while the tangled situation of Jane and Ralph suggests the melodrama of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is these love episodes that supply motives for most of the action of the play, both for those directly involved and all the other characters of the play. Dekker skilfully contrived to link his comedy types with the motives of action supplied by others, thus preventing them from being mere characters in the manner of Jonson. The story of Simon Eyre and his merry band of journeyman shoemakers is kept moving by his introduction to the world of commerce by Lacy and his eventual Lord Mayorship, while Lacy's apprenticeship to Eyre the shoemaker gives him opportunity to carry on his love affair. The whole play glows with the infectious good will and the unflagging optimism of Simon himself, and at no time is the outcome of the play in doubt. Old Simon will become mayor, no matter how many aldermen have conveniently to die; Lacy will get his Rose, and Ralph will return from the war to find his Jane tried but true. Even Master Hammon is only a semi-villain to provide a foil for that delightful trickster, " my fine Firk."

The Shoemakers' Holiday was played at the Rose in 1599 and printed the following year. There is no complete modern text of Dekker, but five of his plays are in a volume of the Mermaid Series.

APPENDIX

THE YORK CYCLE

"The order of the Pageants of the Play of Corpus Christi, in the time of the mayoralty of William Alne, in the third year of the reign of King Henry V, anno 1415, compiled by Roger Burton, town clerk."

1. Tanners — God the Father Almighty creating and forming the heavens, angels, and archangels, Lucifer and the angels that fell with him to hell.
2. Plasterers — God the Father, in his own substance, creating the earth and all which is therein, by the space of five days.
3. Cardmakers — God the Father creating Adam of the clay of the earth, and making Eve of Adam's rib, and inspiring them with the breath of life.
4. Fullers — God forbidding Adam and Eve to eat of the tree of life.
5. Coopers — Adam and Eve and a tree between them; the serpent deceiving them with apples; God speaking to them and cursing the serpent, and with a sword driving them out of paradise.
6. Armorers — Adam and Eve, an angel with a spade and distaff assign them work.
7. Glovers — Abel and Cain offering victims in sacrifice.
8. Shipwrights — God warning Noah to make an Ark of floatable wood.
9. Fishmongers and Mariners — Noah in the Ark, with his wife; the three sons of Noah with their wives; with divers animals.
10. Parchment-makers and Bookbinders — Abraham sacrificing his son Isaac on an altar, a boy with wood and an angel.
11. Hosiers — Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness; King Pharaoh; eight Jews wondering and expecting.
12. Spicers — A Doctor declaring the sayings of the prophets of the future birth of Christ. Mary; an angel saluting her; Mary saluting Elizabeth.
13. Pewterers and Founders — Mary, Joseph wishing to put her away; an angel speaking to them that they go to Bethlehem.
14. Tilers — Mary, Joseph, a midwife; the Child born, lying in a manger between an ox and an ass, and an angel speaking to the shepherds, and to the players in the next pageant.
15. Chandlers — The shepherds talking together, the star in the East; an angel giving the shepherds the good tidings of the Child's birth.
16, 17. Goldsmiths, Gold-beaters, and Moneymakers — The three kings coming from the East, Herod asking them about the child Jesus; the son of Herod, two counselors, and a messenger. Mary with the Child, a star above, and the three kings offering gifts.
18. Masons — Mary with the Child, Joseph, Anna, the midwife with young pigeons; Simeon receiving the Child in his arms, the two sons of Simeon.
19. Horse-shoers — Mary with the Child, and Joseph fleeing into Egypt at the bidding of an angel.

20. Girdlers, Nailers, and Sawyers — Herod commanding the children to be slain; four soldiers with lancers; two counselors of the king, and four women lamenting the slaughter of the children.
21. Spurriers and Bridle Makers — The Doctors, the Child Jesus sitting in the Temple in their midst, questioning and answering them. Four Jews, Mary and Joseph seeking Him, and finding Him in the Temple.
22. Barbers — Vintners — Jesus, John the Baptist baptizing Him. (Not in the manuscript.) Jesus, Mary, bridegroom with bride, the Ruler of the Feast with his household, with six water-pots, in which water is turned into wine.
23. Smiths — Jesus upon the pinnacle of the Temple, Satan tempting Him, with stones, and two angels ministering.
24. Curriers — Peter, James and John; Jesus ascending into the mountain and transfiguring Himself before them; Moses and Elias appearing, and a voice speaking from a cloud.
    Ironmongers — Jesus, and Simon the Leper asking Jesus to eat with him; two disciples, Mary Magdalen washing the feet of Jesus with her tears and wiping them with her hair. (This part of 24 is not in the manuscript.)
25. Plumbers and Patten Makers — Jesus, two apostles, the woman taken in adultery, four Jews accusing her.
    Pouch Makers, Bottlers, and Cap Makers — Lazarus in the tomb, Mary Magdalen, Martha, and two Jews in wonderment.
26. Skinners — Jesus upon an ass with its foal, xii apostles following Jesus, six rich and six poor men, eight boys with branches of palms, singing *Benedictus, &c.,* and Zacchaeus climbing into a sycamore-tree.
27. Cutlers, Bladesmiths, Sheathers, Scalers, Bucklemakers, and Horners — Pilate, Caiaphas, two soldiers, three Jews, Judas selling Jesus.
28. Bakers — The paschal lamb, the Lord's supper, the xii Apostles, Jesus girt with a linen towel washing their feet; the institution of the Sacrament of Christ's Body in the New Law; the communion of the Apostles.
29. Cordwainers — Pilate, Caiaphas, Annas, fourteen armed soldiers, Malchus, Peter, James, John, Jesus, and Judas kissing and betraying Him.
30. Bowyers and Arrow-featherers — Jesus, Annas, Caiaphas, and four Jews persecuting and scourging Jesus. Peter, the woman accusing Peter, and Malchus.
31. Tapisers and Couchers — Jesus, Pilate, Annas, Caiaphas, two counselors and four Jews accusing Christ.
32. Littesters — Herod, two counselors, four soldiers, Jesus and three Jews.
33. Cooks and Waterleaders — Pilate, Annas, Caiaphas, two Jews, and Judas bringing back to them the thirty pieces of silver.
34. Tilemakers, Millers, Turners, Hayresters, and Bollers — Jesus, Pilate, Caiaphas, Annas, six soldiers carrying spears and ensigns, and four others leading Jesus from Herod, desiring Barabbas to be released and Jesus to be crucified, and then binding and scourging Him, placing a crown of thorns upon his head; three soldiers casting lots for the vest of Jesus.
35. Tunners — Jesus, covered with blood, bearing His cross to Calvary; Simon of Cyrene, Jews compelling him to bear the cross; Mary, the mother of Jesus, the Apostle John informing her of the condemnation

of her Son and of His journey to Calvary; Veronica wiping blood and sweat from the face of Jesus with the napkin on which is imprinted Jesus' face; and other women lamenting Jesus.

36. Pinners, Latoners, and Painters — The Cross, Jesus stretched upon it on the earth, four Jews scourging and dragging Him with ropes, and afterwards uplifting the Cross and the body of Jesus nailed to it, on Mount Calvary.
37. Butchers and Poulterers — The Cross, the two thieves crucified, Jesus hung on the Cross between them, Mary the mother of Jesus, John, Mary, James, and Salome. Longus with a lance, a slave with a sponge, Pilate, Annas, Caiaphas, a centurion, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus laying Him in the tomb.
38. Saddlers, Glaziers, Makers of Saddle Trees — Jesus despoiling hell, twelve spirits, six good and six bad.
39. Carpenters — Jesus rising from the tomb, four soldiers armed, and the three Marys lamenting. Pilate, Caiaphas, and Annas. A young man clad in white, sitting at the tomb, talking to the women.
40. Winedrawers — Jesus, Mary Magdalen with spices.
41. Brokers and Woolpackers — Jesus, Luke and Cleophas in the guise of pilgrims.
42. Scriveners, Pardoners, and Cloth Refurbishers — Jesus, Peter, John, James, and other Apostles. Thomas feeling the wounds of Jesus.
43. Tailors — Mary, John the Evangelist, two angels, and eleven Apostles; Jesus ascending before them and four angels carrying a cloud.
44. Potters — Mary, two angels, eleven Apostles, and the Holy Spirit descending on them, and four Jews in wonderment.
45. Drapers — Jesus, Mary, Gabriel with two angels, two virgins and three Jews of the kindred of Mary, eight Apostles, and two devils. Linen-Weavers — Four Apostles carrying the bier of Mary; Fergus hanging upon the bier, with two other Jews, and one angel. (This second part is not in the manuscript.)
46. Wool Weavers — Mary ascending with a crowd of angels, eight Apostles, and Thomas the Apostle preaching in the desert.
47. Hostlers — Mary, Jesus crowning her, singing with a crowd of angels.
48. Mercers — Jesus, Mary, twelve Apostles, four angels with trumpets and four with a crown, a lance and two scourges; four good spirits and four evil spirits, and six devils.

The York cycle originally consisted of fifty-four pageants, but only the forty-eight listed above are extant. Of the missing plays three are indicated under 22, 24, and 45.

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